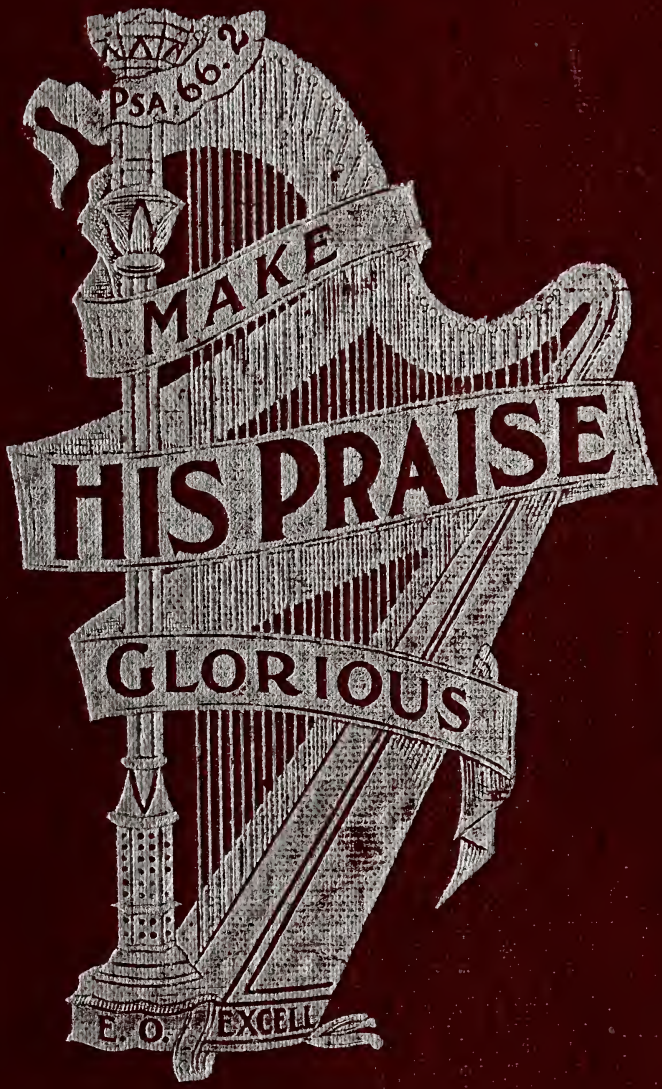
Psa. 66. 2
MAKE
HIS PRAISE
GLORIOUS
E. O. EXCELL

B Frank Zercher

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Make His Praise Glorious

FOR THE

Sunday School and Church

EDITED BY

E. O. EXCELL.

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Lakeside Building,
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Make His Praise Glorious

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IT is edited by one who is the author of books, the aggregate sales of which amount to more than **two million copies.** It contains contributions from more than **two hundred and fifty** hymn and tune writers, and it can justly be said that this book has been wrought out of the experience of one whose delight it is to "Sing forth the honor of His name, make His praise glorious."

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Respectfully,

E. O. EXCELL.

Chicago, Ill., March 1, 1900.

Make His Praise Glorious

No. 1. My Heart Sings Hallelujah.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.

ADA BLENKHORN. WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. EXCELL.

1. For grace that sav'd this soul of mine, My heart sings hal - le - lu - jah!
2. For peace His pres-ence doth af - ford, My heart sings hal - le - lu - jah!
3. For love that burns with-in my soul, My heart sings hal - le - lu - jah!
4. For joy that He a - lone can give, My heart sings hal - le - lu - jah!

For healing streams of love di- vine, My heart sings hal - le - lu - jah!
For rest I find with - in His word, My heart sings hal - le - lu - jah!
For Him who all my steps con-trol, My heart sings hal - le - lu - jah!
For faith that I with Him shall live, My heart sings hal - le - lu - jah!

REFRAIN.

1 2

Hal-le-lu-jah! hallelujah! My heart sings hallelujah! hal-le-lu-jah!
My heart is singing My heart is singing

No. 2. Entire Consecration.

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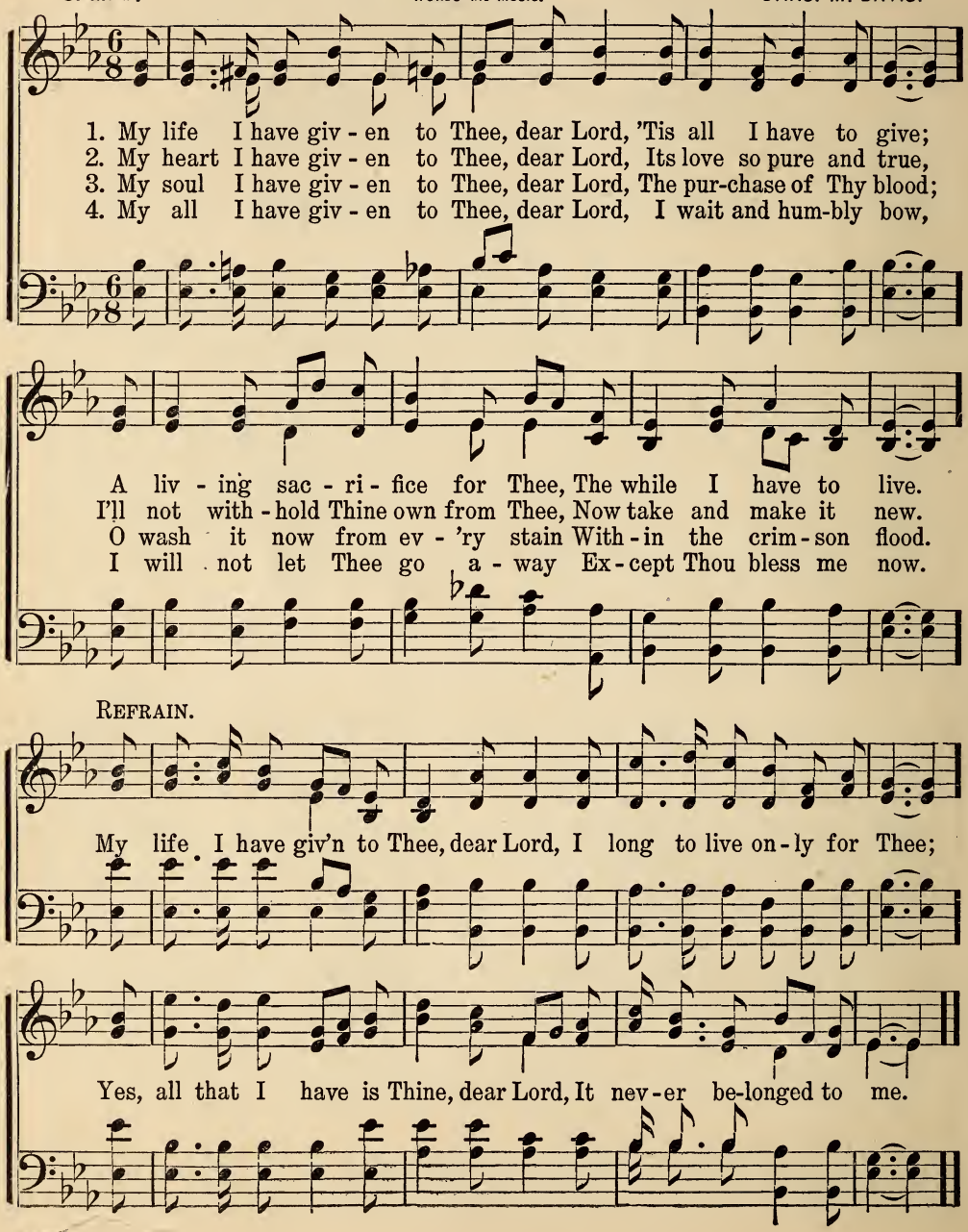
C. M. D. WORDS AND MUSIC. CHAS. M. DAVIS.



No. 3.

O Praise Him,

CHAS. A. J. MARSH.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. EXCELL.

1. In heav'n are ma-ny mansions fair, No sin, no grief, no sor-row there;
2. In heav'n the ho-ly an-gels dwell, And loud their joy-ful an-thems swell;
3. On earth, in heav'n, the ransomed sing The glo-ry of their Sav-ior, King;
4. Then com-fort ye your hearts, nor fear, For heav'n to earth is ver-y near;

Rit.

In heav'n God's weary ones find rest, His chil-dren are for-ev-er blest.
In heav'n God's saints their voices raise, And join with angels in His praise.
Their song on earth redeeming love, And that their song in heav'n a-bove.
And there the saints who love His word Shall be for-ev-er with their Lord.

CHORUS.

O praise Him with your voice and sing, Till earth and heav'n with anthems ring;

Re-joice! re-joice! blest be the word, Ye shall be ev-er with the Lord.

No. 4. Some Happy Day.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Some day I'll reap what I have sown, Some day— I know not when,
2. Some day my deeds of good and wrong, Some day— it may be soon,
3. Some day the Judge up - on the throne, Some day— will speak to me,

But fruit and tares ma - ture - ly grown Will all be gath - er'd then.
Will rise be - fore me in a throng, Clear as the light of morn.
Will ei - ther wel - come or dis - own Me for e - ter - ni - ty.

CHORUS.

Some day— I can-not tell..... Just when, but, Lord, I pray,
Some day—but O, I can - not tell, I can-not tell Just when 'twill be, but this, O Lord, I pray,

That I may go to dwell With Thee some hap-py day.
That I may go, may go to dwell with Thee, With Thee some happy, happy, hap - py day.

No. 5. The Man of Galilee.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS. H. P. DANKS.

1. I met a Stranger fair to see, As walk'd I down life's rugged way; He spoke so
2. And when that Stranger spake to me, My heart threw off its guilt-y load; I felt at
3. I love that Stranger since the hour He talk'd to me in ten-der tone; A joy is

sweet, so ten-der-ly, He won me to Himself that day.
once that I was free; I left my burdens by the road.
mine, I feel its pow'r; And Him as Lord I'm glad to own.

CHORUS.

It was the man.....
It was the Man

of Gal-i - lee,.....Who whisper'd words..... of joy to me;..... Thy many
of Gal-i-lee, Who whisper'd words of joy to me,

sins..... be all for-giv - en thee, Thy sins be all.....for-giv-en thee.
Thy many sins Forgiven thee, Thy sins be all forgiven thee,

No. 6. Lo! He Standeth Knocking.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.

ADA BLENKHORN. WORDS AND MUSIC. J. S. FEARIS.

1. Lo! He standeth knocking, knocking, With His wounded, bleeding hand; Will you
2. Lis-ten to His ten-der plead-ing, As He knocketh yet a-gain; Will you
3. Lo! He standeth knocking, knocking, O-pen now to Him the door; Sorrow-

CHORUS.

still re-fuse to hear Him? Will you let Him longer stand?
heed His voice so gen-tle? Will you ask Him to re-main?
ful and griev'd in spirit, Leaving, He may knock no more.

Lo! He stand - eth
Lo! He standeth knocking,

gen-tly knock-ing..... At the por - - tals of your heart;.....
gen-tly knocking at your heart, knocking at the por-tals, at the portals of your heart;

Give to Him..... a roy-al wel-come,.....Say not to your Lord, «de-part.»
Give to Him a welcome, give to Him a welcome, Say not to your Lord, "depart."

No. 7.

I Will Meet You.

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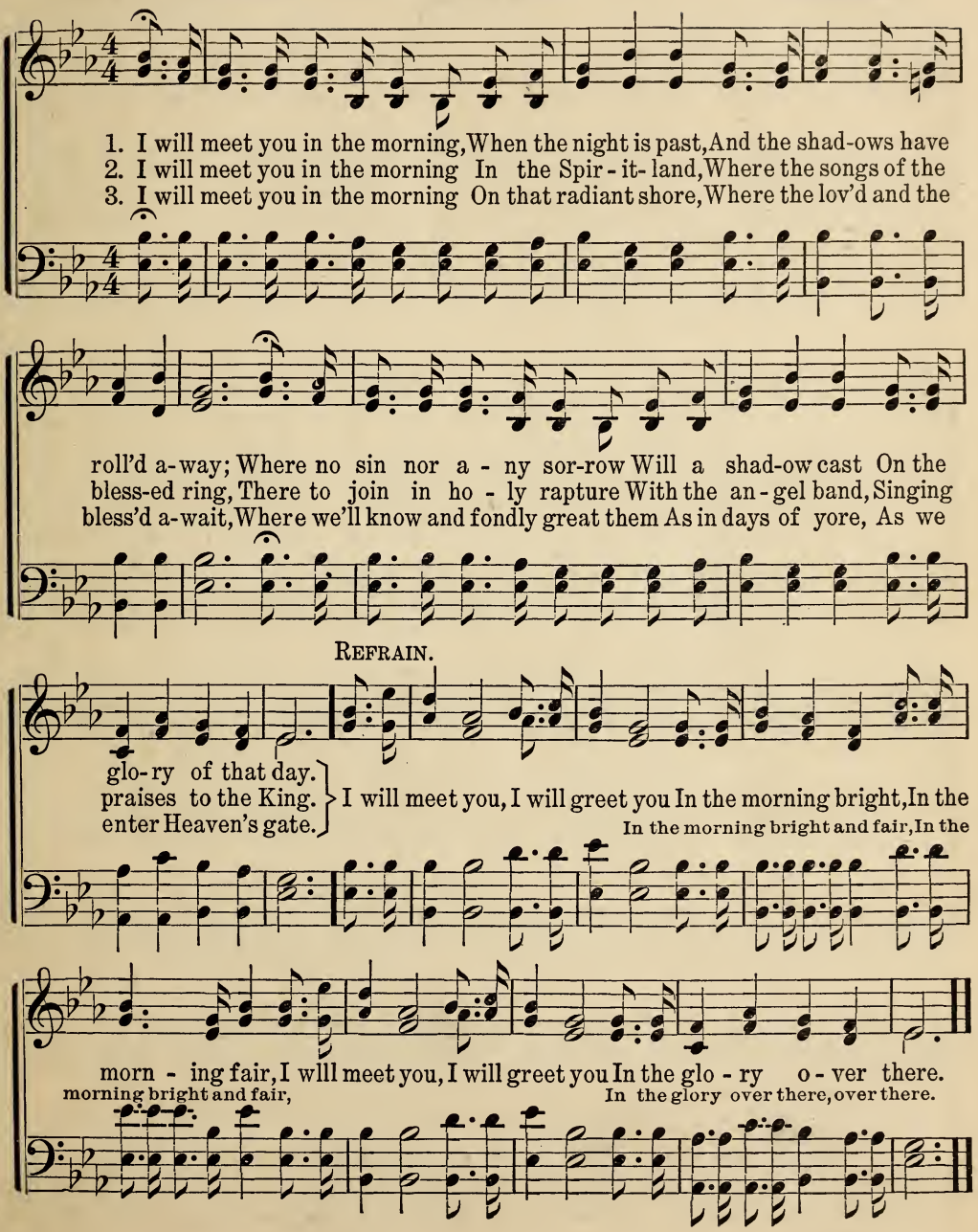
WORDS AND MUSIC.

ANNIE H. WOODRUFF. E. O. EXCELL.



No. 8.

Shall It be in Vain?

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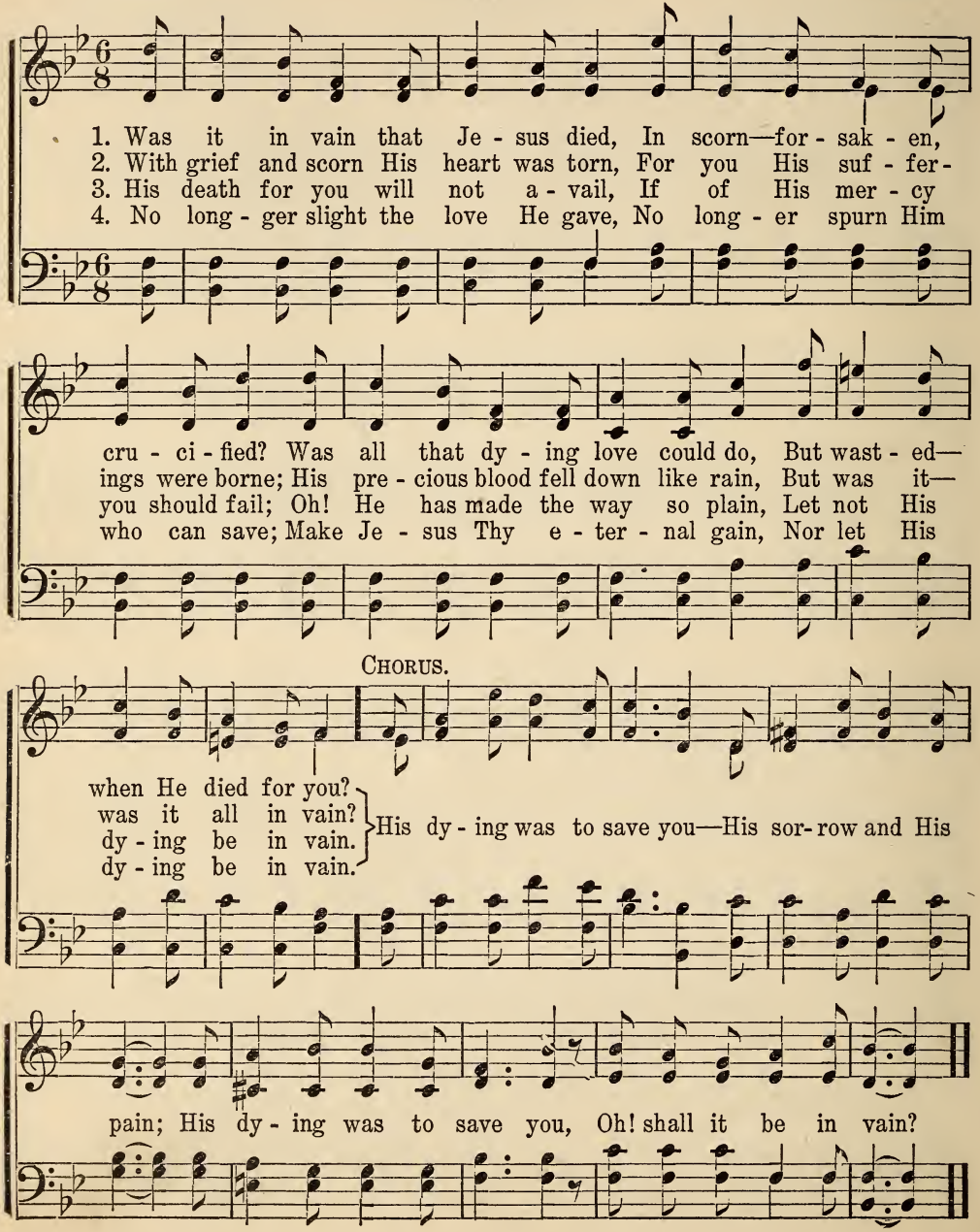
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK. E. H. PACKARD.



No. 9. On Our Way Rejoicing.

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J. S. B. MONSELL. **Processional.** H. P. DANKS.

1. On our way re - joic - ing, As we homeward move, Hearken to our prais- es,
2. If with honest - heart-ed Love for God and man, Day by day Thou find us
3. On our way re - joic - ing, Glad-ly let us go; Conquer'd hath our Leader!
4. Un- to God the Fa - ther, Joy-ful songs we sing; Un- to God the Sav - ior,

O Thou God of love! Is there grief or sad - ness? Thine it cannot be!
Do-ing what we can, Thou who giv'st the seed - time Will give large increase,
Vanquish'd is our foe! Christ without, our safety, Christ within, our joy;
Thankful hearts we bring; Un- to God the Spir - it, Bow we and a - dore,

CHORUS.

Is our sky be - cloud-ed? Clouds are not from Thee!
Crown the head with blessings, Fill the heart with peace.
Who, if we be faith - ful, Can our hope de-stroy?
On our way re - joic - ing, Now and ev - er-more.

On our way re - joic - ing, As we homeward move, Hearken to our prais - es, O Thou God of love!

No. 10. Sweeter Than All.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

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J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. Christ will me His aid af-ford, Nev-er to fall, nev-er to fall;
2. I can fol-low all the way, Hear-ing Him call, hear-ing Him call;
3. Tho' a ves-sel I may be, Bro-ken and small, bro-ken and small,
4. When I reach the crys-tal sea, Voic-es will call, voic-es will call;

While I find my pre-cious Lord Sweet-er than all, sweet-er than all.
Find-ing Him, from day to day, Sweet-er than all, sweet-er than all.
Yet His blessings fall on me, Sweet-er than all, sweet-er than all.
But my Sav-ior's voice will be Sweet-er than all, sweet-er than all.

CHORUS.

Je-sus is now and ev-er will be, Sweet-er than all the world to me,

Since I heard His lov-ing call, Sweet-er than all, sweet-er than all.

No. 11. Never Will I Leave Thee.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.

MILDRED MERLE. WORDS AND MUSIC. E. H. PACKARD.

1. I will nev - er leave thee, nev - er, Ne'er will I for-sake my own;
2. I will nev - er leave thee, nev - er, When temptations try thy soul;
3. I will nev - er leave thee, nev - er, Nev - er, child, be not a - fraid;
4. I will nev - er leave thee, nev - er, In the home I've built for thee;

I will keep thee ev - er, ev - er, Child, thou shalt not walk a - lone.
I will strengthen thine en-deav - or, On my strength thy weakness roll.
Noth-ing, noth-ing e'er shall sev - er, E - ven in the val - ley's shade.
I'll be with thee ev - er, ev - er, Thro' a glad e - ter - ni - ty.

CHORUS.

I will nev - er leave thee, nev - er, Keep thee ev - er at my side;
Keep thee ev - er at my side;

In the sun - ny, bright for - ev - er, Child, thou shall with me a - bide.
In the sun - ny, bright for - ev - er,

No. 12. A Song of Cheer.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS. H. P. DANKS.

1. A song, a song of cheer to-day, Some note to make my sky more bright;
2. A song of hope, a song of trust, Some line to draw me near to God;
3. A song for work, a song for rest, A song to keep my heart in tune;

Some seed to scat-ter by the way, To blos-som where there now is blight.
No more to grov-el in the dust; But walk-ing where the saints have trod.
Some note to make me do my best, A meas-ure, not for-got-ten soon.

CHORUS.

A song, a song,..... A song to help, a song to bless,
A song, a cheer-ful song,

A song for oth-ers and for me; A balm for hearts in deep dis-tress.

No. 13. Christian Fellowship.

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I. O. H. WORDS AND MUSIC. IRA O. HOFFMAN.

1. Here's my hand, my Christian brother, Let me grasp your own, Let me grasp your own;
2. Side by side, we stand to-geth-er, Face a com-mon foe, Face a com-mon foe,
3. Nothing ev - er shall di-vide us Till our work is done, Till our work is done;

One in Christ, we serve Him bet - ter If we la - bor not a - lone.
And we cry a mu-tual watch-word, As to vic - to - ry we go.
We have giv'n our-selves to Je - sus, In His serv - ice we are one.

CHORUS.

Christian fel - low-ship, bless-ed fel-low-ship, Cour-age gives to prove for Christ our worth; And a might-y Christian ar - my Strives to conquer all the earth.

No. 14. Why are You Waiting?

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

JENNIE WILSON. F. S. SHEPARD.

1. Why are you waiting out of the kingdom, Where you may per-ish for aye?
2. Why are you waiting, lone-ly and wea - ry, Knowing sin's pleasures are dross?
3. Why are you waiting, fear-ful of dan-ger, When to the Lord you may flee?
4. Yield to the Savior's ear-nest en-treat-y, And to His will low - ly bow;

Why are you wait-ing, slighting the Sav-ior? Come, for He calls you to - day.
Seek-ing for-give-ness, all of your bur-dens He will re-move at the cross.
Trust in His mer - cy, seek for His fa - vor, Je - sus your ref-uge will be.
Wait-ing no long - er, en - ter the kingdom, Claim its rich blessings just now.

CHORUS.

Why are you wait-ing? why are you wait-ing? Why do you tar - ry in sin?

Why are you wait-ing out of the kingdom, When you may now en - ter in?

No. 15. Wonderful Peace.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

KATE ULMER. M. L. McPHAIL.

1. When wea-ried with toil-ing and care, With sor-row no oth-er can share,
2. When clouds o-ver-shad-ow my soul, On Je-sus my bur-den I roll,
3. When life and its tri-als are past, I stand in His presence at last,
4. In life or in death I am His, O, thought of un-speak-a-ble bliss;

I take it to Je-sus in pray'r, He gives me a won-der-ful peace.
So sweet-ly He then takes con-trol, And give me this won-der-ful peace.
My crown at His feet I will cast, Who gives me this won-der-ful peace.
My Sav-ior hath suf-fer'd for this, To give me this won-der-ful peace.

CHORUS.

O won-der-ful, wonder-ful peace,..... In Je-sus my Lord it is found,.....
won-der-ful peace,

This wonder-ful, wonder-ful peace,..... That now in my heart doth a-bound.
won-der-ful peace,

No. 16. Life's Balance Sheet.

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H. R. P. H. R. PALMER.

1. If, when the joy - ous day is gone, I count the deeds that I have
2. If, when the wea - ry day is gone, I count the deeds that I have
3. And, when life's toil-some journeys done, I'ts deeds com-plete, its songs all

done, And find one act, tho' small, A lov - ing word, a song, a smile
done, And find one act, tho' small, A thoughtless word, a look of scorn
sung, If I can tru - ly say With heart and voice I did my best

That did some sad-dened heart be-guile, Or to a soul re - call..... The
That made a broth - er more for - lorn, Or caused His feet to fall,..... Then
To point the Fa-ther's heav'nly rest To all who will o - bey,..... Then

sun-light of the Fa-ther's love, Then I will thank my God a - bove.
I will pray my God a - bove, For more and more of His pure love.
I will praise my God a - bove, And ev - er dwell in His pure love.

No. 17. The King of Love My Shepherd Is.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.

H. W. BAKER. WORDS AND MUSIC. H. P. DANKS.

1. The king of love my Shep-herd is, Whose goodness fail-eth nev - er;
2. Per - verse and fool - ish oft I stray'd But yet in love He sought me,
3. Thou spred'st a ta - ble in my sight, Thy unc - tion grace be - stow-eth,

I noth - ing lack if I am His, And He is mine for - ev - er.
And on His shoul-der gent - ly laid, And home, re - joic - ing bro't me.
And O the trans-port of de - light With which my cup o'er-flow - eth!

Where streams of liv - ing wa - ters flow, My ran-somed soul He lead - eth,
In death's dark vale I fear no ill With Thee, dear Lord, be - side me;
And so, thro' all the length of days, Thy good - ness fail - eth nev - er;

And where the ver-dant past-ures grow, With food ce - les - tial feed - eth.
Thy rod and staff my com - fort still, Thy cross be - fore to guide me.
Good Shep-herd, may I sing Thy praise With - in Thy house for - ev - er.

No. 18.

At Calvary.

WM. R. NEWELL.

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D. B. TOWNER.

1. Years I spent in van - i - ty and pride, Car - ing not my Lord was cru - ci - fied, Know-ing not it was for me He died On Cal - va - ry.
2. By God's word at last my sin I learned; Then I trem-bled at the law I'd spurned, Till my guilt - y soul, im- plor-ing, turned To Cal - va - ry.
3. Now I've giv'n to Je - sus ev - 'ry - thing, Now I glad - ly own Him as my King, Now my raptured soul can on - ly sing Of Cal - va - ry.
4. Oh! the love that drew sal - va - tion's plan, Oh! the grace that brought it down to man, Oh! the might-y gulf that God did span At Cal - va - ry.

CHORUS.

Mer - cy there was great and grace was free, Par - don there was mul - ti- plied to me, There my burdened soul found lib - er - ty, At Cal - va - ry.

No. 19. Blessed Be His Name.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

A. S. D. A. S. DeYOE.

1. The bur - den of my song shall be; Bless-ed be the name of Je - sus;
2. He well de-serves my love and praise, Bless-ed be the name of Je - sus;
3. My hands shall toil His will to do, Bless-ed be the name of Je - sus;
4. My tongue shall ev - er tell His grace, Bless-ed be the name of Je - sus;

For He hath set my spir - it free, Bless-ed be the name of Je - sus.
For He my soul to life did raise, Bless-ed be the name of Je - sus.
My feet shall run with pa-tience, too, Bless-ed be the name of Je - sus.
My eyes shall some day see His face, Bless-ed be the name of Je - sus.

REFRAIN.

His love to me He hath made known, A great - er love hath no man shown;

He died, the sin - ner to a - tone, Bless-ed be the name of Je - sus.

No. 20. Redeeming the Time.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

FRED SCOTT. F. S. SHEPARD.

1. The grain stands ripe in the har - vest - field, And rich the fruit-age it
2. Lost souls are has - ten - ing down to doom, With - out a ray to dis-
3. Some lives are dark-ened by want and care, The lack of sym - pa-thy
4. The Lord soon com - eth His own to take, And with His stew-ards a

soon will yield; Step in to - day and the sick - le wield, Re-
pel the gloom; The gos - pel give them—their path il - lume— Re-
brings de - spair; Seek out such souls, and their bur - dens share, Re-
reck - 'ning make, Go, then, and work for the Sav - ior's sake, Re-

FINE. CHORUS.

D. S.—deeming the time, the pre-cious time. Redeeming the pre-cious time,..... Re-
pre - cious time,

D. S.

deem-ing the pre - cious time;..... Go, work to-day in the har - vest-field, Re-
pre - cious time,

No. 21. Seeking For Me.

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E. M. S. WORDS AND MUSIC. E. M. STEPHENSON.

1. Once I was bound, but Jesus released me; Once I was blind, but now I can see.
2. Weeping I longed for grace and for pardon, Pray'd from my load of sin to be free.
3. Fill'd with the joy of present sal-va-tion, Wash'd in the blood once shed on the tree.
4. Oh, for the harp of ser-aph to praise Him! Oh, for the tongue of angel to sing.

O - ver the mountains lonely I wandered, Jesus, my Friend, came seeking for me.
Then, as I cried in help-less con-tri-tion, Jesus, my Friend, came seeking for me.
This be my song thro' a - ges e - ter - nal: Jesus, my Friend, came seeking for me.
"Glo - ry to Je - sus! I will a-dore Him, I am a-dopt - ed, child of a King."

REFRAIN.

Seek-ing for me, came seeking for me, Jesus, my Friend, came seeking for me;

O-ver the mountains lonely I wandered, Jesus, my Friend, came seeking for me.

No. 22.

Sunshine Bearer.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

C. M. D. CHAS. M. DAVIS.

1. Dark the way and drear-y, Sad the heart and wea - ry, Toil-ing all a-long life's bus- y, rug- ged way; But kind words and fac - es Brighten gloom-y plac - es,
2. Earth is fill'd with sadness, We should make it gladness, And our lives like rays of sunshine ev - er be; On the road we're journ'ying, There is no re- turn- ing,
3. Speak-ing words for Je - sus, Foll'wing paths that lead us In- to places where His name is nev- er heard; Guid-ing those who wan-der, To the home up yon- der,

CHORUS.

And the heart is gladden'd by a cheerful ray.
Let us not neglect an op- por-tu - ni - ty.
Teaching them the blessed sunshine of His word.

Speaking lov-ing words, cheerful as the birds, Lift-ing heavy burdens from a wea - ry heart;
Giv-ing sun-ny smiles short'ning lengthy miles, Making oth-ers happy, 'Tis a Chris - tian's part;

1 2

No. 23. Happy in the Love of Jesus.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS. H. P. DANKS.

1. I am hap-py in the love of Je - sus: He sav'd this soul of mine, By giv - ing up His life a ran - som: His love makes my days all sun-shine.
2. I am hap-py in the love of Je - sus: He bless'd this heart of mine, By com - ing in and there a - bid - ing: His love makes my days all sun-shine.
3. I am hap-py in the love of Je - sus He guides this life of mine; Each mo- ment on His strength I'm draw - ing: His love makes my days all sun-shine.

REFRAIN.

I'm hap- py in the love of Je - sus: My lips of its pow'r must tell; For Jesus saves and guides and bless-es me; I'm hap-py in the love of Je - sus.

No. 24. There is Glory in My Soul.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL. OWNER.

GRACE WEISER DAVIS. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Since I lost my sins, and I found my Sav-ior, There is glo-ry in my soul!
2. Since He cleans'd my heart, gave me sight for blindness, There is glo-ry in my soul!
3. Since with God I've walk'd, having sweet communion, There is glo-ry in my soul!
4. Since I en-ter'd Ca-naan on my way to heav'n, There is glo-ry in my soul!

Since by faith I sought and obtain'd God's fa-vor, There is glo-ry in my soul.
Since He touch'd and heal'd me in lov-ing kindness, There is glo-ry in my soul.
Brighter grows each day in this heav'nly un-ion, There is glo-ry in my soul.
Since the day my life to the Lord was giv-en, There is glo-ry in my soul.

CHORUS.

1

There is glo-ry, glo-ry, there is glo-ry in my soul! Ev-'ry
There is glo-ry, glo-ry, there is glo-ry in my soul!

glo-ry, glo-ry,

2

day brighter grows, And I conquer all my foes;
There is glo-ry in my soul!

glo-ry in my soul.

No. 25. Holy Bible, Book Divine.

JOHN BURTON. COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL. E. O. EXCELL.

1. Ho - ly Bi - ble, book di - vine, Pre-cious treas - ure thou art mine;
2. Mine to chide me when I rove, Mine to show a Sav - ior's love;
3. Mine to com - fort in dis - tress, Suff - 'ring in this wil - der - ness;
4. Mine to tell of joys to come, And the re - bel sin - ner's doom;

Rit.

Mine to tell me whence I came, Mine to tell me what I am.
Mine thou art to guide and guard, Mine to pun - ish or re - ward.
Mine to show by liv - ing faith, Man can tri - umph o - ver death.
Oh, thou ho - ly book di - vine, Pre-cious treas-ure, thou art mine.

CHORUS.

Mine,..... mine,..... Pre - cious treas - ure, thou art mine;
Ho - ly Bi - ble, book di - vine,

Oh, thou ho - ly book di - vine, Pre - cious treas - ure, thou art mine.

No. 26. Then and Now.

Copyright, 1900, by E. O. Excell.

Words and Music.

L. M. WATERMAN. F. S. SHEPARD.

1. Once the Christ to me meant noth-ing, For my heart turned oth - er - where,
2. Once the cross to me meant noth-ing, And no glo - ry could I see
3. Once His blood to me meant noth-ing, And I turned my face a - side,
4. Once His call to me meant noth-ing, And no mu - sic could I hear,

And sin's path a - lone seem'd win-some, And this world su-preme - ly fair.
In the Lamb of God up - lift - ed On the brow of Cal - va - ry.
Nor up - on the pain - ful pic - ture Would my a - lien tho'ts a - bide.
In the ca-dence of His plead - ing As it fell up - on my ear.

Chorus.

But the Sav - ior, in His good - ness, O-pen'd wide my blind-ed eyes,.....
But the Sav-ior, in His goodness, blind-ed eyes,

And I saw Him in His beau - ty And was fill'd with glad sur - prise.
And I saw Him in His beau-ty

No. 27. Rally, and Stand.

JAMES M. GRAY.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY FRANK E. ROBINSON.
USED BY PERMISSION.

FRANK E. ROBINSON.

1. This life is a bat-tle for Christ and the cross, Forward is our Lord's com-
2. This life is a bat-tle for Christ and the cross, Christians shall possess the
3. This life is a bat-tle for Christ and the cross, Stir-ring is the thought and
4. This life is a bat-tle for Christ and the cross, Vis-ion of the Church ex-

mand; Thro' the thick-est of the fight Bear His ban-ner to the height!
land. It is sin we have to smite, And for this we must u-nite,
grand! So to strive is our de-light, When we're striving for the right,
pand; Thro' the darkness of the night We are marching in-to light,

f. FINE. CHORUS.

D. S.—Ral-ly now for God, and stand! We shall conquer ev'ry foe! Praising as we go!

D.S.

Rally now for God, and stand! If our Captain we obey, We can never lose the day!

No. 28. As the Sun Went Down.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS. WORDS AND MUSIC. H. P. DANKS.

1. As the sun went down it touch'd the west With ma - ny soft, tint-ed beams;
2. As the sun went down it found me sad, And ma - ny a mile from home;
2. At the thought of God that peaceful night, My heart with re - joic-ing fill'd,

And I, in the hour of peace and rest, Sat lost in a maze of dreams.
My heart, in the dream, look'd up, was glad: God guides, tho' we far may roam.
And it, like the sky, was rob'd in light, While love all my feel-ing thrill'd.

CHORUS.

I thought.. of a land be - yond the blue, Where tow'rs.. of the Mansion rise;
I thought of a land be-yond the blue, the blue, Where tow'rs of the Man - sion rise;

All read - y for those who here art true To the Lord of Par - a - dise.
All ready for those who

No. 29.

The Quiet Hour.

Dedicated to the observers of the Quiet Hour.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

A. L. TUBBS. IRA O. HOFFMAN.

1. For a mo-ment in the morn-ing, ere the cares of day be - gin,
2. For a mo-ment in the morn-ing, take your Bi - ble in your hand,
3. Take a mo-ment in the morn-ing—just a mo-ment if no more—

Ere the heart's wide door is o - pen for the world to en - ter in,
Catch a glimpse of sa - cred wis-dom from the peace-ful prom-is'd land;
It is bet - ter than an hour when the try - ing day is o'er;

Bend the knee, a - lone with Je - sus, in the si - lence of the morn,
It will lin - ger still be - fore you when you seek the bus - y mart,
'Tis the gen - tle dew from heav - en, 'tis the man - na for the day—

And in heav'n - ly sweet com-mun - ion let your du - ty day be born.
And like flow'rs of hope will blos-som in - to beau - ty in our heart.
If you fail to gath - er ear - ly, it, a - las! may melt a - way.

No. 30. Let the Sunshine In.

ADA BLENKHORN.

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Do you fear the foe will in the con- flict win? Is it dark without you—
2. Does your faith grow fainter in the cause you love? Are your pray'rs unanswer'd
3. Would you go re- joic-ing on the up - ward way, Knowing naught of darkness,

darker still within? Clear the darken'd windows, open wide the door, Let a lit- tle
by your God above? Clear the darken'd windows, open wide the door, Let a lit- tle
dwelling in the day? Clear the darken'd windows, open wide the door, Let a lit- tle

CHORUS.

sunshine in. Let a lit-tle sunshine in..... Let a lit-tle sunshine
the sunshine in, the

in; ... Clear the darken'd windows, open wide the door, Let a little sunshine in.
sunshine in;

No. 31. *How Good God Is.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS. H. P. DANKS.

1. «How good God is,» Each sor-row brings Some new gift from His hand;
2. «How good God is,» No spar-row falls But He its fate doth know;
3. «How good God is,» In grief or joy—In shade or in the sun;

The sweet-est note that Rob - in sings, Was by His good - ness planed.....
No hu - man heart how - ev - er crush'd But He feels all its woe.....
His voice is near to give us cheer, «My Lord, Thy will be done!».....

CHORUS.

«How good God is:» How sweet to lean In faith on such an arm;.....
an arm;

Come pain, come peace, come toil, come joy; 'Tis well, and naught can harm.....
and nothing can harm.

*Words of Mr. W. H. Pennell, first signer of the first Christian Endeavor pledge, when on a sick bed.

No. 32. Jesus is Calling.

COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY E. O. EXCELL.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

F. S. H. F. S. SHEPARD.

1. Je - sus, the Sav - ior, is call - ing for thee, «Come, heav-y - la - den one,
2. Ye who are wan - der - ing now far a - way, Heed the blest mes-sage, why
3. Je - sus still seeks thee a - far from the fold, Out on the moun-tain so

come un - to me; I will thy soul from its bur - dens set free»—Je-sus
long - er de - lay? Why from His pres-ence so long wilt thou stay? Je-sus
dark and so cold; Turn to Him now—in His arms He'll en - fold—Je-sus

REFRAIN.

is call-ing for thee! Je-sus is call - ing, Ten-der-ly call - ing,
call-ing for thee, call-ing for thee,

1 2 *Rit.*

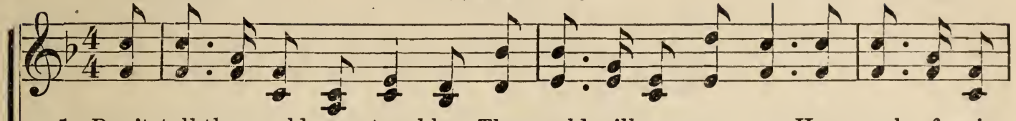
Je - sus is call-ing, calling for thee; Je-sus is call-ing, calling for thee.

No. 33. Don't Tell the World,

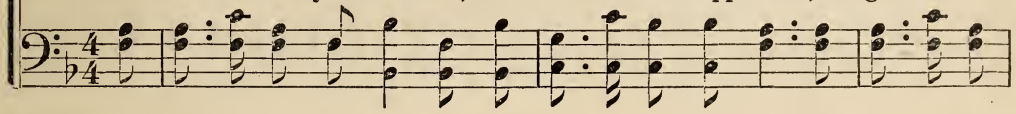
COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

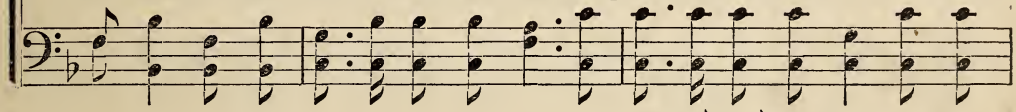
ADA BLENKHORN. HENRY A LEWIS.



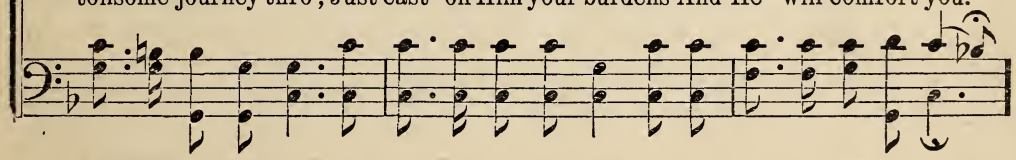
1. Don't tell the world your troubles, The world will nev-er care How much of pain
2. Don't tell the world your troubles, With cold a-vert-ed eye It will but glance
3. Don't tell the world your troubles, With its own cares oppressed, But give to it



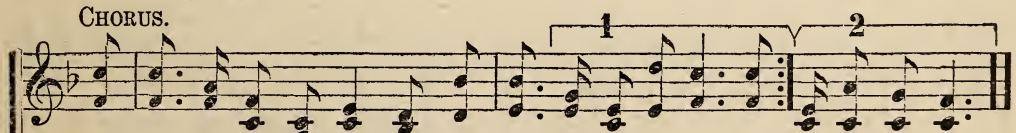
and sor-row And wrong you have to bear. But tell them all to Je-sus, Your
up-on you Then quick-ly pass you by. A lov-ing heart has Je-sus, Then
the sun-shine And tell to Christ the rest. Keep close be-side the Sav-ior, Life's



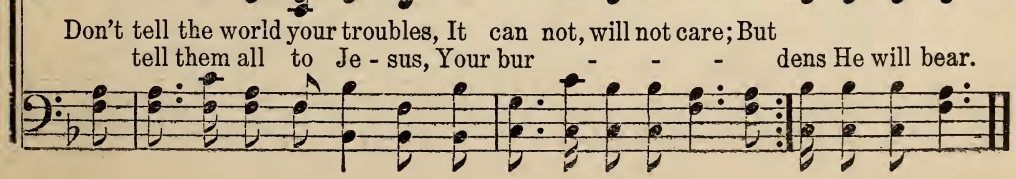
faith-ful Friend so true; O cast your cares up-on Him For He doth care for you.
tell Him all your care, He al-ways will be-friend you And ev-'ry sor-row share.
toilsome journey thro', Just cast on Him your burdens And He will comfort you.



CHORUS.



Don't tell the world your troubles, It can not, will not care; But
tell them all to Je-sus, Your bur - - - dens He will bear.

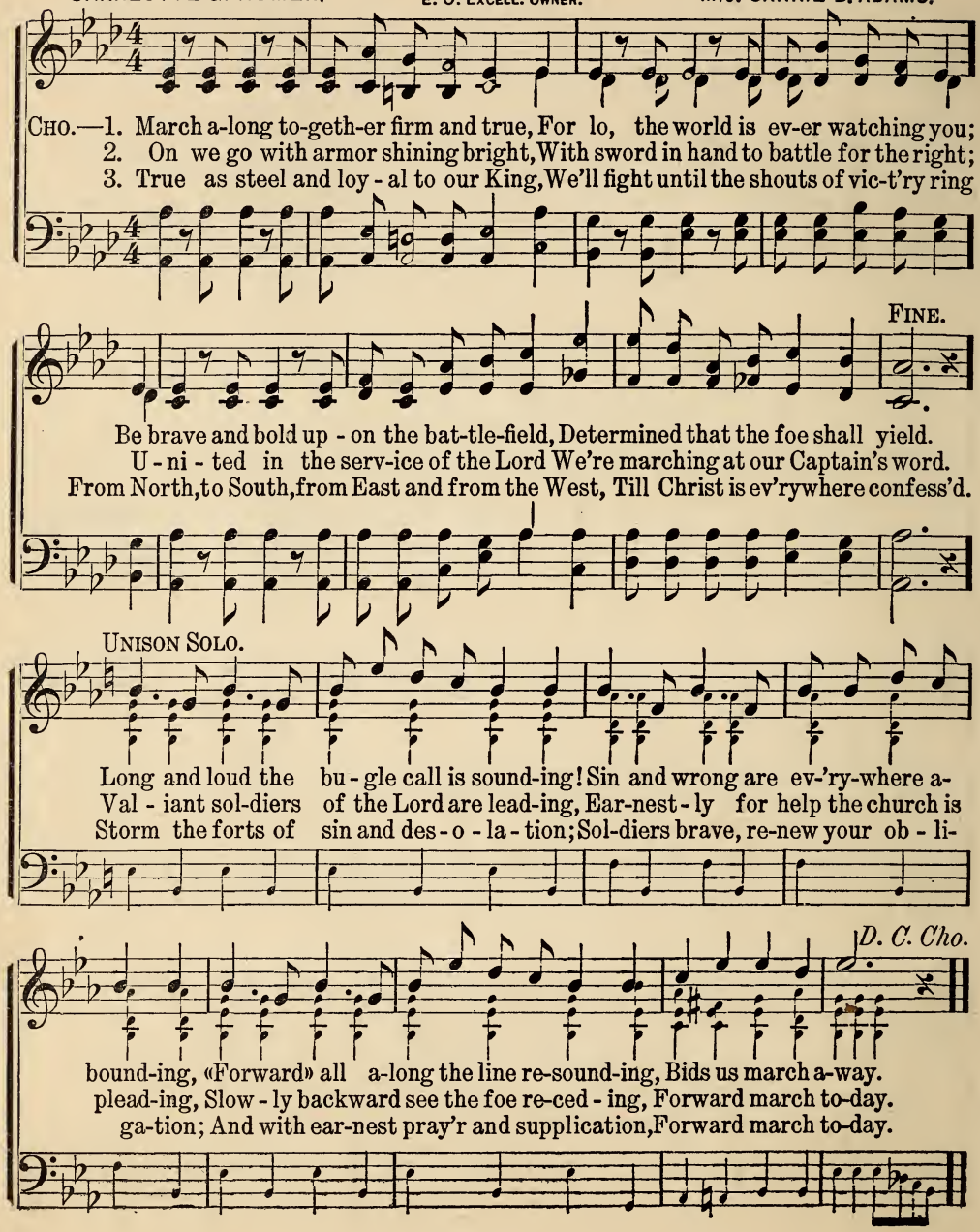


No. 34. The Young People's Army.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER.

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL. OWNER.

Mrs. CARRIE B. ADAMS.



No. 35.

Call Them In!

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

ANNA SHIPTON. H P. DANKS.

1. Call them in! the poor, the wretch-ed, Sin-stained wand'rers from the fold;
2. Call them in! the Jew, the Gen - tile; Bid the stran - ger to the feast!
3. Call them in! the bro - ken-heart - ed, Cow'ring 'neath the brand of shame;

Peace and par - don free - ly of - fer, Can you weigh their worth with gold?
Call them in! the rich, the no - ble, From the high - est to the least.
Speak love's mes-sage low and ten - der, 'Twas for sin - ners Je - sus came.

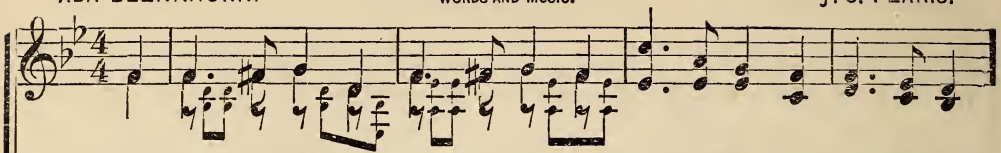
Call them in! the weak, the wea - ry, La - den with the doom of sin;
Forth the Fa - ther runs to meet them, He hath all their sor-rows seen;
See the shad - ows lengthen 'round us, Soon the day - dawn will be - gin;

Bid them come and rest in Je - sus! He is wait - ing: call them in!
Robe, and ring, and kiss of par - don, Wait the lost ones: call them in!
Call them in! the lost and lone - ly, Christ is com - ing: call them in!

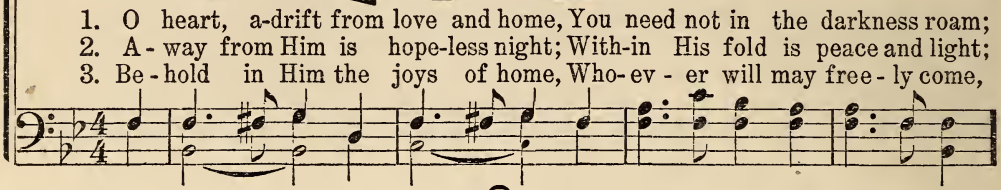
No. 36. The Door of Hope.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.

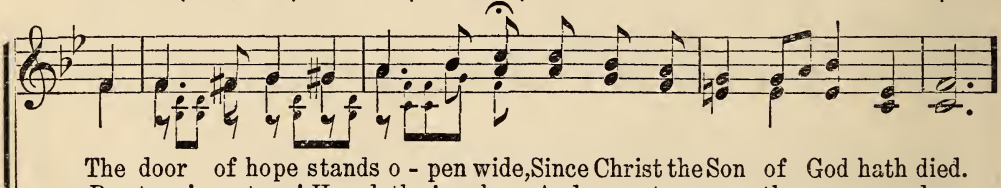
ADA BLENKHORN. WORDS AND MUSIC. J. S. FEARIS.



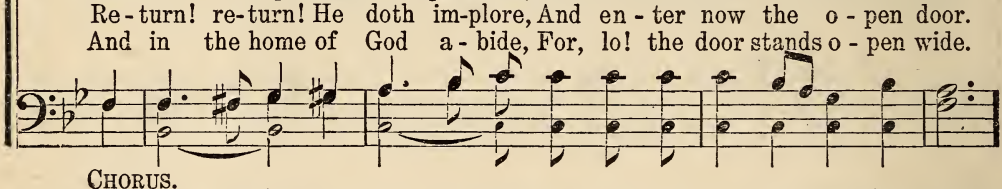
1. O heart, a-drift from love and home, You need not in the darkness roam;
2. A - way from Him is hope-less night; With-in His fold is peace and light;
3. Be - hold in Him the joys of home, Who-ev - er will may free - ly come,



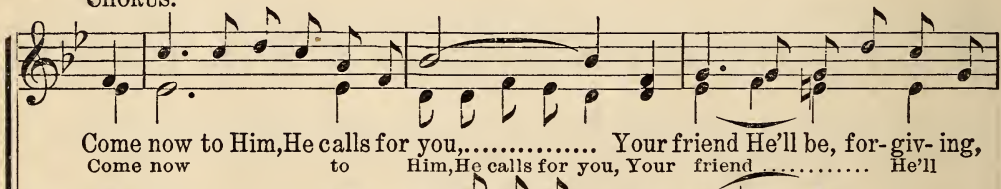
The door of hope stands o - pen wide, Since Christ the Son of God hath died.
Re - turn! re-turn! He doth im-plore, And en - ter now the o - pen door.
And in the home of God a - bide, For, lo! the door stands o - pen wide.



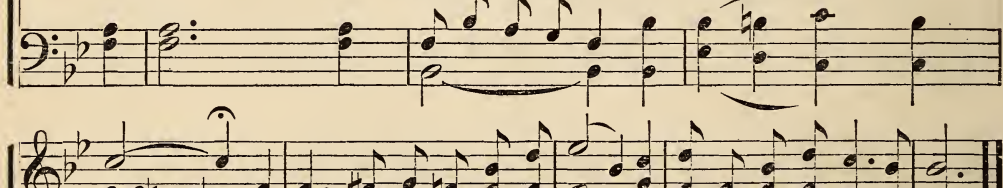
CHORUS.



Come now to Him, He calls for you,..... Your friend He'll be, for-giv- ing,
Come now to Him, He calls for you, Your friend ..... He'll



true;..... Re-ject His love and grace no more, But enter now the o-pen door.
be, forgiving, true;



No. 37. Let Me Be There.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

Rev. JOHN WILLIAMS. Mrs. W. H. CARWARDINE.

1. When ho - ly an - gels sing the praise Of my Re-deem-er's name, Let me be
2. When all the saints in triumph stand Before the great white throne, The blood wash'd
3. When saints and an-gels, mar-tyrs all, Be - fore His throne ap-pear, In an - swer

there my voice to raise, His bound-less love proclaim, And sing thro' all e - ter - ni-
and vic - tor-ious band, With hearts and voic - es one. Let me be there to join the
to the Fa-ther's call, My soul thou wilt be there. Then plume thy wings and rise a-

Rit.

CHORUS.

ty, The love of Christ to me.
throng, And sing the joy - ful song.
bove, To sing e - ter - nal love.
} Let me be there, let me be there, Thro' all e-

ter - ni - ty, Let me be there, let me be there, To sing the love of Christ to me.

No. 38. Let Him In.

COPYRIGHT, 1881, BY JOHN J. HOOD.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON. E. O. EXCELL.

1. There's a strang-er at the door, Let Him in;
2. O - pen now to Him your heart, Let Him in;
3. Hear you now His lov - ing voice? Let Him in;
4. Now ad - mit the heav'n - ly Guest, Let Him in;

Let the Savior in, let the Sav-ior in;

He has been there oft be - fore, Let Him in;
If you wait He will de - part, Let Him in;
Now, oh, now make Him your choice, Let Him in;
He will make for you a feast, Let Him in;

Let the Sav-ior in, let the Sav-ior in;

Let Him in, ere He is gone, Let Him in, the Ho - ly One,
Let Him in, He is your Friend, He your soul will sure de - fend,
He is stand-ing at the door, Joy to you He will re - store,
He will speak your sins for - giv'n, And when earth ties all are riv'n,

Je-sus Christ, the Fa-ther's Son, Let Him in.
He will keep you to the end, Let Him in.
And His name you will a - dore, Let Him in.
He will take you home to heav'n, Let Him in.

Let the Savior in, let the Sav-ior in.

No. 39. The Whole World For Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.

OLIVER CRANE. WORDS AND MUSIC. H. P. DANKS.

1. The whole wide world for Je - sus, For His is the do - main,
2. The whole wide world for Je - sus, His ban - ner be un - furl'd,
3. The whole wide world for Je - sus, Where Sa - tan long has reign'd,
4. The whole wide world for Je - sus, O Church of Christ, a - wake;

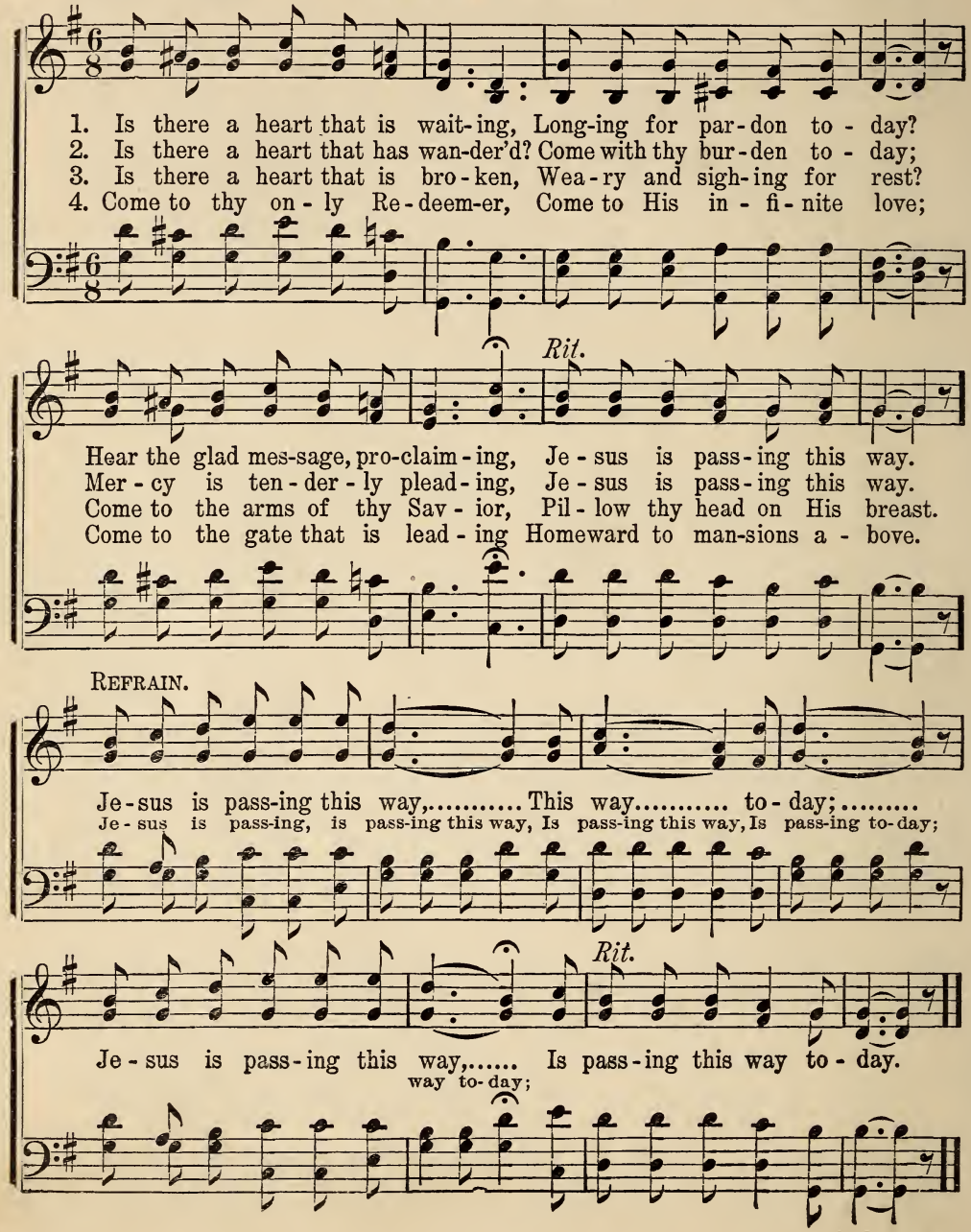
And His is the do - min - ion; From sea to sea His reign;
Wide as His great com - mis - sion: «Go ye to all the world,
The Prince of Peace shall tri - umph, The world shall be re - gain'd;
Put on Thy strength, O Zi - on, Thy post of du - ty take;

To Him the kings of She - ba Their roy - al gifts shall bring,
And preach to ev - 'ry crea - ture The mes - sag - es of peace;
The realms which sat in dark - ness Shall see the glo - rious light,
Go forth up - on the mis - sion In Je - sus' name a - lone,

And Isles a - far their trib - ute Shall ren - der to their King.
Lo, I am with you al - way, Till time it - self shall cease.»
For, lo, the dawn is break - ing A - long the verge of night.
Till earth with all her mill - ions His sov-'reign-ty shall own.

No. 40. Jesus is Passing This Way.

ANNIE L. JAMES. COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY W. H. DOANE. W. H. DOANE.



No. 41. 'Tis So Sweet.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.

F. A. S. WORDS AND MUSIC. FRANK A. SIMPKINS.

1. 'Tis so sweet to walk with Je - sus, And to trust Him ev - 'ry day;
2. 'Tis so sweet to walk with Je - sus, As a child I'm prone to fall;
3. 'Tis so sweet to walk with Je - sus, At the noon-tide hour of life;
4. 'Tis so sweet to walk with Je - sus, When life's sun is in the west;

Just to feel His arms a-round me And His guid-ance all the way.
But the hand of Je - sus holds me, Bless-ed Sav - ior—All in All.
For He cheers my bur-den'd spir - it, And He helps me in the strife.
He a - lone can give me com-fort, For 'tis He who loves me best.

REFRAIN.

'Tis so sweet..... to walk with Je - sus, How it makes..... my heart re-
'Tis so sweet to walk with Je - sus, How it makes my heart re-

joice,..... As I fol-low in His footsteps, As I lis-ten to His voice.
joice, my heart rejoice,

No. 42. He Hideth Me.

ADA BLENKHORN.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. He hid - eth me when storms are near, In the shel-ter of His wounded side;
2. He hid - eth me from ev - 'ry foe, In the shel-ter of His wounded side;
3. He hid - eth me when-e'er I fear, In the shel-ter of His wounded side;
4. He hid - eth me what-e'er be-tides, In the shel-ter of His wounded side;

Se - cure from ev - 'ry doubt and fear, In the shel-ter of His wounded side.
He gives me joy for all my woe, In the shel-ter of His wounded side.
He com-forts me with words of cheer, In the shel-ter of His wounded side.
With - in my soul His peace a-bides, In the shel-ter of His wounded side.

CHORUS.

Hid - ing safe - ly hid - ing, In the
Hid - ing, safe - ly hid - ing, I am hid - ing, safe - ly hid - ing,

1 3

shel-ter of His wounded side; shel-ter of His wounded side.
I am hiding, I am

No. 43. Some Glad Sweet Day.

GEO. W. SLAUSEN. USED BY PERMISSION. RICHARD K. HIGGINS.

1. Some day, I know not where or when, Be - yond the driv-ing tempest's blast, With-
2. Some day, full soon, sweet Eden's shore May burst up - on my rap-tured sight; And
3. For He who brav'd the storm-king's wrath, And still'd the waves of Gallilee, Will
4. And tho' it hath not been revealed Where heaven's gold-paved highway be, I

REFRAIN.

in a qui - et har-bor bar, I shall cast an-chor safe at last.
I shall see the glo - ry - land, Bath'd in the Lamb's e-ter-nal light.
safely guide my storm-toss'd bark Across life's dark tempestuous sea.
know that I shall one day dwell With Him whose blood was shed for me.
} Some day, some

day,..... some glad sweet day,..... I shall with joy..... His face be - hold,.....
some day, some day, some glad sweet day, I shall with joy His face behold,

Some day shall safe..... at an-chor lay,..... Some day shall walk the streets of gold.
Some day shall safe at anchor lay,

No. 44. 'Tis the Blessed Hour.

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FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. 'Tis the bless - ed hour of pray'r, when our hearts low - ly bend, And we gath - er to Je - sus, our Sav - ior and Friend; If we come to Him in faith, His pro - tec - tion to share,
2. 'Tis the bless - ed hour of pray'r, when the Sav - ior draws near, With a ten - der com-pas - sion His chil-dren to hear; When He tells us we may cast at His feet ev - 'ry care;
3. 'Tis the bless - ed hour of pray'r, when the tempt-ed and tried To the Sav - ior who loves them their sor-row con - fide; With a sym - pa-thiz - ing heart He re-moves ev - 'ry care;
4. At the bless - ed hour of pray'r, trust-ing Him we be - lieve That the bless - ing we're need - ing we'll sure - ly re - ceive, In the full - ness of this Trust we shall lose ev - 'ry care;

D. S.—What a balm for the wea - ry! O how sweet to be there! Bless-ed hour of pray'r, bless-ed hour of pray'r;

FINE. CHORUS. D. S.

No. 45. Nothing to Fear.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.

KATE ULMER. WORDS AND MUSIC. HENRY W. NEWTON.

1. I fear not the clouds that my sky may be - dim, For Je - sus hath
2. Each sor - row, each bur - den, each tri - al and care, He lov - ing - ly,
3. When all seems but sun-shine, and glad - ness and peace, Then oh, how His
4. So on - ward I jour - ney, still trust - ing His love, I know He will

bid - den me look un - to Him; Tho' dark-er than midnight the cloud's somber hue,
ten - der-ly with me doth share, His grace is suf - fi - cient, a boun - ti - ful store,
pres-ence the joy doth in-crease; To know He is with me in fel-low-ship sweet,
lead me to man-sions a - bove; In yon - der fair cit - y where He is the Light,

CHORUS.

His love and His mer - cy in beau - ty shine thro'.
And free - ly 'tis giv - en I've proved o'er and o'er.
Is bliss be - yond tell - ing, is rapt - ure com-plete.
Where com - eth no sor - row and fall - eth no night.

I've noth-ing to fear as I go on my way, Noth-ing to fear, nothing to fear;
His pres-ence is with me by night and by day, Noth-ing to fear. noth-ing to fear.

1 2

No. 46. The Inner Circle.

FLORA KIRKLAND.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY W. S. WEEDEN.
USED BY PERMISSION.

W. S. WEEDEN.

1. Have you heard the voice of Je - sus Whis- per, «I have chos- en you?»
2. As the first dis - ci - ples fol- low'd, As they went where'er He sent,
3. Or, if He shall choose to send us On some er - rand in His name,
4. Mas - ter, at Thy foot-stool kneeling, We, Thy chil- dren, hum-bly wait;

Does He tell you in com- mun - ion What He wish - es you to do?
So to - day we, too, may fol - low, On His lead - ing still in - tent.
We can serve Him as dis - ci - ples, For our place is just the same.
Lead us, send us, bless us, use us, Till we en - ter heav-en's gate.

CHORUS.

Are you in the in- ner cir - cle? Have you heard the Master's call?
Are you in the in - ner cir - cle? Have you heard the Master's call?

Rit.

Have you giv'n your life to Je - sus? Is He now your All in all?
Have you giv'n your life to Je - sus?

No. 47. Peace, Precious Peace.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.

KATE ULMER. WORDS AND MUSIC. HENRY W. NEWTON.

1. Now my sins are wash'd a - way, I have peace, bless-ed peace;
2. Sa - tan can - not rob my soul Of this peace, bless-ed peace;
3. Hu - man words can nev - er tell The great depths of this peace;
4. 'Tis a fore - taste here be - low Of the peace, per-fect peace,

Deep - er, full - er ev - 'ry day, Grows this peace, this pre-cious peace.
While my Sav - ior has con - trol, Naught can mar this bless-ed peace.
Like an ev - er spring - ing well, Is this pre-cious, pre-cious peace.
That a - bove I'll ful - ly know, Bless-ed peace, e - ter - nal peace.

REFRAIN.

Peace, peace, now and for - ev - er, Deep and calm as a riv - er;

Peace the world can give nev - er, Pre - cious, pre - cious peace.

No. 48. Be a Voice for Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS. H. P. DANKS.

1. Be a voice to speak for Je - sus, In a world so full of woe; Tell His
2. Be a voice to sing for Je - sus, Tune your heart to love's sweet key; No em-
3. Be a voice to say for Je - sus, Words of kindness, love and cheer Drive a -

CHORUS.

love to all who need Him, Sound His praise where'er you go,
ploy in earth's do-min-ion Half so sweet can ev - er be.
way the clouds of sor-row, Just as He would do if here.

Be a voice..... a voice for Je - - sus, Be a voice, be a voice to speak to men to-day, Let the words..... be of His choos - ing, Yours to listen, yours to lis-ten, then to say.

Be a voice, for Je-sus, blessed Je-sus, let the words be of His choosing, of His choosing,

No. 49. The Heavenly Sunlight.

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY E. O. EXCELL.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

Rev. J. OATMAN. E. O. EXCELL.

1. Be-fore I came to Je-sus, My heart was full of sin, My soul was lost in dark-ness, No sunshine beamed within; But since the hand of Je-sus My guilt a-way did roll, O the Sun-light of Heav-en Is beam-ing in my soul.

2. Tho' pleas-ures oft would tempt me To turn from Christ a-way, Tho' tri-als would im-pede me, Or Sa-tan bid me stray, Yet I am still de-ter-mined To reach the heav'nly goal, O the Sun-light of Heav-en Is beam-ing in my soul.

3. Some day I'll reach the val-ley When thro' my jour-ney here, And with the Sav-ior near me, The shad-ow I'll not fear, But shout when underneath me The waves of Jor-dan roll, O the Sun-light of Heav-en Is beam-ing in my soul.

4. When I be-hold His glo-ry With-in the jas-per walls, Where one e-ter-nal sun-light For-ev-er on me falls; I'll sing thro' all the cit-y, While end-less a-ges roll, O the Sun-light of Heav-en Is beam-ing in my soul.

CHORUS.

O the Sunlight is beaming since Je-sus made me whole,
since Jesus spoke, and made me whole,
O the Sunlight of Heaven [*Omit.* . . . . .] is beam-ing in my soul.
is gently beaming in my soul.

No. 50. What Shall I Do With Jesus?

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.

NELLIE MONTGOMERY. WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. EXCELL.

1. What shall I do with Je - sus? Some an - swer I must give; Shall I re-
2. What shall I do with Je - sus, Who waits so pa - tient - ly? Can I neg-
3. What shall I do with Je - sus? Some an - swer I must give, Mer - cy is

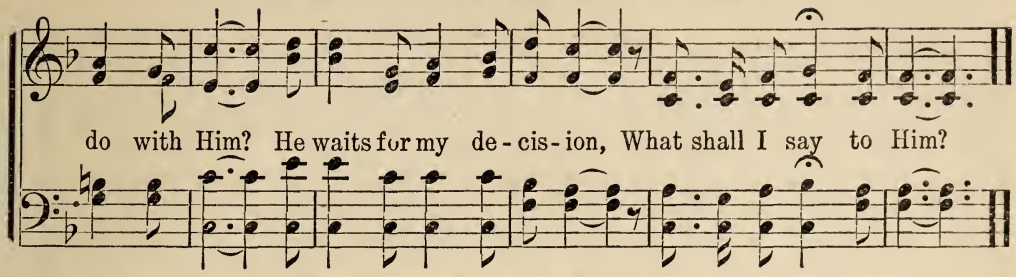
ject the Sav - ior, Who died that I might live? Ah, if I send Him
lect and leave Him, Whose blood was shed for me? Long He has wait - ed
plead-ing with me, I'll go to Him and live! Free - ly my heart I

from me, No more will He re - turn; My soul, is this thine an - swer:
stand - ing Out - side my heart's closed door; My soul, wilt thou still an - swer:
o - pen, In shame I hum - bly bow; Lord, help me now to an - swer:

REFRAIN.

«To - night my Lord I spurn!»
«Some more con-ven-ient hour!»
«I will re - ceive Thee now.»
} What shall I do with Je - sus, What shall I

What Shall I Do With Jesus?

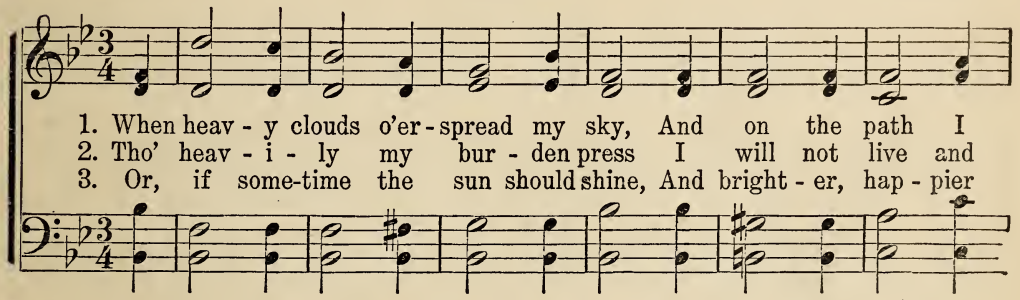


No. 51. Father, Hold My Hand.

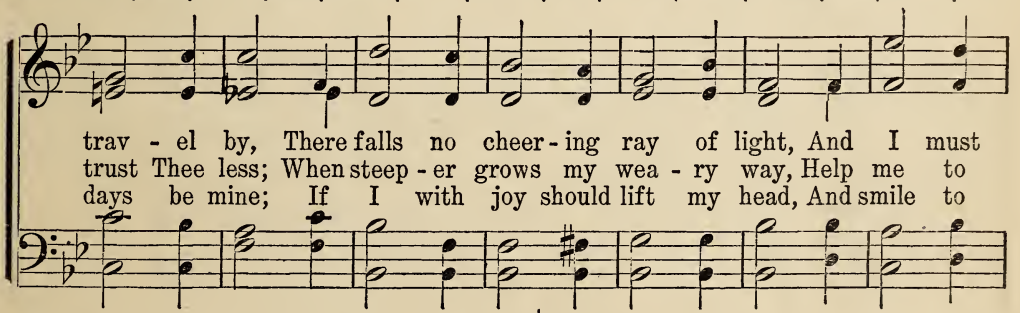
ANNA G. HOLT.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

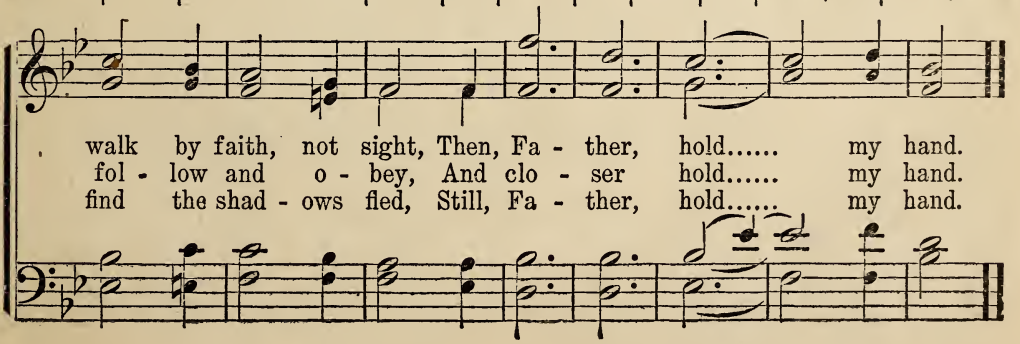
IRA O. HOFFMAN.



1. When heav - y clouds o'er - spread my sky, And on the path I
2. Tho' heav - i - ly my bur - den press I will not live and
3. Or, if some-time the sun should shine, And bright - er, hap - pier



trav - el by, There falls no cheer - ing ray of light, And I must
trust Thee less; When steep - er grows my wea - ry way, Help me to
days be mine; If I with joy should lift my head, And smile to



walk by faith, not sight, Then, Fa - ther, hold..... my hand.
fol - low and o - bey, And clo - ser hold..... my hand.
find the shad - ows fled, Still, Fa - ther, hold..... my hand.

No. 52. Count Your Blessings.

Rev. J. OATMAN, Jr.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

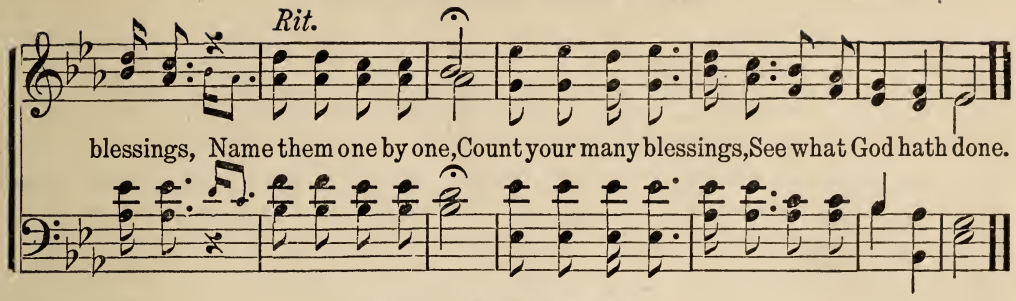
E. O. EXCELL.

1. When up-on life's billows you are tem-pest toss'd, When you are discourag,d, thinking all is lost, Count your many blessings, name them one by one, And it will sur-prise you, what the Lord hath done.
2. Are you ev-er burden'd with a load of care? Does the cross seem heavy you are call'd to bear? Count your many blessings, ev-'ry doubt will fly, And you will be singing as the days go by.
3. When you look at others with their lands and gold, Think that Christ has promis'd you His wealth un-told, Count your many blessings, money can-not buy Your reward in heav-en, nor your home on high.
4. So, a-mid the conflict, whether great or small, Do not be discourag'd, God is o-ver all, Count your many blessings, angels will at-tend, Help and comfort give you to your journey's end.

CHORUS.

Count your blessings, Name them one by one, Count your blessings, See what God hath done, Count your
Count your many blessings, Name them one by one, Count your ma-ny bless-ings, See what God hath done, Count your ma-ny

Count Your Blessings.

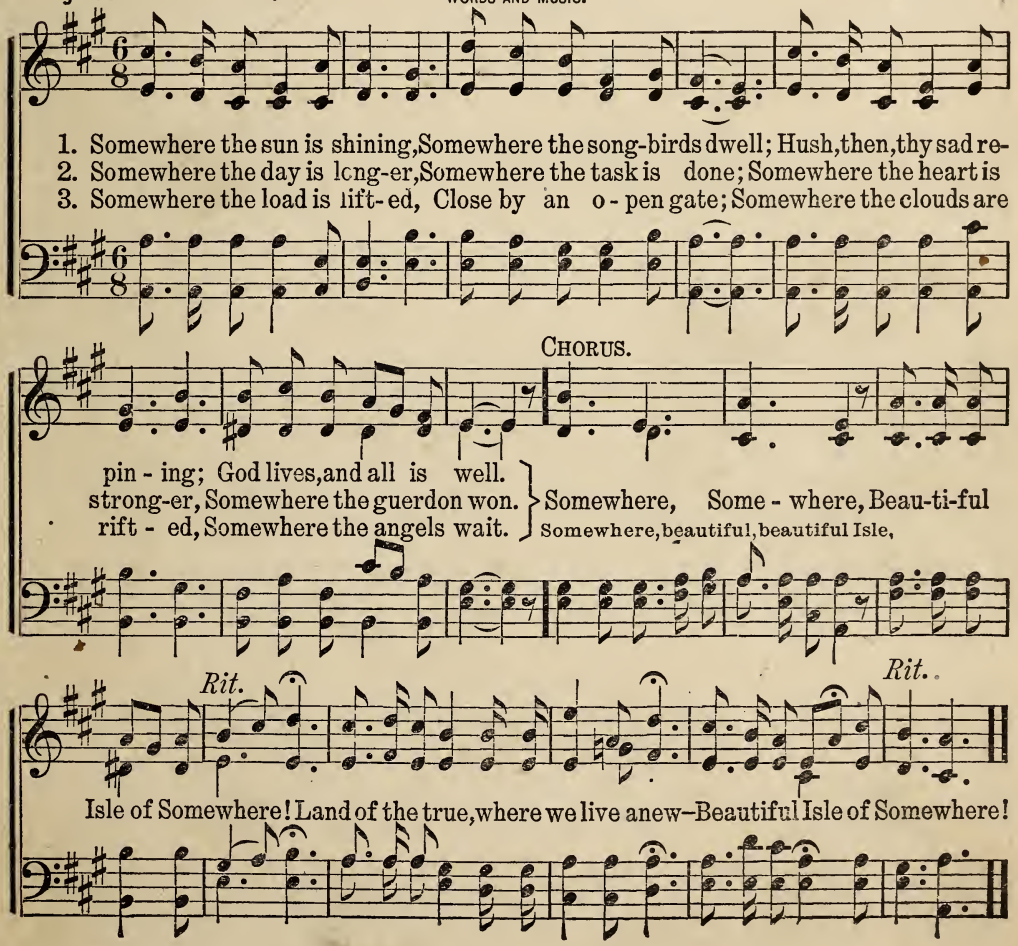


No. 53. Beautiful Isle.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

JESSIE B. POUNDS. J. S. FEARIS.



No. 54. Oh, That Will Be Glory

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. When all my la - bors and tri - als are o'er, And I am safe on that
2. When by the gift of His in - fin - ite grace I am ac - cord-ed in
3. Friends will be there I have lov'd long a - go; Joy like a riv - er a-

beau - ti - ful shore, Just to be near the dear Lord I a - dore,
heav - en a place, Just to be there and to look on His face,
round me will flow; Yet, just a smile from my Sav - ior, I know,

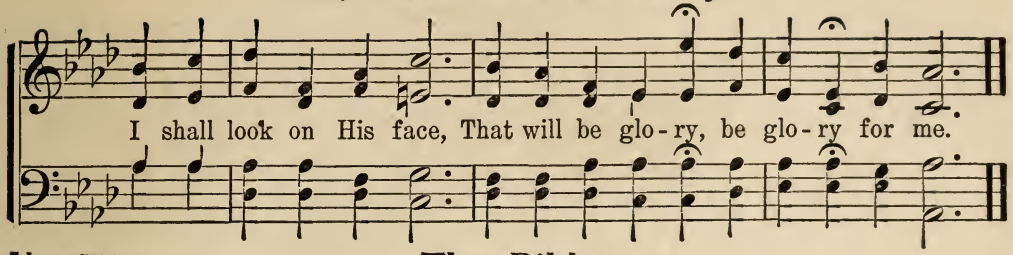
CHORUS.

Will thro' the a - ges be glo - ry for me.
Will thro' the a - ges be glo - ry for me.
Will thro' the a - ges be glo - ry for me.

Oh, that will be
Oh,.....that will
Oh, that will be

glo- ry for me, glo- ry for me, glo-ry for me, When by His grace
be glo-ry for me, glo-ry for me, glo-ry for me, glo-ry for me,.....
glo-ry for me, glo-ry for me. glo-ry for me, When by His grace

Oh, That Will Be Glory.



No. 55. The Bible.

BARTON.

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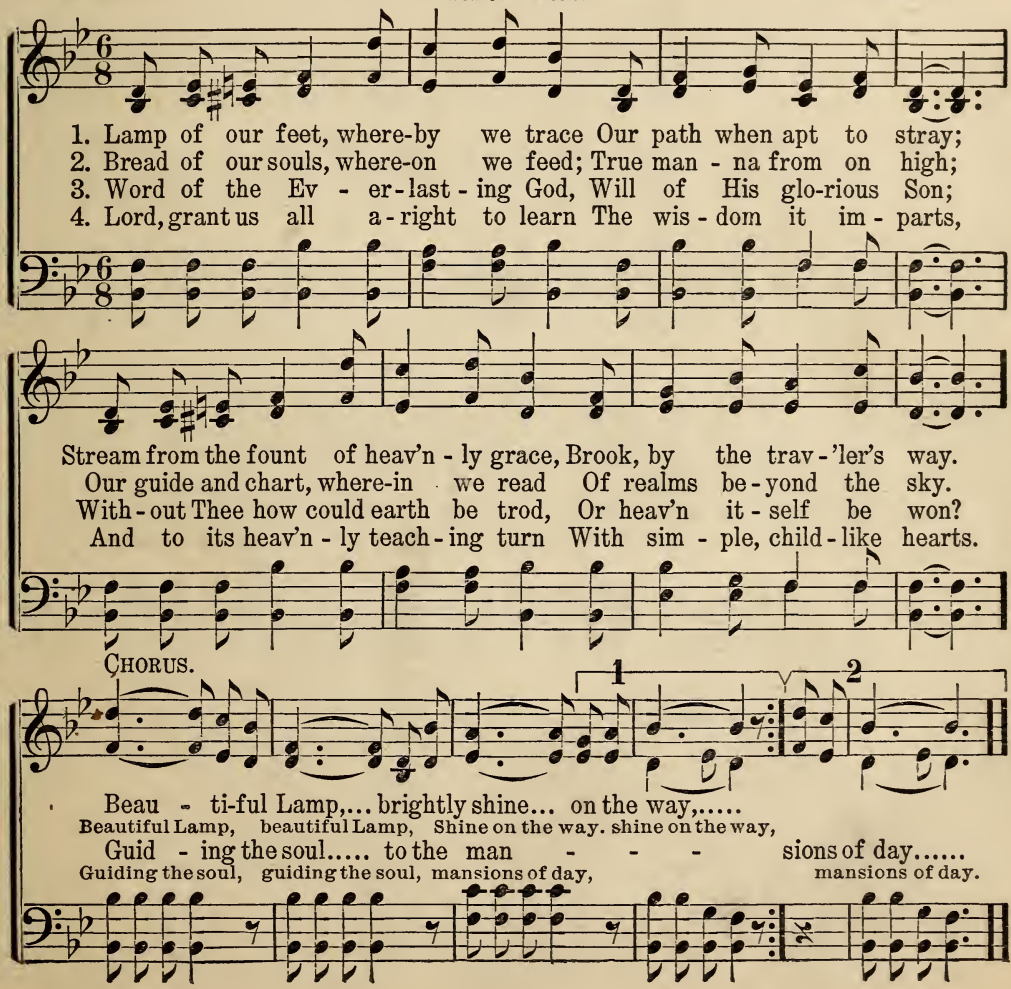
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. EXCELL.

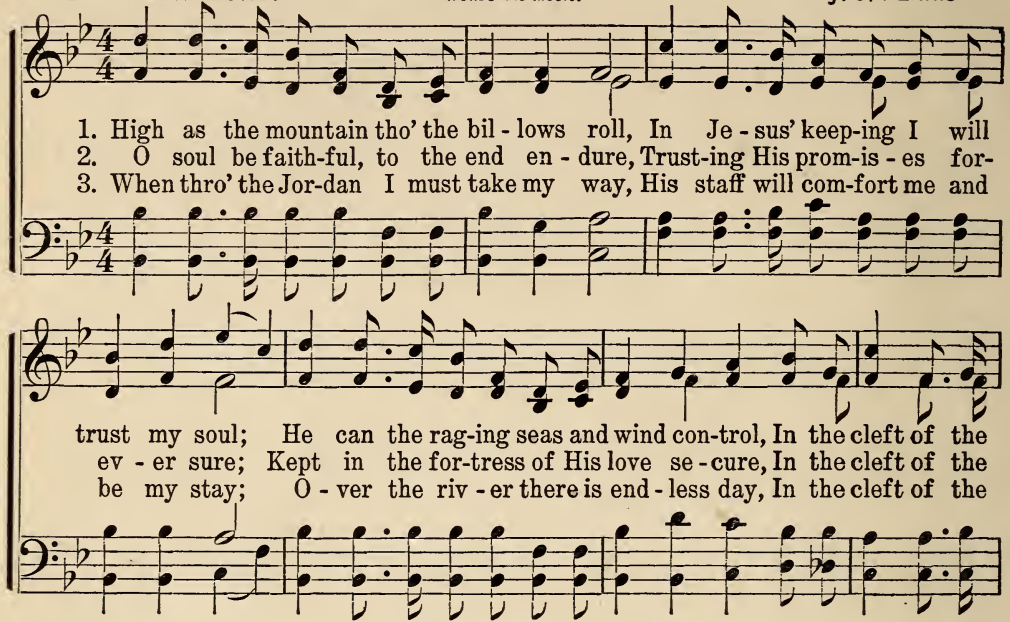


No. 56. In the Cleft of the Rock.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

LIZZIE De ARMOND. J. S. FEARIS



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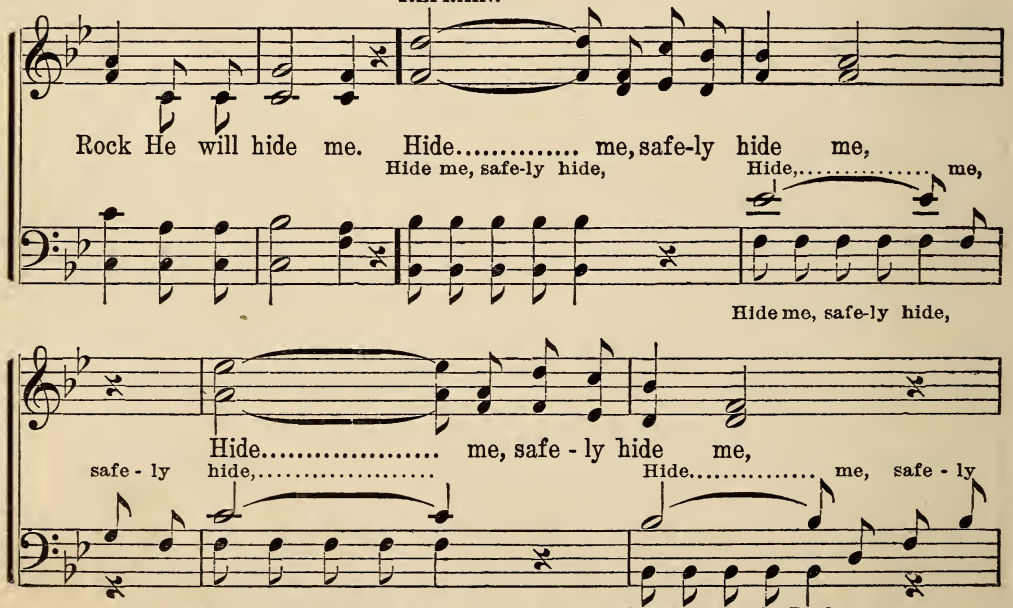
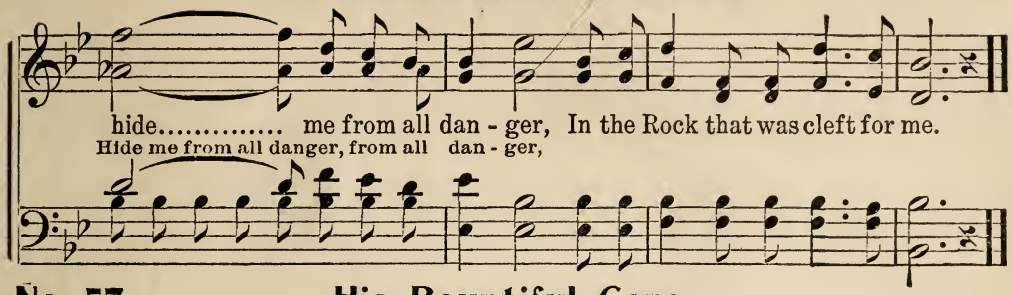


In the Cleft of the Rock.

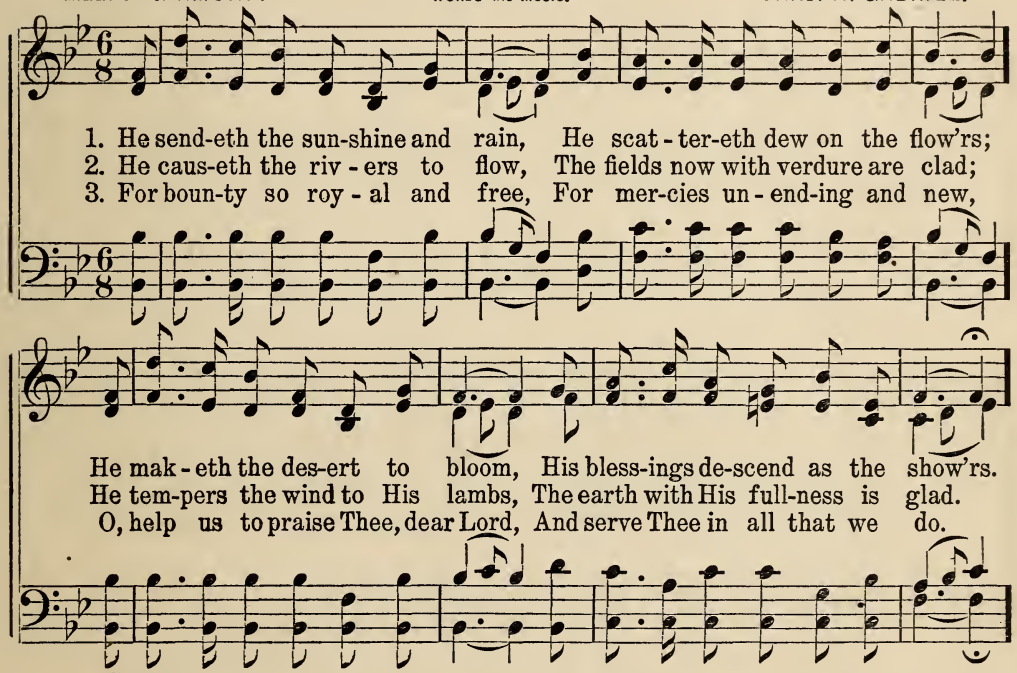


No. 57. His Bountiful Care.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

LIZZIE DeARMOND. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



No. 58. Wonderful Name.

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LIDA M. KECK. WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. EXCELL.

1. There's a won - der - ful name, it is dear - er to me And grand-er than
2. There's a mag - ic - al balm in that won - der - ful name, That baf - fles men's
3. There's a mes - sage for you in that won - der - ful name, A par - don, if

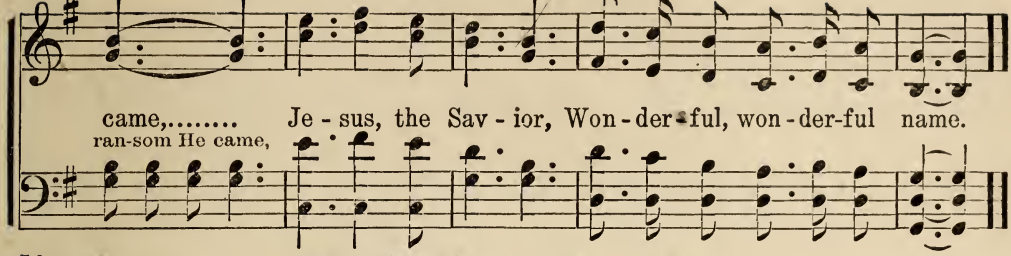
ti - tles of men; 'Tis Je - sus, the sweet-est, most beau-ti - ful name, That
cun-ning and art; It brings a sweet calm to the temp-est-toss'd soul, And
par - don you crave; There's no oth - er way, and there's no oth - er name, But

CHORUS.

ev - er was writ-ten by pen.
fills with con-tent-ment the heart.
Je - sus, the might-y to save.
} Je - sus, won - der-ful name, Je - sus, the

Sav - ior of men; The ti - dings pro - claim,..... A ran - som He
the ti-dings proclaim, A

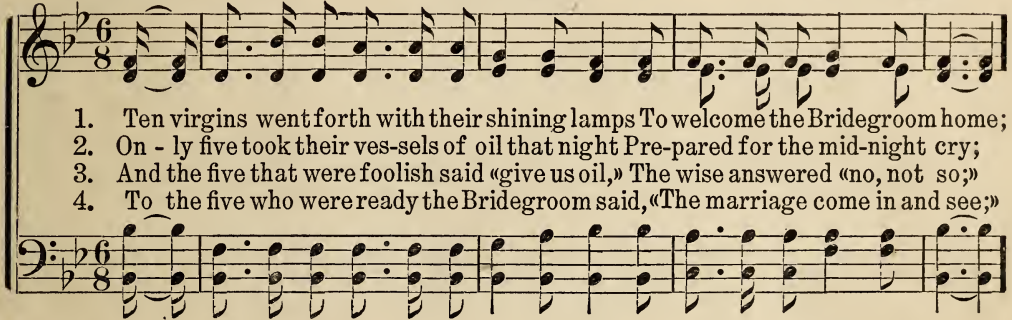
Wonderful Name.



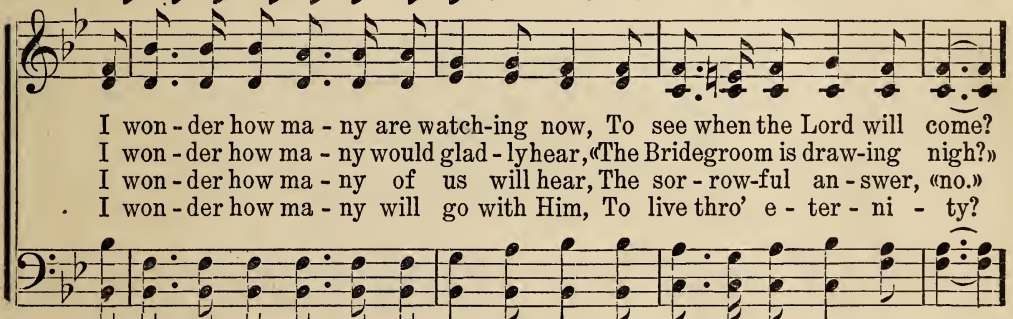
No. 59. The Bridegroom Came.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.

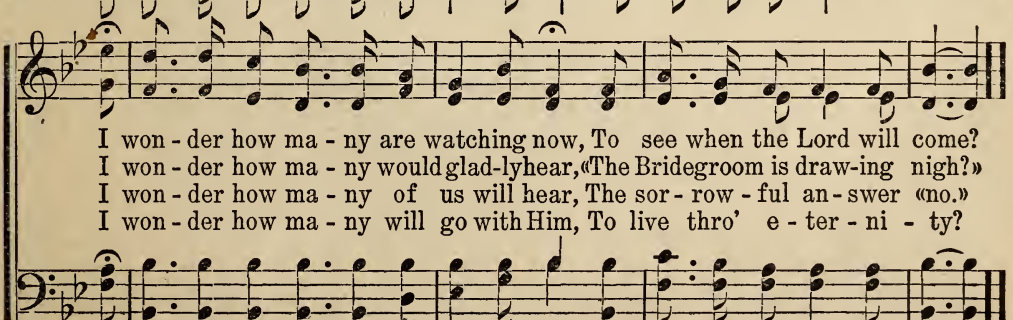
ELIZABETH OSBORNE. WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. EXCELL.



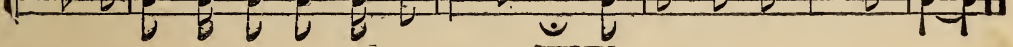
1. Ten virgins went forth with their shining lamps To welcome the Bridegroom home;
2. On - ly five took their ves-sels of oil that night Pre-pared for the mid-night cry;
3. And the five that were foolish said «give us oil,» The wise answered «no, not so;»
4. To the five who were ready the Bridegroom said, «The marriage come in and see;»



I won - der how ma - ny are watch-ing now, To see when the Lord will come?
I won - der how ma - ny would glad - ly hear, «The Bridegroom is draw-ing nigh?»
I won - der how ma - ny of us will hear, The sor - row-ful an - swer, «no.»
I won - der how ma - ny will go with Him, To live thro' e - ter - ni - ty?



I won - der how ma - ny are watching now, To see when the Lord will come?
I won - der how ma - ny would glad-ly hear, «The Bridegroom is draw-ing nigh?»
I won - der how ma - ny of us will hear, The sor - row - ful an - swer «no.»
I won - der how ma - ny will go with Him, To live thro' e - ter - ni - ty?



No. 60. I Sing of the Homeland.

ANDREW SHERWOOD.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY D. B. TOWNER.
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D. B. TOWNER.

1. O'er all the hills of Homeland, And thro' its peace-ful vales, The mu - sic
2. My Sav-ior dwells in Homeland, He's fair - est of the fair; My friends who
3. There is no death in Homeland, No fun - 'ral dirg - es toll; There is no

of the ran - somed Is float - ing on the gales; A trav - 'ler to that
left me lone - ly Are wait - ing for me there; A worn and wea - ry
sad, sad fare - well, No wea - ry, sin - sick soul—Christ, bring us all to

coun - try, Our Fa-ther's fold a - bove, Here on the shores of Earthland I
trav - 'ler, I go and share their bliss; Far from my na - tive coun - try, I
know Him, And save us by His truth; God grant we find in Homeland The

CHORUS.

sing of the home of love.
faint on the sands of this.
bloom of e - ter - nal youth!

I sing of home and the Homeland, Its joy and its

I Sing of the Homeland.

beauties rare; And smile to think of the greet- ing That waits for me o - ver there.

No. 61. No Dying There.

F. A. B.

MRS. W. A. PENN, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.
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F. A. BLACKMER.

1. A land by faith I see, Where saints shall ev - er be Free from mor-
2. There friends shall meet again, In hap - pi - ness to reign, While thro' that
3. There sor - row can-not stay; There tears are wiped a- way, One bright e-

REFRAIN.

tal - i - ty, No dy-ing there.
blest do-main, No dy-ing there.
ter- nal day, No dy-ing there.
} No dy-ing there,..... No dy-ing
No dy- ing there,

there; ..... In that fair, heav'nly land, No dy-ing there.....
No dy-ing there, No dy- ing there.

No. 62. Will There be any Stars?

E. E. HEWITT.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY JNO. R. SWENEY.
USED BY PER. OF L. E. SWENEY, EXECUTRIX.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. I am thinking to-day of that beau-ti-ful land I shall reach when the sun go-eth down; When thro' wonderful grace by my Sav-ior I stand, Will there be a-ny stars in my crown?

2. In the strength of the Lord let me la-bor and pray, Let me watch as a win-ner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the glo-ri-ous day, When His praise like the sea-bil-low rolls.

3. Oh, what joy it will be when His face I be-hold, Liv-ing gems at His feet to lay down; It would sweeten my bliss in the cit-y of gold, Should there be a-ny stars in my crown.

CHORUS.

Will there be a-ny stars, a-ny stars in my crown?

When at ev-'ning the sun go-eth down?..... When I wake with the blest goeth down?

Will There be any Stars?

In the mansions of rest, Will there be a - ny stars in my crown? .....
a - ny stars in my crown!

No. 63. Give Me Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

COPYRIGHT, 1879, BY JNO. R. SWENEY.
USED BY PER. OF L. E. SWENEY, EXECUTRIX.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Take the world, but give me Je - sus,—All its joys are but a name;
2. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, Sweet-est com - fort of my soul;
3. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, Let me view His constant smile;
4. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, In His cross my trust shall be;

FINE.

But His love a - bid - eth ev - er, Thro' e - ter - nal years the same.
With my Sav - ior watch-ing o'er me, I can sing, tho' bil - lows roll.
Then thro'out my pil-grim jour - ney Light will cheer me all the while.
Till, with clear - er, bright-er vis - ion, Face to face my Lord I see.

D. S.:—*Oh, the full - ness of re- demp-tion, Pledge of end - less life a - bove!*

CHORUS.

D. S.

Oh, the height and depth of mer - cy! Oh, the length and breadth of love!

No. 64. No One Like My Savior.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. E. HEWITT. Rev. E. E. SATTERLEE.

1. There's no one like my Sav - ior; No friend can be like Him; My nev - er-
2. There's no one like my Sav - ior; In sea - sons of dis-tress, He draws me
3. There's no one like my Sav - ior, He par - dons all my sin; And gives His
4. There's no one like my Sav - ior; Come now, and find it true; He gave His

fail - ing sun-shine When earth-ly lights grow dim; When summer flow'rs are
clos - er to Him, To com-fort and to bless; He gives me, in temp-
Ho - ly Spir - it, A spring-ing well with - in; He leads me out to
life a ran - som, His blood was shed for you; Then when we reach the

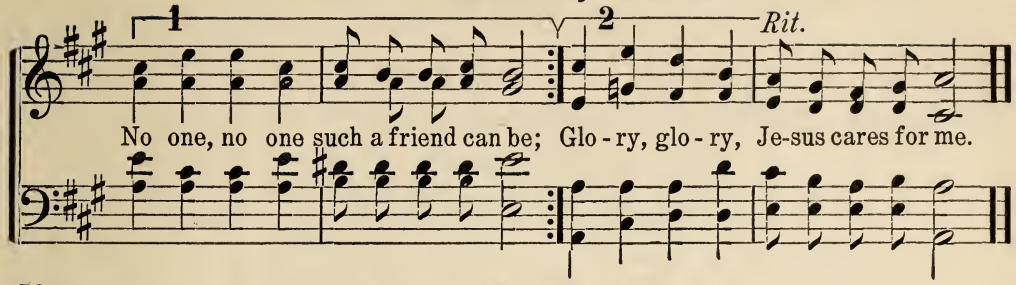
blooming, The brightness of my joy, O, may His hap-py serv-ice My
ta - tion, The strength of His right arm; His an-gels camp a-round me, To
serv- ice, With gen - tle touch and mild; O, won-der of all wonders, That
Cit - y Of ev - er - last - ing light, We'll sing with saints and angels, All

REFRAIN.

heart and life em-ploy!
keep me from all harm.
I should be His child.
hon - or, pow'r and might.

No one, no one like my precious Sav - ior,

No One Like My Savior.



No. 65. Under the Cross.

WM. McDONALD.

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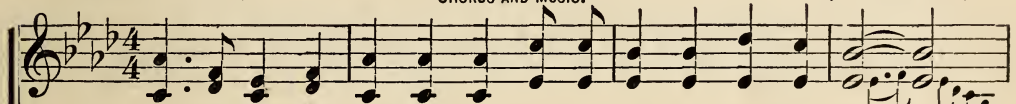
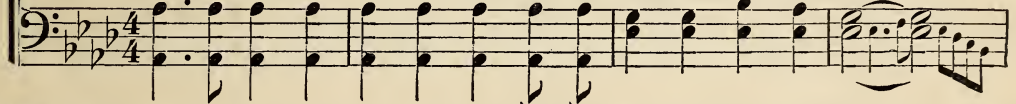
CHORUS AND MUSIC.

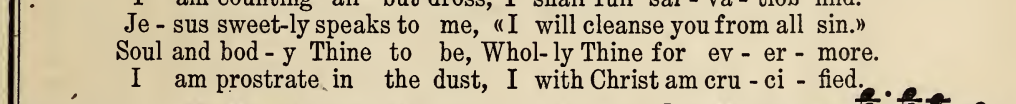
E. O. EXCELL.



1. I am com- ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind;
2. Long my heart has sigh'd for Thee, Long has e - vil reign'd with-in;
3. Here I give my all to Thee, Friends, and time, and earthly store;
4. In the prom-is - es I trust; Now I feel the blood ap - plied;

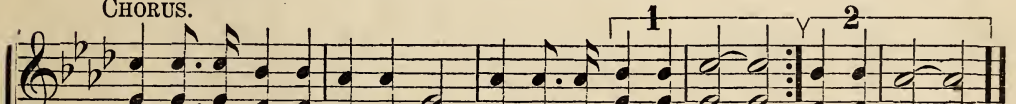


I am counting all but dross, I shall full sal - va - tion find.
Je - sus sweet-ly speaks to me, «I will cleanse you from all sin.»
Soul and bod - y Thine to be, Whol- ly Thine for ev - er - more.
I am prostrate in the dust, I with Christ am cru - ci - fied.

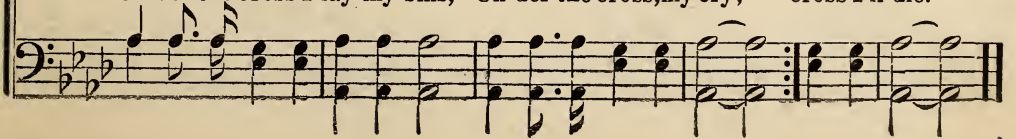


Hal - le- lu - jah!

CHORUS.



Un-der the cross I lay my sins, Un-der the cross, my cry; cross I'll die.



No. 66. The Wonderful Story.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Oh, sweet is the sto-ry of Je-sus, The won-der-ful Sav-ior of men,
2. He came from the brightest of glo-ry; His blood as a ransom He gave,
3. His mer-cy flows on like a riv-er; His love is unmeasured and free;

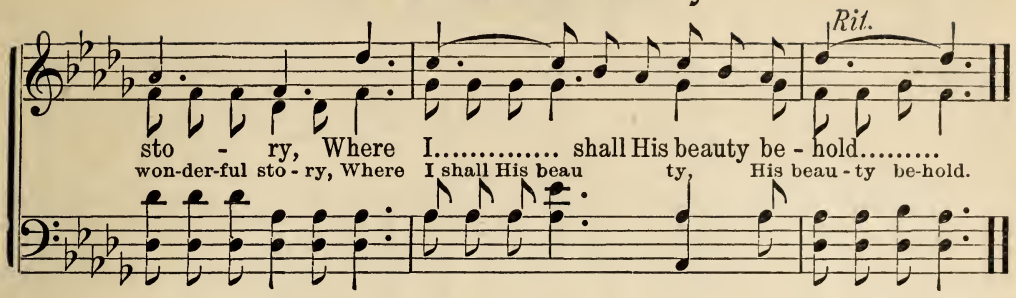
Who suf-fered and died for the sinner—I'll tell it a-gain and a-gain!
To pur-chase e-ter-nal redemption, And oh, He is might-y to save!
His grace is for-ev-er suf-fi-cient, It reach-es and pu-ri-fies me.

CHORUS.

O won-der-ful, won-der-ful sto-ry, The dear-est that ev-er was told;..... I'll re-peat it in glo-ry, The wonderful

O won-der-ful sto-ry, O won-der-ful sto-ry, The dear-est that ev-er, that ev-er was told; I'll re-peat it in glo-ry, The

The Wonderful Story.



No. 67. He Loved Me So.

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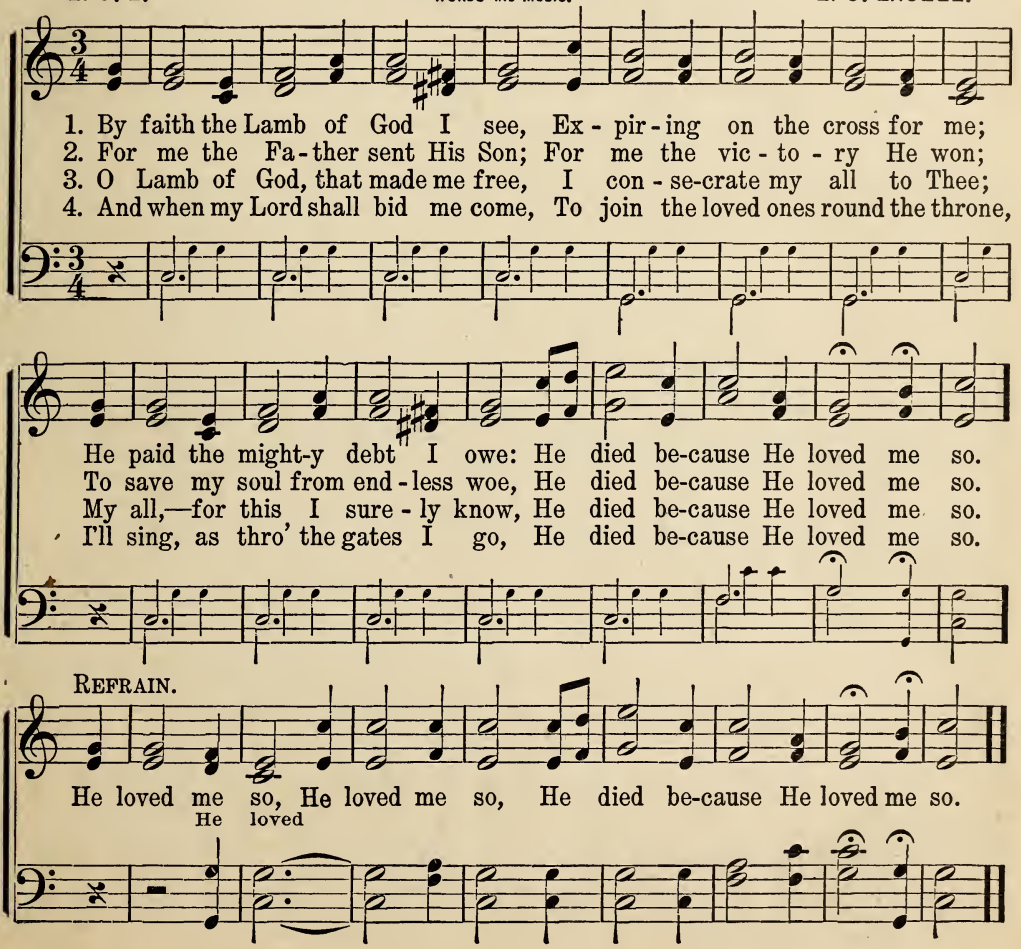
E. O. E. WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. EXCELL.



No. 68. On to Victory!

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY HALL MACK CO.
USED BY PERMISSION.

J. W. V. J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

1. There are foes that must be conquer'd, There are bat-tles we must win; There are lands that must be tak-en, That are go-ing down in sin; Let us en-ter in the struggle, Ever march upon our way, We must take the world for God and win the day.
2. There are hosts of sin be-fore us, That ex-tend from sea to sea; There are ma-ny still in bondage, There are slaves that must be free; Let us all be up and doing, Ever found within the fray, We must take the world for God and win the day.
3. There are ma-ny dear ones dy-ing, They are fall-ing ev-'ry-where; Let us brave-ly go and help them, They are lost, and need our care; Fall in line, prepare for bat-tle, Let us fight as well as pray, We must take the world for God and win the day.

CHORUS.

On..... to vic-to-ry! On..... to vic-to-ry! On..... to vic-to-ry! the

On to Victory!

foe must die! On to vic - to - ry, We'll con-quer by and by.

No. 69. Come to Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1861, BY JOHN J. HOOD.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Mrs. J. C. YULE. E. O. EXCELL.

1. Wea - ry soul, by care op-press'd, Would'st Thou find a place of rest?
2. Hun - gry soul, why pine and die, With ex-haust-less stores so nigh?
3. Thirst-y soul, earth's sweetest rill Mocks thee with its prom-ise still;
4. Home-less soul, thy path is drear, An - gry tem-pests gath - er near,

Lis - ten, Je - sus calls to thee, Come and find thy rest in me.
Lo! the board is spread for thee, Come and feast to - day with me.
Hark! the Sav - ior calls to thee, Here is wa - ter, come to me.
Night is dark-'ning o - ver thee; Here is shel - ter, come to me.

CHORUS. *Repeat p.*

Come to me, come to me, Come and find thy rest in me.
Come to me, come to me, Come and feast to - day with me.
Come to me, come to me, Here is wa - ter, come to me.
Come to me, come to me, Here is shel - ter, come to me.

No. 70. Pardon Freely Given.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. E. S. E. E. SATTERLEE.

1 Would you know the Sav-ior, walk with Him be-low; Would you feel His pow'r, His full sal-va-tion know; Would you from your load of sin-ful-ness be free?
2. Would you serve the Lord, in grace and goodness grow; Would you to the world His lov-ing-kindness show; Would you to your soul His bless-ed pres-ence prove?
3. Would you live for God, make earth a path to heav'n, Showing forth the love to sin-ners He hath giv'n? Live a life of love, for-giv-ing all who sin,
4. Trust, then, in the Sav-ior—trust His care di-vine; Live that in life's pathway bea-con-lights may shine; For be-night-ed souls light up the earth-ly way,

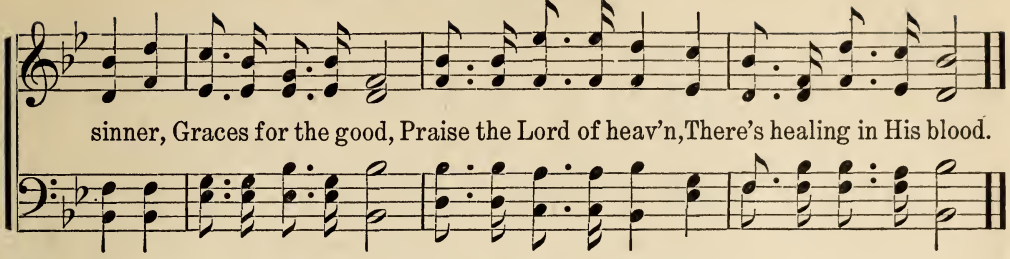
CHORUS.

Com-ing with con-tri-tion, you shall pardon'd be.
Cast your care up-on Him, lean up-on His love.
Par-don is the gate thro' which we en-ter in.
Christ would save the world, then help Him day by day.

Par - - don free-ly giv - en, Par - - don free-ly giv - en, Par-don for the

Pardon freely giv-en yes, there's Pardon freely given, Pardon freely giv-en, op-'ning up the way to heaven,

Pardon Freely Given.

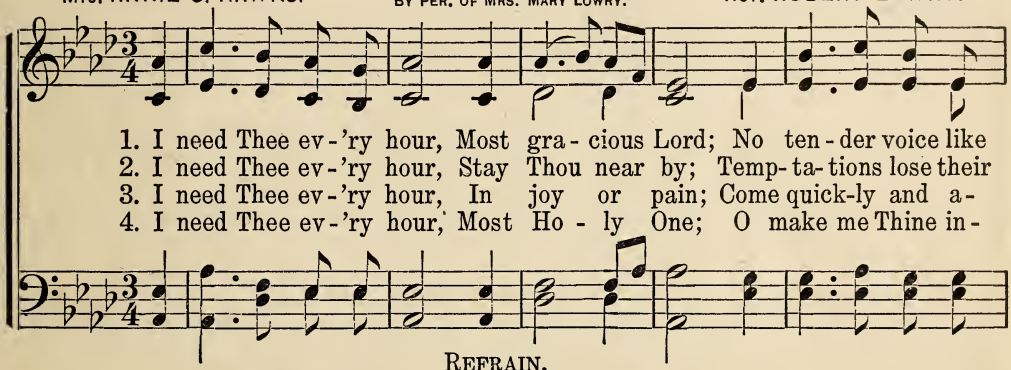


No. 71. I Need Thee Every Hour.

Mrs. ANNIE S. HAWKS.

COPYRIGHT, 1872, BY ROBERT LOWRY.
BY PER. OF MRS. MARY LOWRY.

Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.



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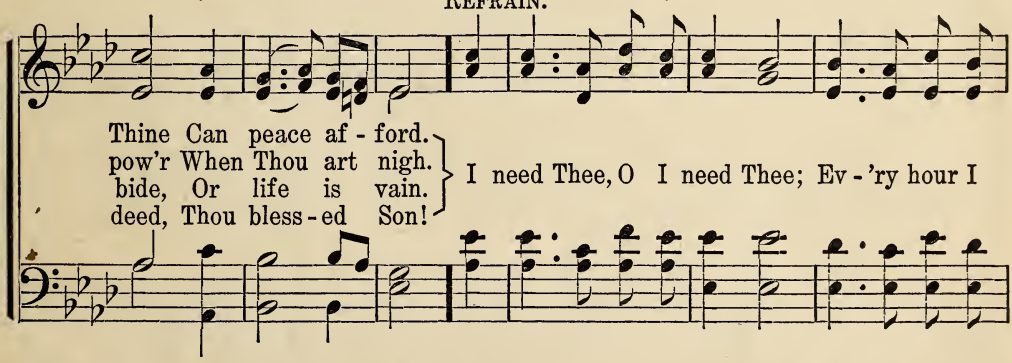
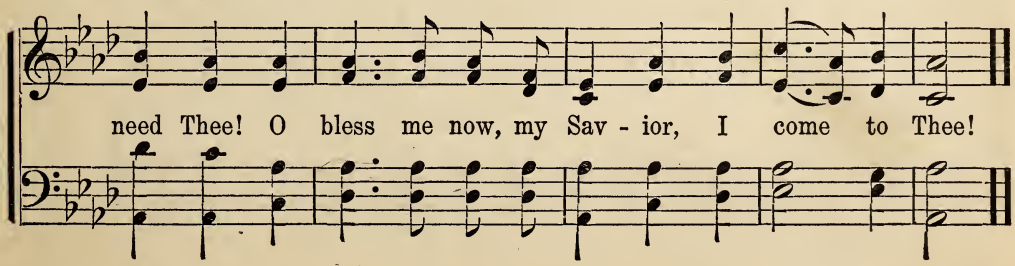




No. 72. Oh, It is Wonderful.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY E. O. EXCELL.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I stand all a-maz'd at the love Je - sus of - fers me, Confus'd at the grace that so ful - ly He prof - fers me; I trem - ble to know that for me He was cru - ci - fied, That for me, a sin - ner, He suf-fer'd, He bled and died.
2. I mar-vel that He would de-scend from His throne di-vine, To res-cue a soul so re - bel - lious and proud as mine; That He should ex - tend His great love un - to such as I, Suf - fi - cient to own, to re-deem and to jus - ti - fy.
3. I think of His hands, pierc'd and bleeding, to pay the debt! Such mercy, such love and de - vo - tion can I for - get? No, no, I will praise and a- dore at the mer - cy - seat, Un - til at the glo - ri - fied throne I kneel at His feet.

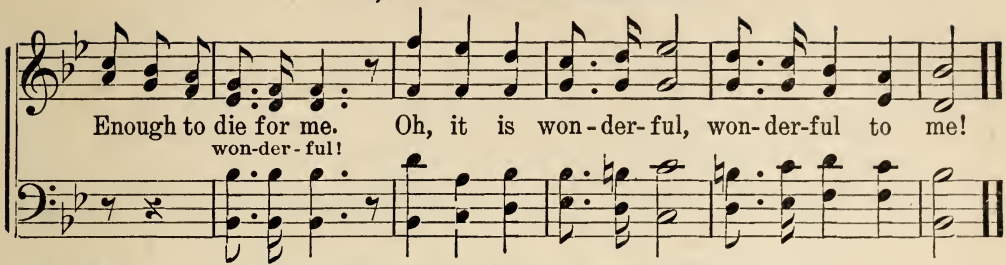
Rit.

Rit.

CHORUS.

Oh, it is won-der - ful that He should care for me, won - der - ful!

Oh, It is Wonderful.

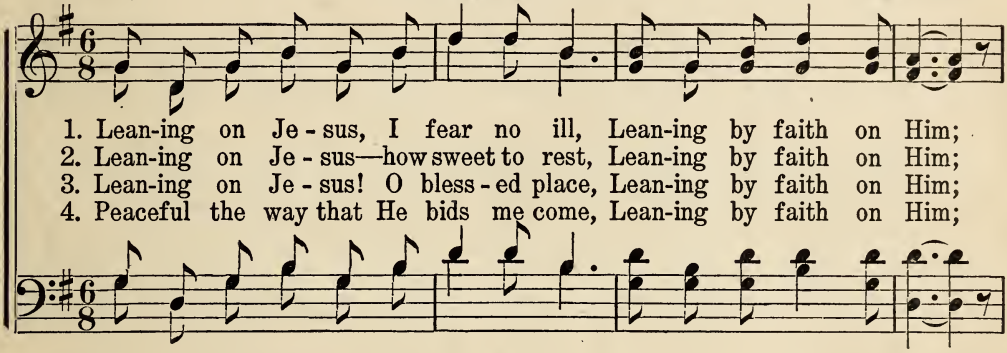


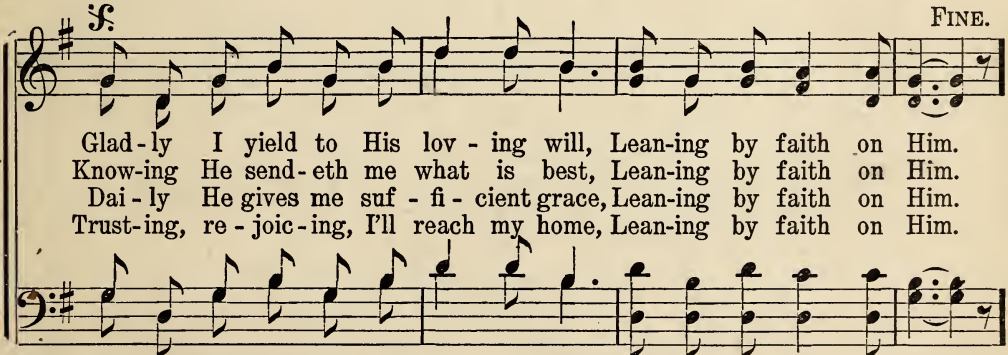
No. 73. Leaning by Faith on Him.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

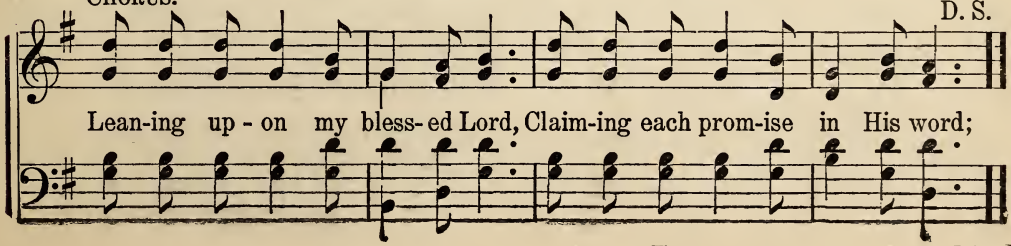
F. L. S. F. L. SNYDER.





D.S.—*Leaning and trusting up-on my God, Leaning by faith on Him.*

CHORUS.



No. 74. If There's Sunshine in Your Heart.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY E. O. EXCELL,

HELEN DUNGAN. WORDS AND MUSIC. J. M. DUNGAN.

1. You can make the path-way bright, Fill the soul with heaven's light, If there's
2. You can speak the gen - tle word To the heart with an-ger stirred, If there's
3. You can do a kind - ly deed To your neigh-bor in his need, If there's
4. You can live a hap - py life In this world of toil and strife, If there's

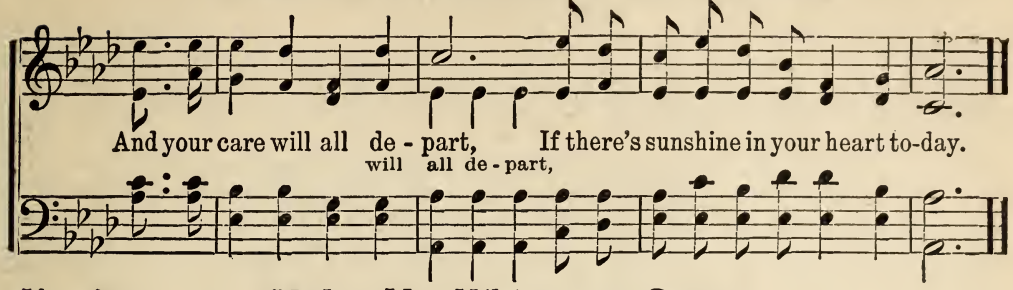
sun-shine in your heart; Turning dark-ness in - to day, As the shad-ows fly
sun-shine in your heart; Tho' it seems a lit - tle thing It will heaven's bless-
sun-shine in your heart; And his bur - den you will share As you lift his load
sun-shine in your heart; And your soul will grow with love From the perfect Light

CHORUS.

a - way, If there's sunshine in your heart to - day.
ing bring, If there's sunshine in your heart to - day.
of care, If there's sunshine in your heart to - day.
a - bove, If there's sunshine in your heart to - day.
} If there's sunshine in your sun-shine

heart, You can send a shin - ing ray That will turn the night to day;
in your heart,

If There's Sunshine in Your Heart.

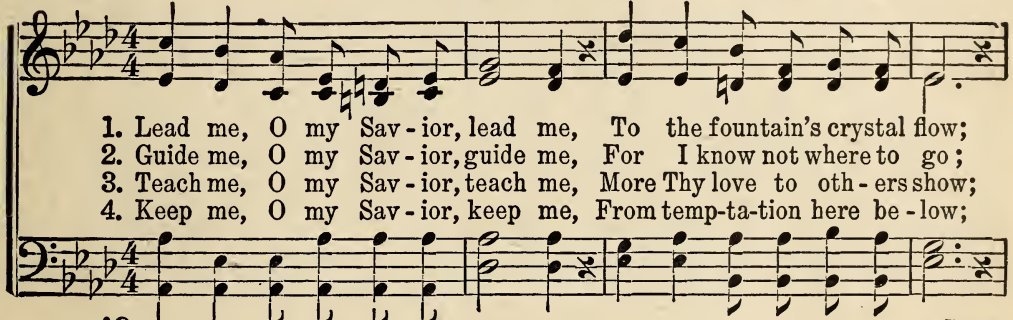


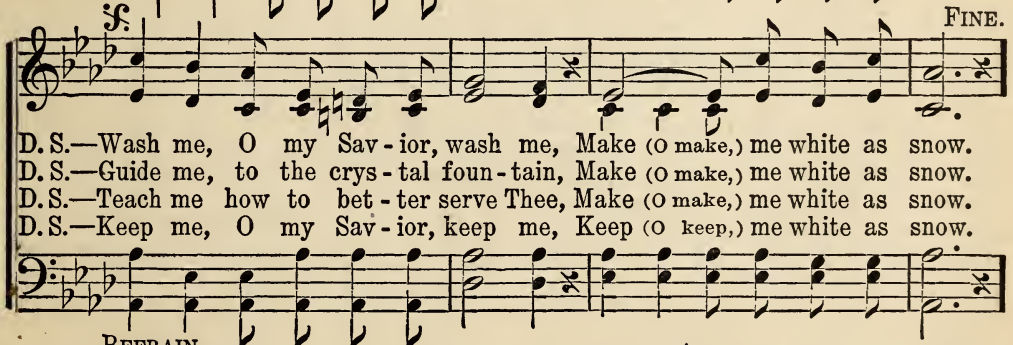
No. 75. Make Me White as Snow.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY E. O. EXCELL.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

F. A. S. FRANK A. SIMPKINS.





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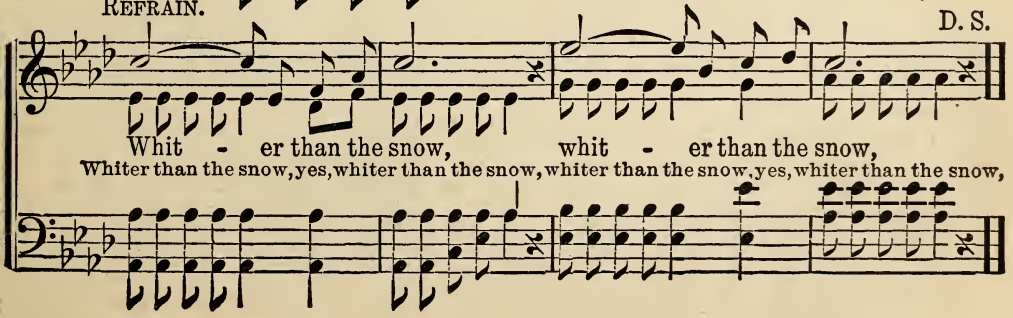


No. 76. Jesus, Thou Art Standing.

Rev. W. W. HOWE. Alt.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY W. H. DOANE.
USED BY PERMISSION.

W. H. DOANE.

1. O Jesus, Thou art standing, standing, Outside the fast-closed door, In low - ly pa-tience wait-ing, wait-ing, To pass the thresh-old o'er; I hear Thy in - vi- ta-tion, I know Thy lov - ing care, But still my heart re-fus - es, And keeps Thee stand-ing there.
2. O Jesus, Thou art knocking, knocking, And lo! Thy hand is scarr'd, And thorns Thy brow are pressing, pressing, And tears Thy face have marr'd; O love that pass-eth bar the gate!
3. O Jesus, Thou art plead-ing, plead-ing, In ac-cents sweet and low: «I gave my life to save you, save you, Why do ye treat me so?» No more I'll keep Thee knowledge, So pa-tient-ly to wait! O sin that hath no e - qual, So fast to nev - er - more. wait-ing, I'll o - pen wide the door; Dear Sav-ior, en - ter, en - ter, And leave me

CHORUS.

I'll o-pen, o - pen wide the door, I'll o-pen, o - pen wide
I'll o - pen wide, I'll o-pen wide the door,

Jesus, Thou Art Standing.

Rit.

the door, O bless-ed Sav - ior en-ter, enter, And leave me nev-er-more.
wide the door,

No. 77. Come, Sinner, Come.

WILL E. WITTER.

COPYRIGHT, 1879, BY H. R. PALMER.
USED BY PERMISSION.

H. R. PALMER.

1. While Je - sus whis-pers to you, Come, sin - ner, come! While we are
2. Are you too heav - y la - den? Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus will
3. Oh, hear His ten - der plead-ing, Come, sin - ner, come! Come and re-

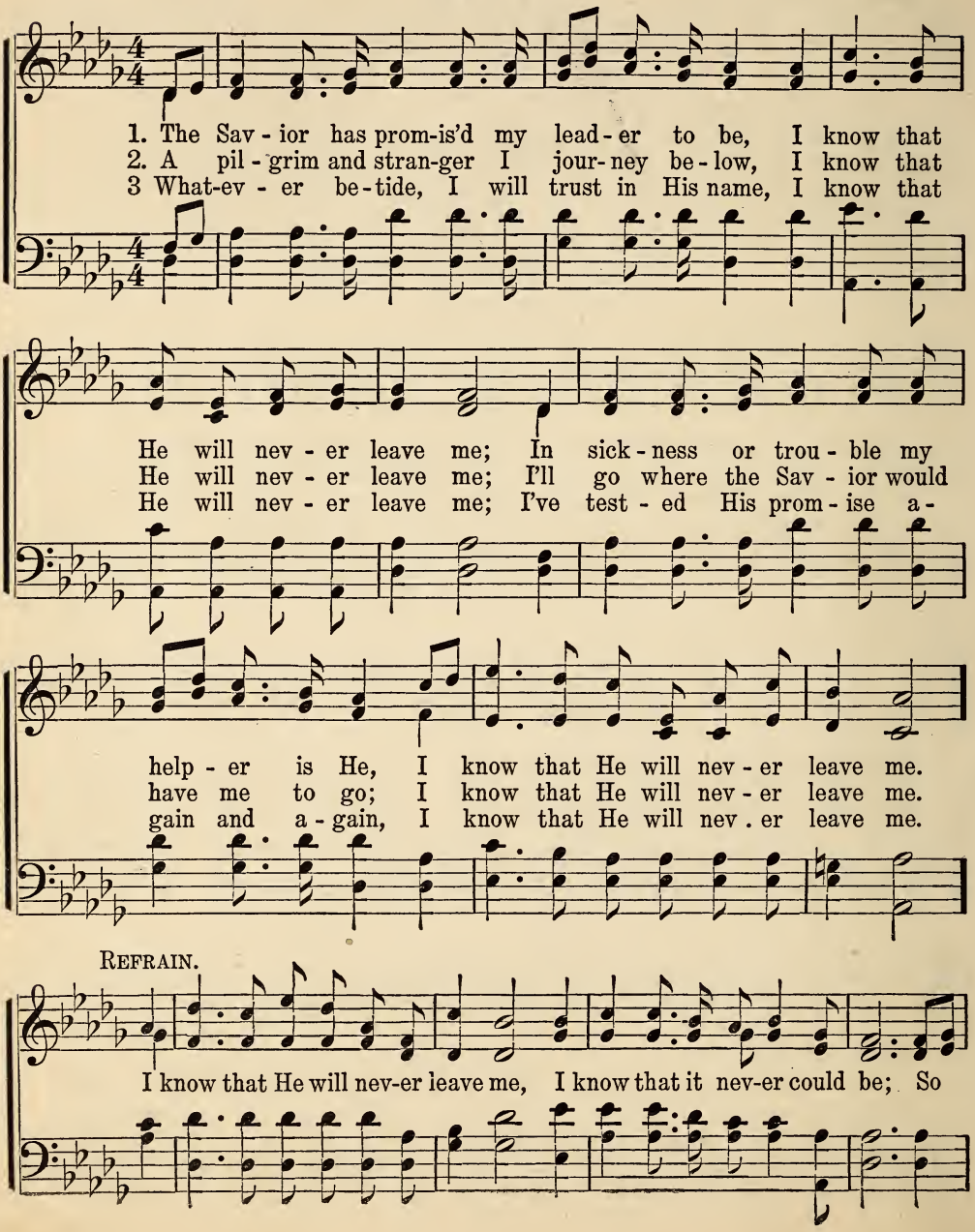
pray - ing for you, Come, sin - ner, come! Now is the time to own Him,
bear your bur-den, Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus will not de-ceive you,
ceive the bless-ing, Come, sin - ner, come! While Je - sus whis-pers to you,

Come, sin - ner, come! Now is the time to know Him, Come, sin-ner, come!
Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus can now re-deem you, Come, sin-ner, come!
Come, sin - ner, come! While we are pray-ing for you, Come, sin-ner, come!

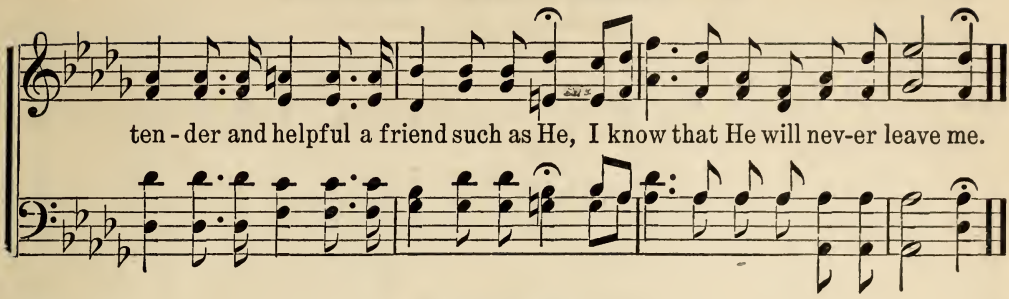
No. 78. He Will Never Leave Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Rev. F. L. SNYDER. WORDS AND MUSIC. Mrs. CARRIE B. ADAMS.



He Will Never Leave Me.

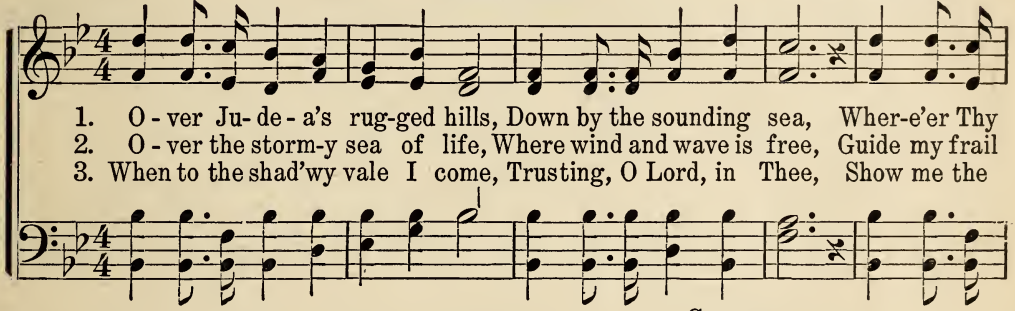


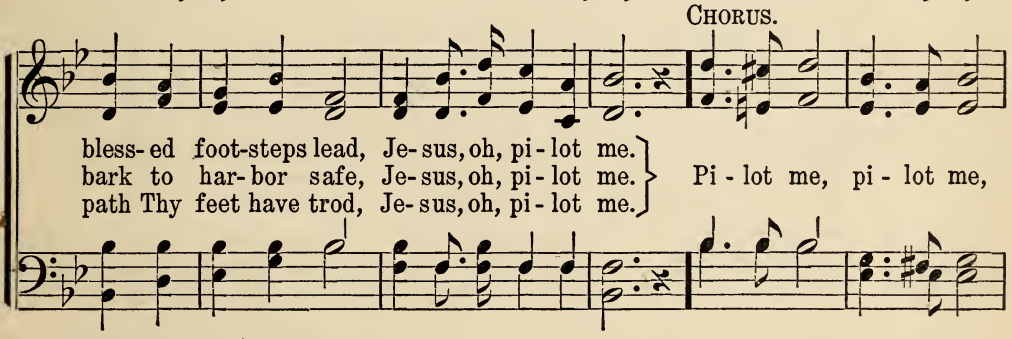
No. 79. Pilot Me.

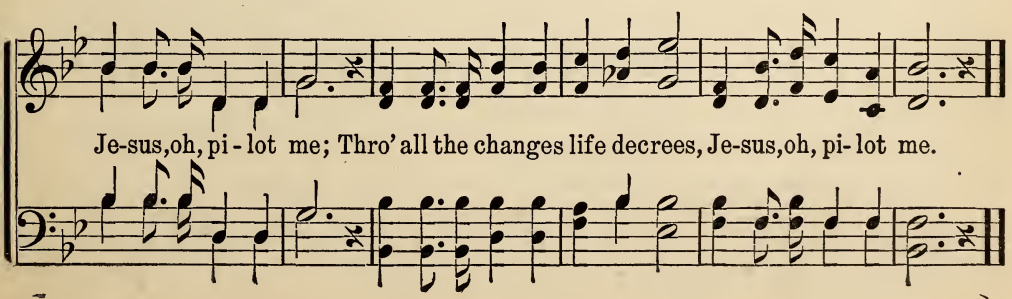
COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY E. O. EXCELL.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.







No. 80. Songs in the Night.

Copyright, 1900, by E. O. Excell.

Words and Music.

NELLIE A. MONTGOMERY. J. S. FEARIS.

1. When the clouds of af-flic-tion have gathered, And hidden each star from my sight,
2. O how dear are those mes-sa-ges to me! No need then to cry in af-fright;
3. And when morn breaks at last in its splendor, And sor-row is chang'd to de-light,

I know if I turn to my Fa-ther, I know if I turn to my Fa-
My heart groweth strong as I lis-ten, My heart groweth strong as I lis-
O still would I ev-er re-mem-ber, O still would I ev-er re-mem-

ther, Sweetest songs, sweet-est songs, sweetest songs He will give in the night.
ten To the songs, to the songs, to the songs He doth send in the night.
ber All the songs, all the songs, all the songs that were sent in the night.
in the night, in the night,

Refrain.

Songs in the night, songs in the night,
Songs in the night! O how precious the songs in the night,
Songs in the night, songs in the night, in the night.

Songs in the Night.

My heart..... run-neth o - ver, For the songs He doth send in the night.
My heart run-neth o - ver, runs o - ver,

No. 81. More Like Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1878, BY J. M. STILLMAN.
COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY E. O. EXCELL.

J. M. S. J. M. STILLMAN.

1. I want to be more like Je - sus, And fol - low Him day by day;
2. I want to be kind and gen - tle, To those who are in dis - tress;
3. I want to be meek and low - ly, Like Je - sus, our Friend and King;
4. I want to be pure and ho - ly, As pure as the crys - tal snow;

I want to be true and faith - ful, And ev - 'ry com-mand o - bey.
To com - fort the bro - ken heart - ed, With sweet words of ten - der - ness.
I want to be strong and ear - nest, And souls to the Sav - ior bring.
I want to love Je - sus dear - ly, For Je - sus loves me, I know.

REFRAIN.

1 2

More and more like Je - sus, I would ev-er be,..... My Savior who died for me.
I..... ever would be,

No. 82. Sometime and Somehow.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY E. O. EXCELL.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

JESSIE B. POUNDS. E. O. EXCELL.

1. Some-time, the tem-pest that frights thee will cease; Sometime, the Mas-ter Him-
2. Some-how the bur-den you bear will be borne; Some-how be heal - ed the
3. Somewhere the treasures long lost will be found, Somewhere the harp that is

self will speak peace; Some-time, the sun thro' the clouds will ap - pear;
heart that is torn; Some-how the grace that is need - ed will fall;
si - lent will sound; Some-where is end - ed earth's wea - ri-some quest;

CHORUS.

Some-time, the mean-ing of life will be clear.
Some-how thy heart will be strength-ened for all.
Some-where is rapt-ure, and some-where is rest.
} Stay thou thy soul on the

prom-ise se - cure, Stay thou thy soul, then, and bravely endure; All thy dis-

Sometime and Somehow.

Rit.

tresses and doubts will be past, Some-time, and somehow, and somewhere at last.

No. 83. He Needs Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Mrs. ANNIE S. HAWKS. WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. EXCELL.

1. He needs me ev - 'ry hour, My Sav - ior King; The hom - age of my
2. He needs me ev - 'ry hour, So near His side; That sweet-ly in my
3. He needs me ev - 'ry hour, His name to raise A - bove all oth - er
4. He needs me ev - 'ry hour, His child to be; Needs me for - ev - er

REFRAIN.

soul, The love I bring.
soul He may a - bide.
names, In pray'r and praise.
more, Needs e - ven me.

He needs me, oh, He needs me, Ev - 'ry

hour He needs me; My gra-cious Lord and Sav - ior, Needs e - ven me.

No. 84. Marching Onward.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

LIZZIE DeARMOND. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

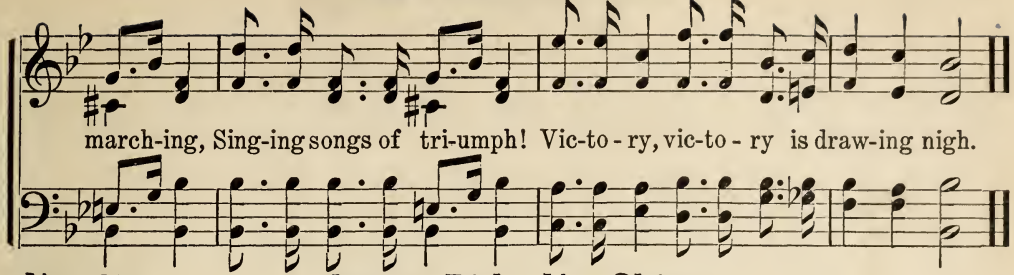
1. March-ing on-ward, fol-low-ing the Sav-ior; Where He leads we can-not fear to go; Rais-ing high the stand-ard of our Mas-ter, In His
2. March-ing on-ward in our Cap-tain's foot-steps, Tho' the path be rough, and steep the way; Facing t'ward the bea-con-light of Heav-en, Sol-diers
3. Glad-ly on-ward, gird-ed for the bat-tle With the ar-mor of the liv-ing God; Hold-ing fast the bright sword of His spir-it, Fear-ing

CHORUS.

might we'll van-quish ev-'ry foe.
of the Lord His call o-bey.
not to walk where Christ has trod.

March-ing on-ward! shout-ing glad ho-san-nas, We shall con-quer by and by! On-ward, on-ward
We shall reach the gates of glo-ry by and by!

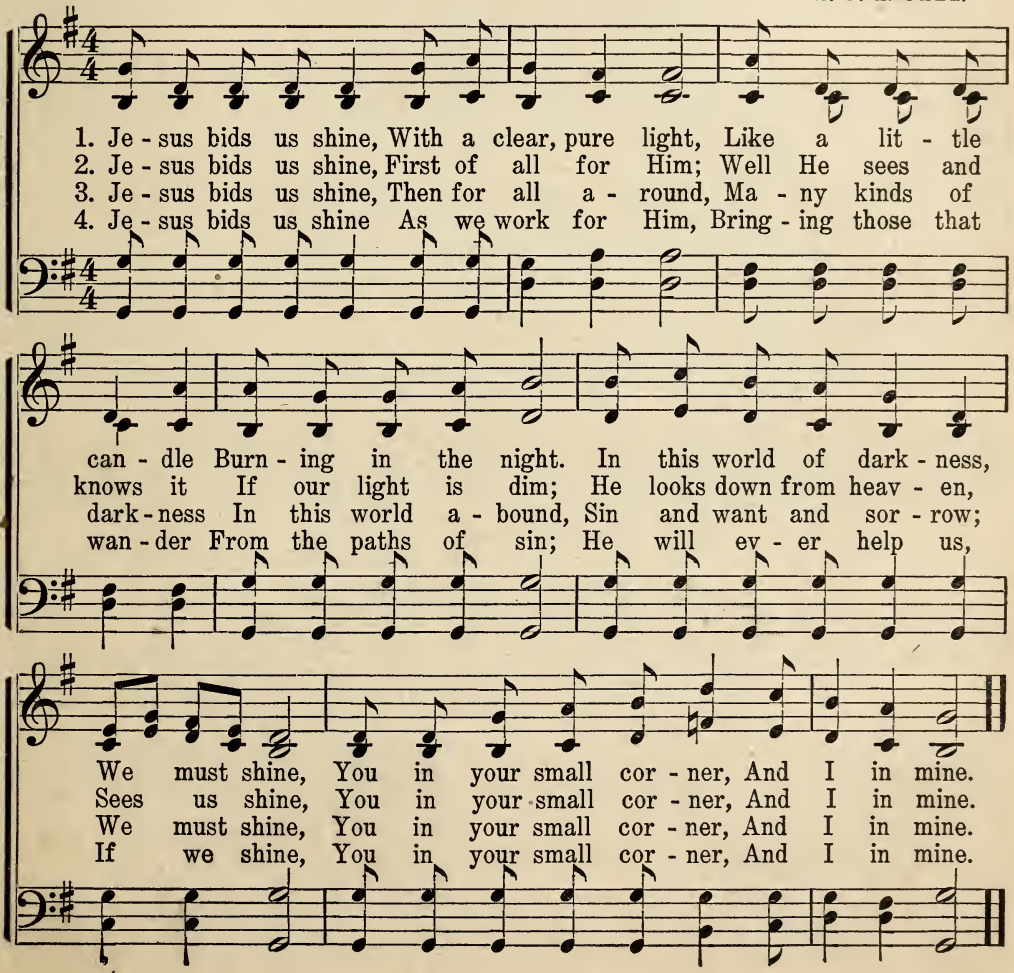
Marching Onward.



No. 85. Jesus Bids Us Shine.

COPYRIGHT, 1884, BY E. O. EXCELL.

E. O. EXCELL.



No. 86. The Time to Shine.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.

LANTA WILSON SMITH. WORDS AND MUSIC. T. MARTIN TOWNE.

1. When the gloom-y shadows gath-er round your way, And the clouds of sor-row hide the sun's bright ray, Keep your faith un-shak-en, tho' all ills com - bine;
2. When the world's allurements beckon hour by hour, When the weak are yielding to the tempter's pow'r, Send a word of warn-ing all a - long the line:
3. Oh, the wea - ry burdens that the world must bear! Who will try to light-en toil and grief and care? Let your lov-ing kindness round the sad hearts twine;
4. Sing a - mid the shadows of the fleet- ing years, Brave-ly meet the con-flict, con-quer need-less fears. Trust the hand that leads you, tho' all joys de - cline;

CHORUS.

When the days are dark- est, that's the time to shine. That's the time to shine, that's the time to shine, Let your faith and cour- age glow with

the time to shine. That is just the time to shine, that is just the time to shine,

The Time to Shine,

2

light di - vine; When the days are dark-est, that's the time to shine.
with light di-vine; that is just the time to shine.

No. 87. My Faithful Friend.

JAMES M. GRAY. COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY FRANK E. ROBINSON. USED BY PERMISSION. F. E. ROBINSON.

1. I have no friend like Je - sus, Who gave His life for me; And who sup-
2. My heart was once so wea - ry, And o-ver-charg'd with care; But now is
3. O, come as I am pleading, As He is seek-ing you; Re-ceive the
4. He waits re - spon-sive an-swer, O, do not say Him nay; But «Yea, I

CHORUS.

pli - eth dai - ly My need so gra-cious - ly.
fill'd with gladness, And nev - er knows de-spair.
bless-ed Sav- ior, And start your life a - new.
will, blest Sav- ior, Be Thine this ver - y day.»
O, will you come to Je - sus,

My faithful friend so true? My heart is yearning, yearning, That you may know Him, too.

No. 88. Speak it for the Savior.

To my friend and brother, J. M. Latimer.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY E. O. EXCELL.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

JAMES ROWE. E. O. EXCELL.

1. If you have a kind - ly word, Speak it for the Sav - ior; Let its
2. If you have a word of cheer, Speak it for the Sav - ior; It will
3. If you have a word of love, Speak it for the Sav - ior; That some

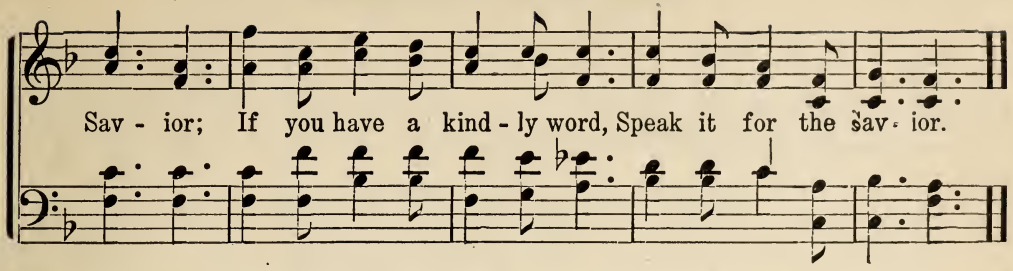
sooth-ing notes be heard, Speak it for the Sav - ior; Here and there and
glad - den some one's ear, Speak it for the Sav - ior; There are weak ones
soul may look a - bove, Speak it for the Sav - ior; To the wand'ring

ev - 'ry-where, Hearts of grief, and pain and care, Hun-ger for its mu - sic rare,
in the throng, Jeer'd and jos-tled by the strong, Who have lis-tened for it long,
ones at night, It will be a bea-con bright, Pointing to the Land of Light,

CHORUS.

Speak it for the Sav - ior. Speak it for the Sav - ior, Speak it for the

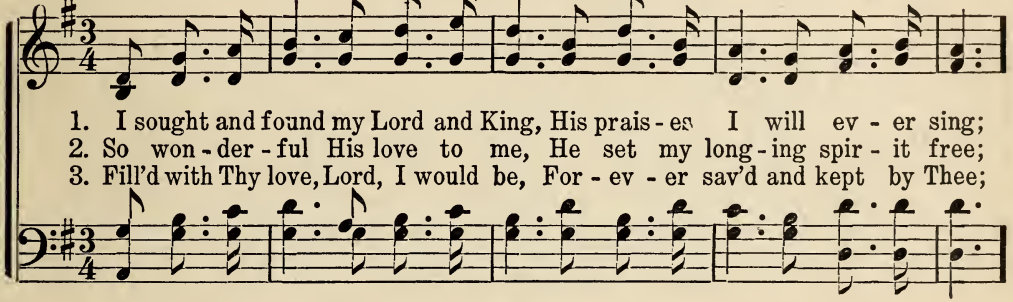
Speak it for the Savior.

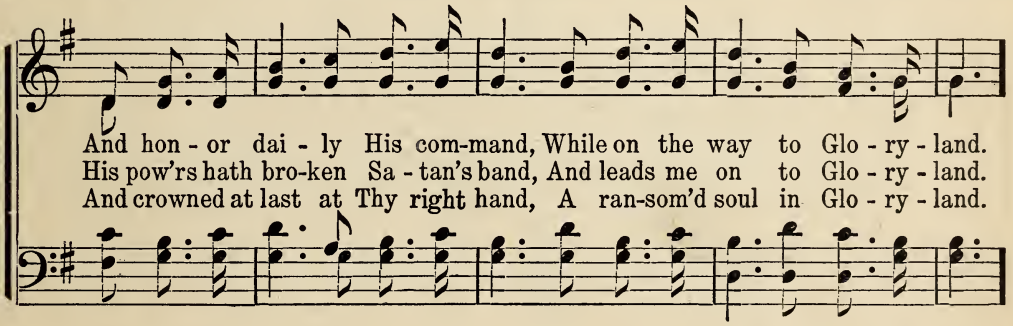


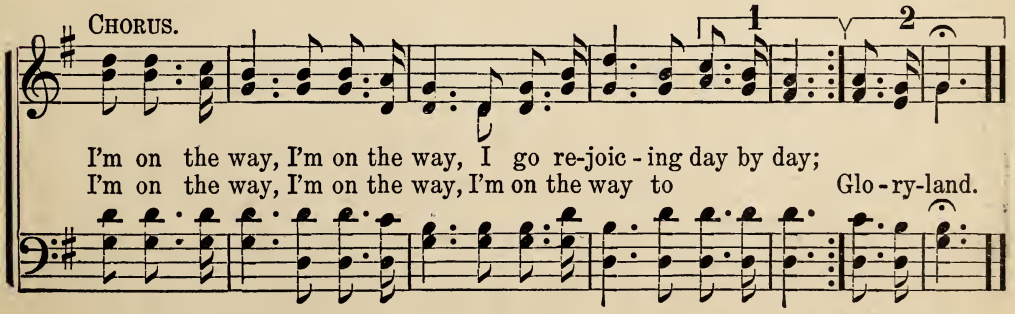
No. 89. I'm On the Way to Glory-Land.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.

D. C. MURPHY. WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. EXCELL.







No. 90.

Scatter Sunshine.

LANTA WILSON SMITH.

COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY E. O. EXCELL.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. EXCELL.

1. In a world where sor-row Ev - er will be known, Where are found the
2. Slight-est ac- tions oft - en Meet the sor - est needs, For the world wants
3. When the days are gloom-y, Sing some hap-py song, Meet the world's re-

need - y, And the sad and lone; How much joy and com - fort
dai - ly, Lit - tle kind - ly deeds; Oh, what care and sor - row
pin - ing With a cour - age strong; Go with faith un - daunt - ed

You can all be - stow, If you scat-ter sun-shine Ev - 'ry-where you go.
You may help re - move, With your songs and courage, Sym- pa- thy and love.
Thro' the ills of life, Scat- ter smiles and sunshine O'er its toil and strife.

CHORUS.

Scat - ter sun-shine all a - long your way,..... Cheer and bless and
Scatter the smiles and sun-shine over the way,

Scatter Sunshine.

1 2

bright - en Ev - 'ry pass - ing day, Ev - 'ry pass-ing day.
Ev - 'ry pass - ing, pass-ing day,

No. 91. Just for To-day.

LIZZIE DeARMOND. COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

1. Just for to-day, dear Father, we pray, Bright let Thy love-light gleam o'er our way;
2. Just for to-day, oh, help us to be Lights trimm'd and burning, shin-ing for Thee;
3. Just for to-day, what-ev- er be- tide, Clasp our hands clos - er, walk by our side;

Wash us and make our hearts pure within, Take from us e'en the long-ing to sin.
Where du- ty calls us, point-ing the way, Serv- ing Thee tru - ly each passing day.
Safe in Thy keep-ing, naught can affright, Fol - low-ing Je - sus, darkness is light.

REFRAIN.

Just for to- day, Just for to- day, Guide us and keep us Just for to- day.

No. 92. Eye Hath Not Seen.

COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO.
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F. J. CROSBY. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. They tell me of a land so fair, Un-seen by mor-tal eyes, Where spring in
2. They tell me of a land so fair, Where all is light and song, Where an-gel
3. No radiant beams from sun or moon A-dorn that land so fair, For He who
4. O land of light and love and joy, Where comes no night of care, What will our

fade-less beau-ty blooms, Be-neath un-cloud-ed skies.
choirs their an-thems join With yonder blood-wash'd throng.
sits up-on the throne Shines forth re-splen-dent there.
song of tri-umph be, When we shall en-ter there.

REFRAIN.

«Eye.....hath not
"Eye hath not seen,

seen,..... ear..... hath not heard,..... Neither hath it en-ter'd in-to the
eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, ear hath not heard, Neither hath enter'd, enter'd into the

heart of man..... The things....which God..... hath prepar'd
heart, the heart of man, of man, The things, the things which God hath prepar'd, which God hath pre-

Eye Hath Not Seen.

for them,... Prepar'd for them..... that love..... Him."
par'd for them, for them, Prepar'd, prepar'd for them, for them that love Him,.....that love Him."

that love Him, that love Him."

No. 93. More Love to Thee.

ELIZABETH PRENTIS.

COPYRIGHT, 1871, AND 1899, BY W. H. DOANE.
USED BY PERMISSION.

W. H. DOANE.

1. More love to Thee, O Christ, More love to Thee; Hear Thou the
2. Once earth-ly joy I crav'd, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a-
3. Then shall my lat - est breath Whis - per Thy praise; This be the

pray'r I make On bend-ed knee; This is my ear - nest plea,
lone I seek, Give what is best; This all my pray'r shall be,
part - ing cry My heart shall raise, This still its pray'r shall be,

More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee, More love to Thee.
More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee, More love to Thee.
More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee, More love to Thee.

No. 94. The Joyful Song.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY JNO. R. SWENEY.
USED BY PER. OF L. E. SWENEY, EXECUTRIX.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Be-hold! a roy - al ar-my, With banner, sword and shield, Are marching forth to
2. And now the foe ad-vanc - ing That val-iant host as - sails, And yet they nev-er
3. Oh, when the war is end - ed, When strife and conflict cease, When all are safe-ly

con - quer, On life's great battlefield; Its ranks are fill'd with sol-diers, U - nit - ed,
fal - ter, Their courage never fails; Their Leader calls, «Be faithful,» They pass the
gath-ered With-in the vale of peace, Be-fore the King e - ter - nal, That vast and

bold and strong, Who fol-low'd their Com-mand-er, And sing their joy-ful song.
word a - long, They see His sig - nal flash - ing, And shout the joy-ful song.
might - y throng Shall praise His name for - ev - er, And this shall be their song.

CHORUS. *Voices in unison.*

Vic - to - ry, vic-to-ry, Thro' Him that redeemed us, Vic-to-ry, vic - to-ry, Thro' Jesus

The Joyful Song.

Voices in harmony.

Christ our Lord; Vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry, Thro' Je-sus Christ our Lord.
thro' Christ our Lord.

No. 95. More About Jesus.

E. E. HEWITT.

COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY JNO. R. SWEENEY.
USED BY PER. OF L. E. SWENEY, EXECUTRIX.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. More a-bout Je-sus would I know, More of His grace to oth-ers show;
2. More a-bout Je-sus let me learn, More of His ho-ly will dis-cern;
3. More a-bout Je-sus; in His Word, Hold-ing com-mun-ion with my Lord;
4. More a-bout Je-sus; on His throne, Rich-es in glo-ry all His own;

FINE.

D. S.—More of His sav-ing full-ness see, More of His love who died for me.
Spir-it of God my teach-er be, Show-ing the things of Christ to me.
Hear-ing His voice in ev-'ry line, Mak-ing each faith-ful say-ing mine.
More of His king-dom's sure in-crease; More of His com-ing, Prince of Peace.

REFRAIN. D. S.

More, more a-bout Je-sus, More, more a-bout Je-sus;

No. 96. My Savior First of All.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

COPYRIGHT, 1879, BY JNO. R. SWENEY.
USED BY PER. OF L. E. SWENEY, EXECUTRIX.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. When my life-work is end - ed, and I cross the swelling tide, When the
2. Oh, the soul-thrill-ing rap- ture when I view His bless-ed face, And the
3. Oh, the dear ones in glo - ry, how they beck-on me to come, And our
4. Thro' the gates to the cit - y, in a robe of spotless white, He will

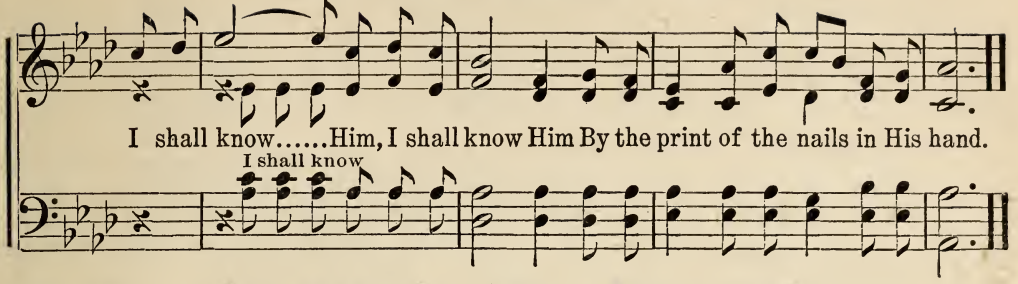
bright and glorious morning I shall see, I shall know my Re-deem-er when I
lus - tre of His kind-ly, beaming eye; How my full heart will praise Him for the
part-ing at the riv-er I re - call; To the sweet vales of E - den they will
lead me where no tears shall ev-er fall, In the glad song of a - ges I shall

reach the oth - er side, And His smile will be the first to wel-come me.
mer - cy, love and grace That prepares for me a man-sion in the sky.
sing my welcome home, But I long to meet my Sav- ior first of all.
min-gle with de- light; But I long to meet my Sav- ior first of all.

CHORUS.

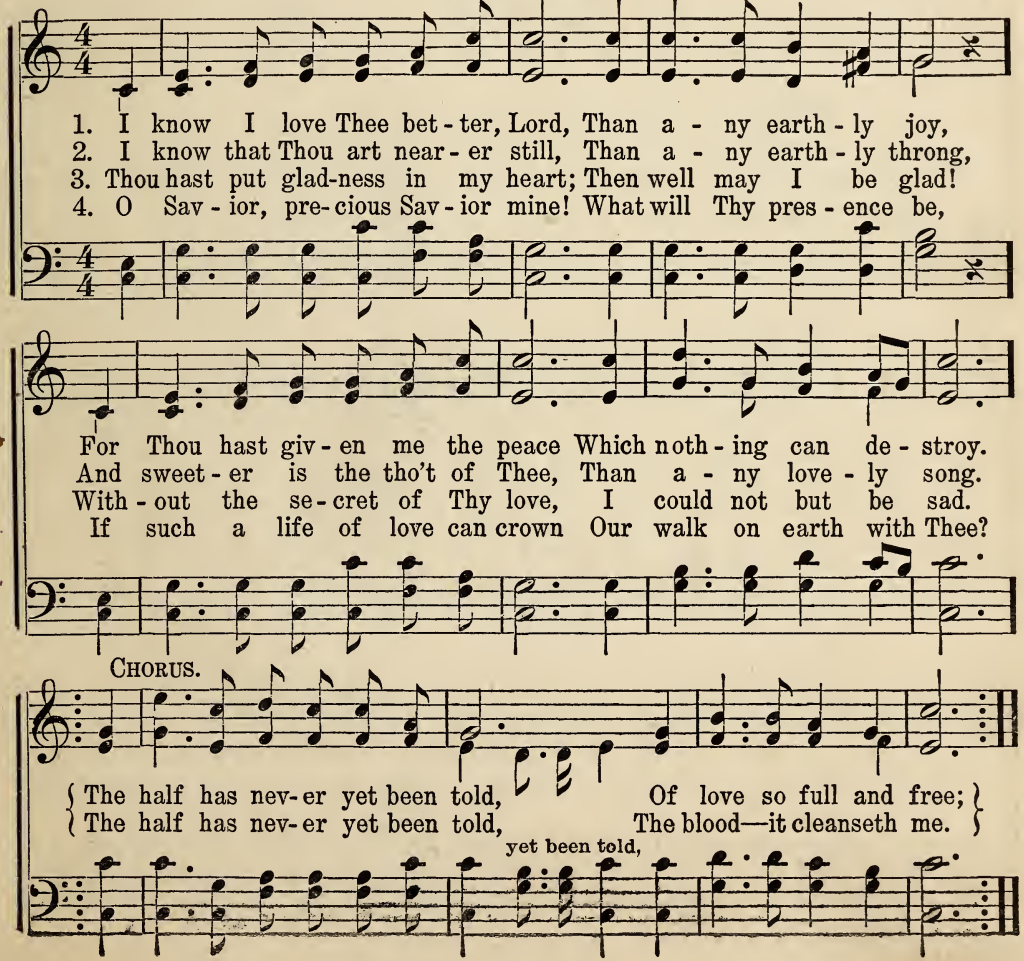
I shall know..... Him, I shall know Him, As redeem'd by His side I shall stand;
I shall know Him,

My Savior First of All.



No. 97. The Half Has Never Been Told.

FRANCIS R. HAVERGAL. COPYRIGHT, 1883, BY R. E. HUDSON. USED BY PERMISSION. R. E. HUDSON.



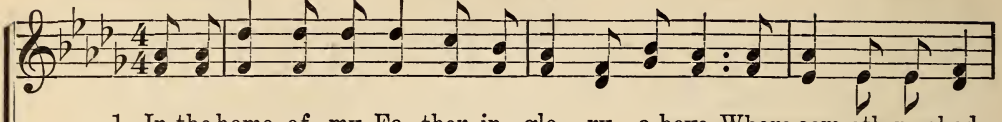
No. 98.

The Home of my Father.

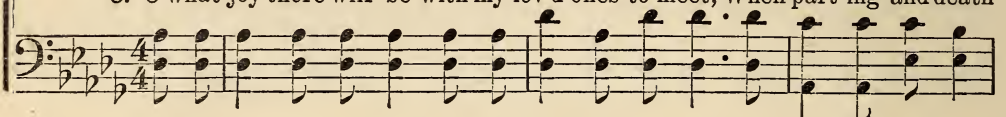
COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

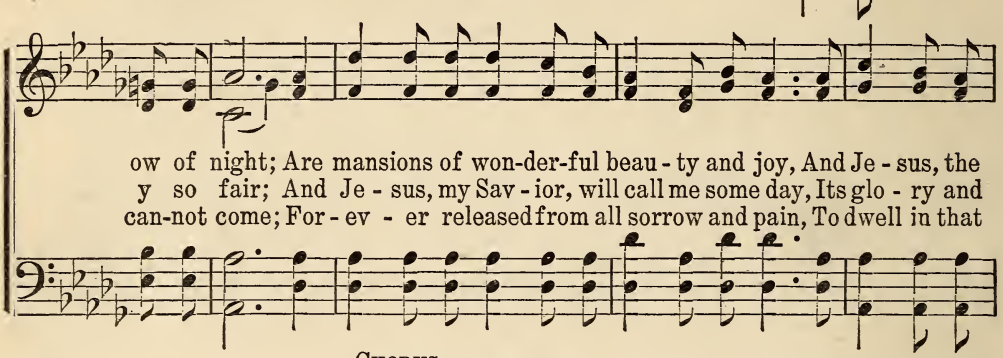
ADA BLENKHORN. O. F. PUGH.



1. In the home of my Fa-ther in glo-ry a-bove, Where com-eth no shad-
2. And I know o-ver there is a man-sion for me, In God's bless-ed cit-
3. O what joy there will be with my lov'd ones to meet, When part-ing and death



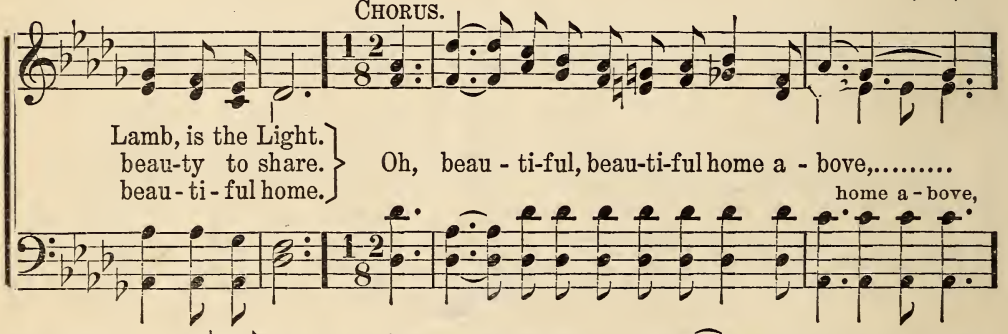
ow of night; Are mansions of won-der-ful beau-ty and joy, And Je-sus, the
y so fair; And Je-sus, my Sav-ior, will call me some day, Its glo-ry and
can-not come; For-ev-er released from all sorrow and pain, To dwell in that



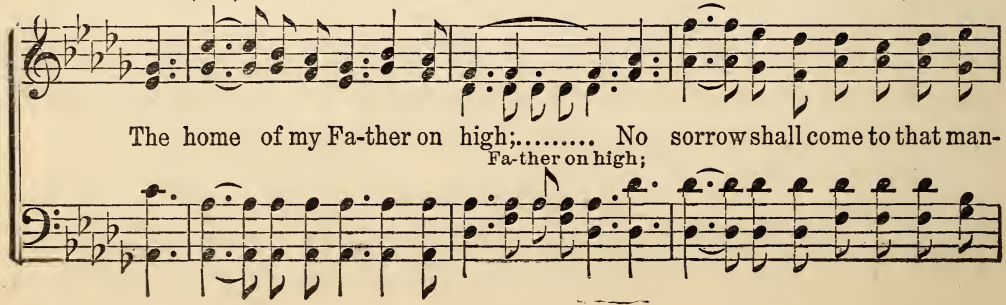
CHORUS.

Lamb, is the Light.
beau-ty to share.
beau-ti-ful home.

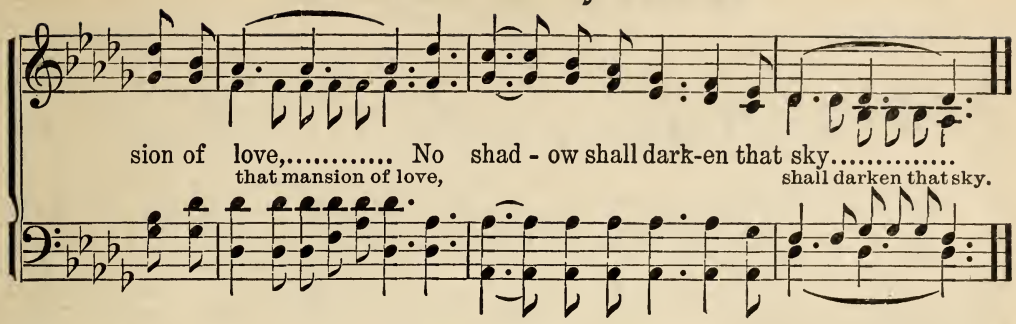
Oh, beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful home a-bove,.....
home a-bove,



The home of my Fa-ther on high;..... No sorrow shall come to that man-
Fa-ther on high;



The Home of my Father.



No. 99. No Time For Jesus?

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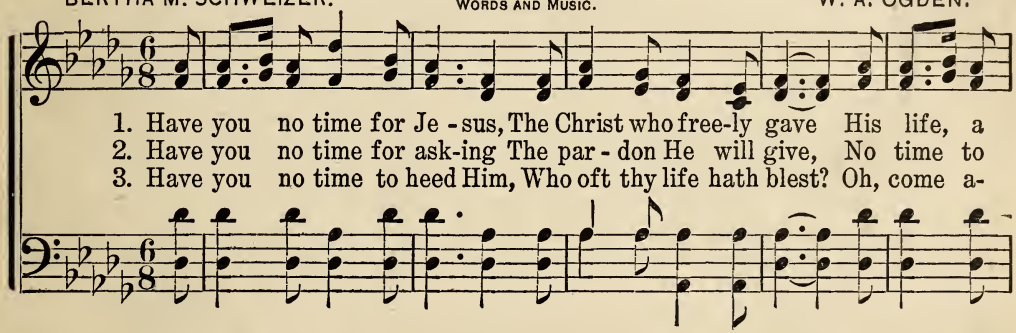
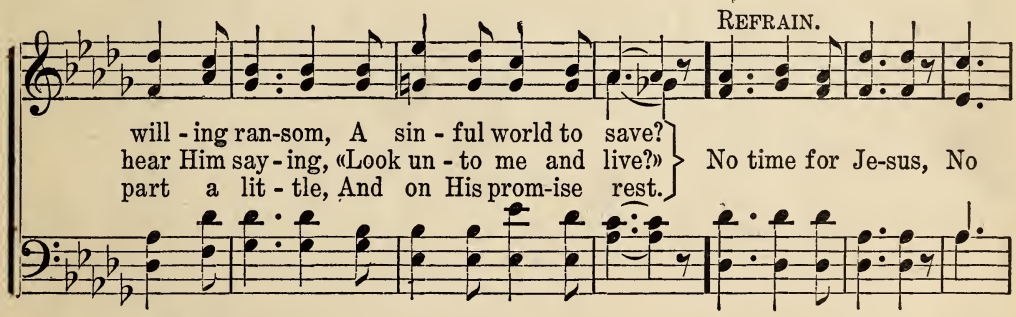
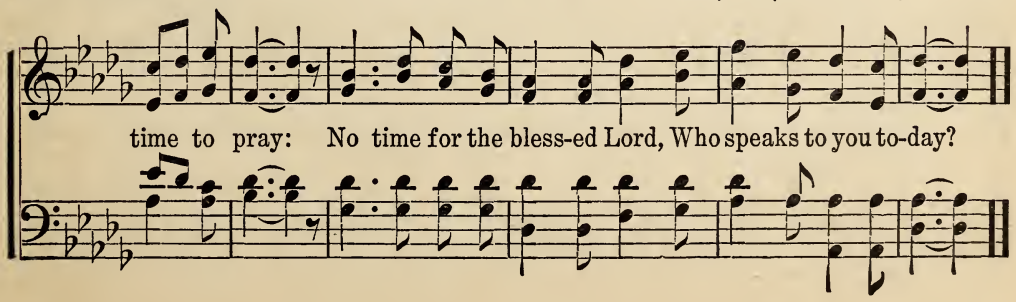
BERTHA M. SCHWEIZER. WORDS AND MUSIC. W. A. OGDEN.







No. 100. His Love Can Never Fail.

E. S. HALL.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

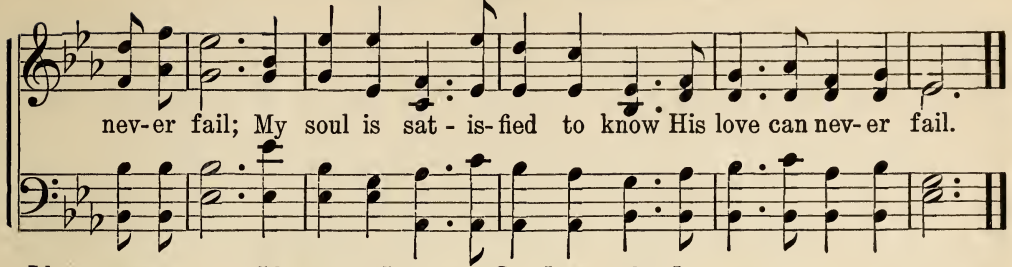
E. O. EXCELL.

1. I do not ask to see the way My feet will have to tread, But on - ly that my soul may feed Up - on the liv - ing bread; 'Tis bet - ter far that I should walk By faith close to His side, I may not know the way I go,
2. And if my feet would go a-stray, They can-not, for I know That Je - sus guides my falt'ring steps, As joy - ful - ly I go; And tho' I may not see His face, My faith is strong and clear That in each hour of sore distress,
3. I will not fear, tho' darkness come A-broad o'er all the land, If I may on - ly feel the touch Of His own lov - ing hand; And tho' I trem-ble when I think How weak I am, how frail, My soul is sat - is - fied to know

CHORUS.

But oh, I know my Guide.
My Sav - ior will be near.
His love can nev-er fail.
} His love..... can nev-er fail, His love..... can
His love can nev- er fail, His love can

His Love Can Never Fail.



No. 101. Never Lose Sight of Jesus.

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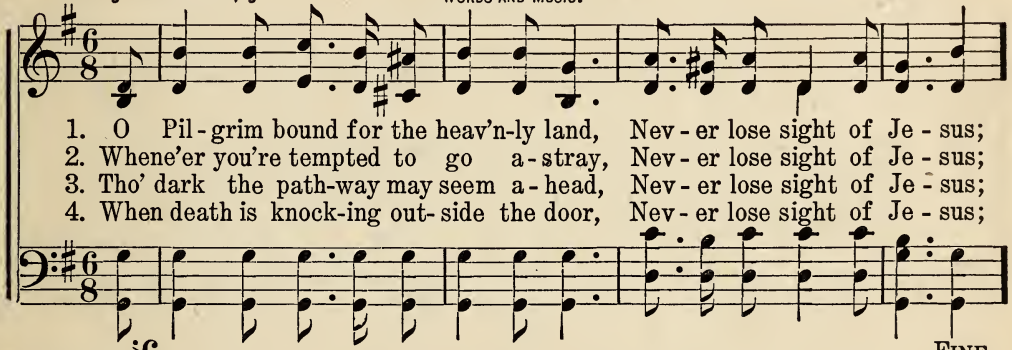
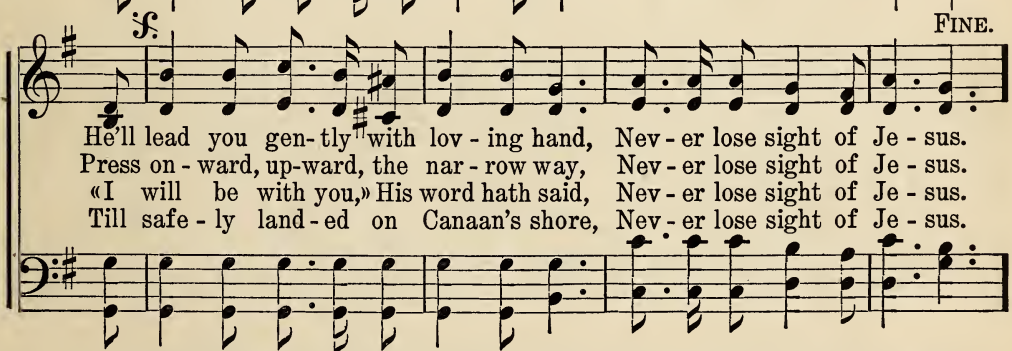
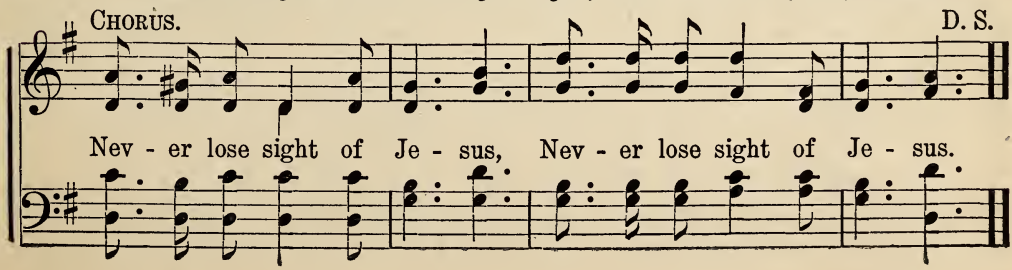
Rev. J. OATMAN, Jr. WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. EXCELL.





D. S.—*Day and night He will lead you right, Nev-er lose sight of Je-sus.*



No. 102. Christ at the Door.

J. GRIGGS. COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O EXCELL. FRANK A. SIMPKINS.

1. Be - hold a stran-ger at the door, He gent-ly knocks, has knocked before,
2. O love - ly at - ti-tude—He stands With melting heart and wounded hands,
3. But will He prove a friend in-deed? He will—the ver - y friend you need;
4. Ad - mit Him e'er His an - ger burn—His feet, de-part - ed, ne'er re - turn;

Has wait - ed long, is wait - ing still, You treat no oth - er friend so ill.
O match-less kind-ness—and He shows This matchless kindness to His foes.
The Friend of sin - ners? yes 'tis He With garments dyed on Cal - va - ry.
Ad - mit Him, or the hour's at hand You at His door re-ject - ed stand.

CHORUS.

He is knock - ing, gent - ly knock - ing, He is
He is knock - ing, gent - ly knocking, He is knock - ing, gent - ly knocking, He is

knock - - - ing at your door, at your door, Christ the
knocking, gently knocking at your door, yes, at your door, 'Tis Je-sus Christ the liv-ing,

Christ at the Door.

liv - ing Son of God, Why will ye have Him turn a-way.
liv-ing, Son of God, O hear Him knocking, Why will, why will ye have Him turn a-way.

No. 103. Come, Holy Spirit, Come.

E. O. E.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY E. O. EXCELL.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. EXCELL.

1. I need Thee, Gracious One, Come, Ho-ly Spir - it, come, O come; In me Thy
2. I need Thee, Heav'nly Dove, Come, Ho-ly Spir - it, come, O come; The Wit-ness
3. I need Thee, Faith-ful Guide, Come, Ho-ly Spir - it, come, O come; More than all

will be done, Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, come; Just now Thy work be-gin, Cleanse
from a - bove, Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, come; When tempted, be Thou near, Cast
else be - side, Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, come; Take me in full con - trol, My

me from se - cret sin, Renew my heart within, Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, come.
out my ev - 'ry fear, No more let sin ap-pear, Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, come.
head, my heart, my soul, And pur - i - fy the whole, Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, come.

No. 104. My Father Knows.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

S. M. I. HENRY. E. O. EXCELL.

1. I know my heav'n-ly Fa-ther knows The storms that would my way oppose;
2. I know my heav'n-ly Fa-ther knows The balm I need to soothe my woes
3. I know my heav'n-ly Fa-ther knows How frail I am to meet my foes,
4. I know my heav'n-ly Fa-ther knows The hour my jour-ney here will close,

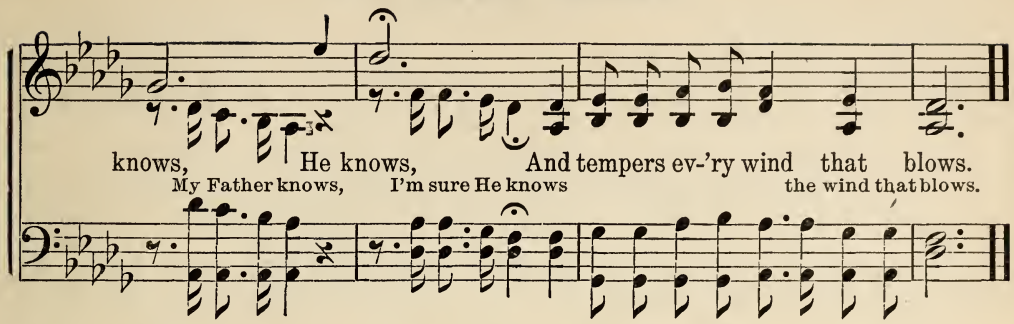
But He can drive the clouds a-way, And turn my dark - ness in - to day,
And with His touch of love di-vine, He heals this wound-ed soul of mine,
But He my cause will e'er de-fend, Up - hold and keep me to the end,
And may that hour, O faith-ful Guide Find me safe shel-tered by Thy side,

CHORUS.

And turn my dark-ness in - to day.
He heals this wound-ed soul of mine.
Up - hold and keep me to the end.
Find me safe shel-tered by Thy side.

He knows, He knows The storms that would my way op - pose; He
My Fa - ther knows, I'm sure He knows That would my way op - pose;

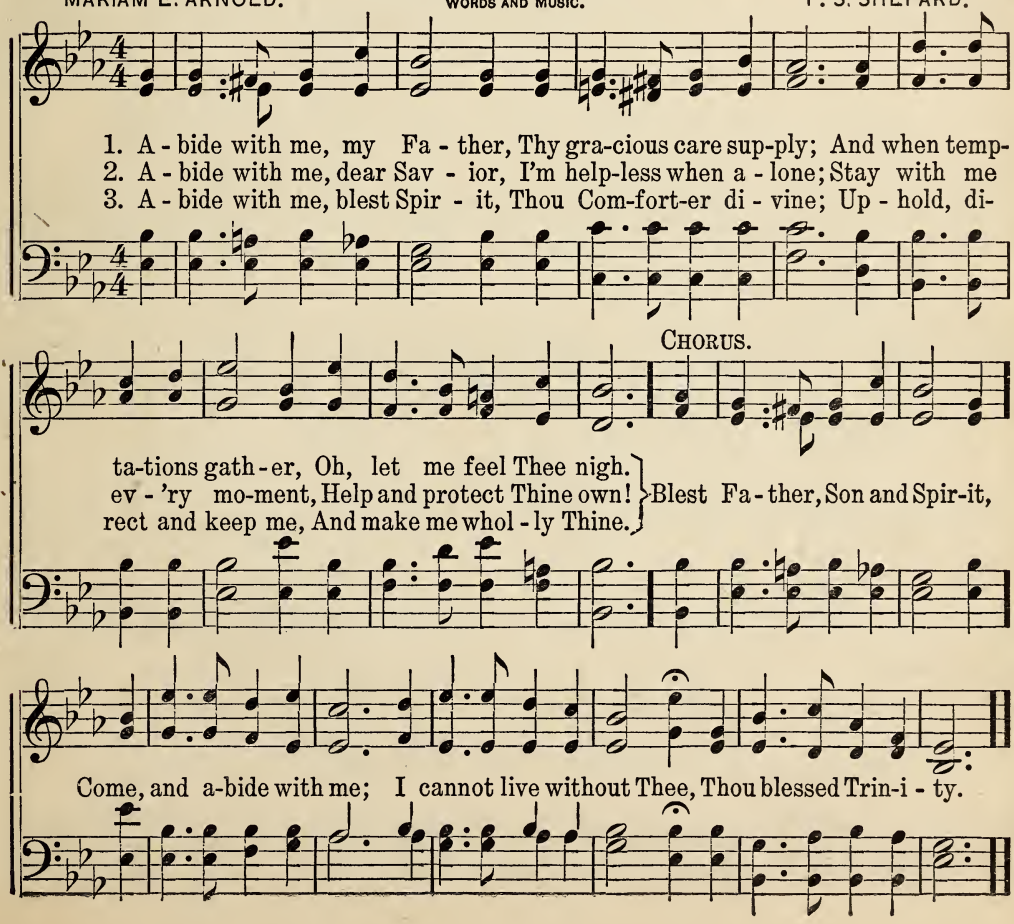
My Father Knows.



No. 105. Come, and Abide With Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.

MARIAM E. ARNOLD. WORDS AND MUSIC. F. S. SHEPARD.



No. 106. Make the World Brighter.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK. FRANK A. SIMPKINS.

1. Go glad-den the lone - ly–the drear-y; Go comfort the weeping, the weary,
2. Go forth giv-ing laughter for sigh-ing; Go car-ry sweet hope to the dy-ing,
3. Wher-ev - er the need - y are hid - ing–Go car-ry God's blessed pro-vid-ing,

Go scat-ter kind deeds on your way; Oh! make the world brighter to-day.
Go forth with the sin - ful to pray; Oh! make the world brighter to-day.
The wants of His dear ones al - lay; Oh! make the world brighter to-day.

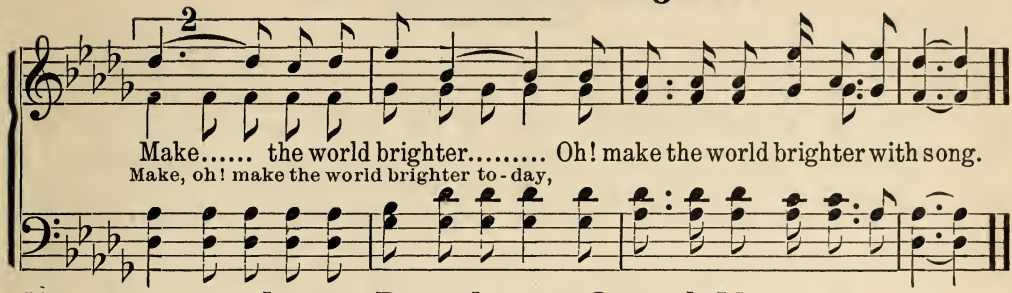
CHORUS.

Make..... the world brighter,..... go glad- ly a - long;.....
Make, oh! make the world brighter to - day, go glad - ly, go glad- ly a - long;

1

Make..... the world brighter..... With sunshine and song; .....
Make, oh! make the world brighter to - day With sun-shine, with sunshine and song;

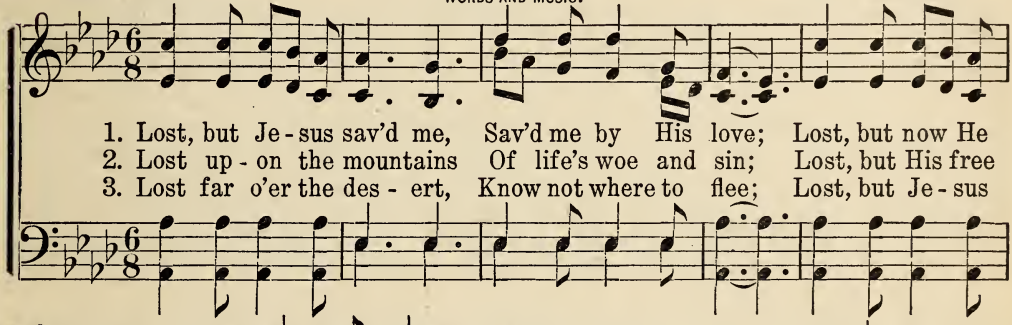
Make the World Brighter.



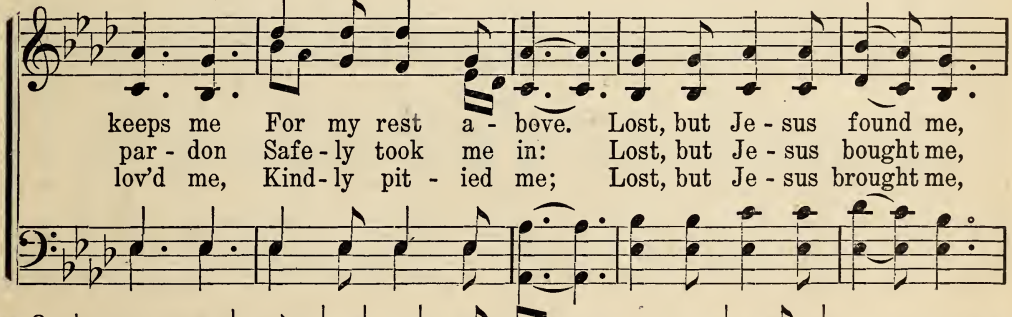
No. 107. Lost, But Jesus Saved Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1884, BY E. O. EXCELL.

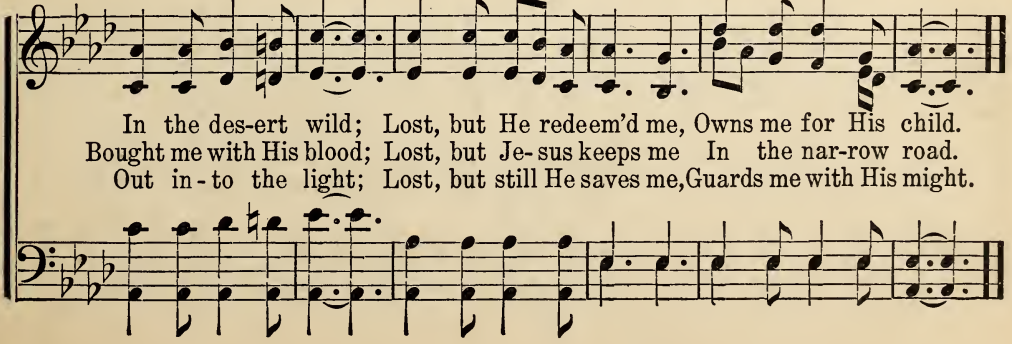
Mrs. EMMA PITT. WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. EXCELL.



1. Lost, but Je-sus sav'd me, Sav'd me by His love; Lost, but now He
2. Lost up-on the mountains Of life's woe and sin; Lost, but His free
3. Lost far o'er the des-ert, Know not where to flee; Lost, but Je-sus



keeps me For my rest a-bove. Lost, but Je-sus found me,
par-don Safe-ly took me in: Lost, but Je-sus bought me,
lov'd me, Kind-ly pit-ied me; Lost, but Je-sus brought me,



In the des-ert wild; Lost, but He redeem'd me, Owns me for His child.
Bought me with His blood; Lost, but Je-sus keeps me In the nar-row road.
Out in-to the light; Lost, but still He saves me, Guards me with His might.

No. 108. When I Reap.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

G. M. BILLS. M. L. McPHAIL.

1. When the seeds that I have scat-ter'd In the fur-rows of the years Shall be
2. Pre-cious dews of grace are fall-ing On the good and fer-tile soil, Bring-ing
3. Yes, the har-vest of my sow-ing Will be ripe for weal or woe, As I

rip-en'd for the har-vest, All their stores of hopes or fears; When the Mas-ter
gold-en sheaves of blessing To re-ward my faith-ful toil; Or the thorns of
tru-ly fol-low Je-sus, Or in paths of e-vil go. When the day of

bids me num-ber All the mo-ments that are flown, Will it be a joy-ful
shame and sor-row Will be wait-ing for my hand, When, to face a life of
grace is wan-ing, When I reach my fi-nal goal, Shall I reap with joy or

CHORUS.

har-vest, When I reap what I have sown?
fol-ly, At the bar of God I stand.
sad-ness All the har-vest of the soul.
} When I reap what I have sown, When I

When I Reap.

reap what I have sown; Will it be a joy-ful harvest, When I reap what I have sown?

No. 109. Peace, Be Still.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.

ADELLA F. VEAZIE. WORDS AND MUSIC. J. S. FEARIS.

1. Tempest toss'd and storm bewilder'd All the night, Sought they Him at ear-ly morning In af-fright; «Thou, and on-ly Thou can'st save us, By Thy will,»
2. When the storms of life are rag-ing O'er our way, And we sink beneath its waters, Then we pray: «Sav-ior, help us, Sav-ior, guide us, By Thy will,»
3. Still'd their fears, and hush'd their murmurs, As they heard; Fell a calm on hearts and tempest, At His word; Backward roll'd the an-gry wa-ters, Dark and chill,

FINE. CHORUS. D. S.

D.S. And the Master whisper'd softly, «Peace, be still.»
And the loving Master whispers, «Peace, be still.»
As the Master softly whisper'd, «Peace, be still.»
} «Peace, be still, Peace, be still,»

No. 110. Voices From Glory.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. WORDS AND MUSIC. Mrs. CARRIE B. ADAMS.

1. Oft - en my soul seems to catch a sweet strain, Mu - sic much sweet - er than earth - ly re - frain, And I can fan - cy that o - ver the sea Voic - es from Glo - ry are call - ing for me.
2. Ma - ny the friends who have gone to that shore, Here on my path - way I meet them no more; But as they stand by the bright, crys - tal sea, Voic - es from Glo - ry are call - ing for me.
3. Soon I will hear my dear Sav - ior say «Come,» Then I will live in that beau - ti - ful home, And I will find when that Cit - y I see, Voic - es in Glo - ry are call - ing for me.

CHORUS.

Call - - ing, yes, call-ing for me, Lov'd ones are call-ing from o - ver the sea, Call-ing for me. they are

Voices From Glory.

Rit.

The sea..... of e - ter-ni - ty, Voic - es from glo-ry are call-ing for me.
From o-ver the sea,

No. 111. Gourage, Brother, Gourage.

MARY F. BUTTS.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

IRA O. HOFFMAN.

1. Have a lit - tle pa-tience, Broth-er, with thy load; Thou wilt reach to-
2. Look a lit - tle clos - er, Broth-er, at the way; See the bright-faced
3. Look a lit - tle high - er, At the pros-pect sweet, And for - get the
4. Lis - ten, broth-er, lis - ten! As you plod a - long, Faint - ly from the

CHORUS.

mor - row, Per-chance, a smooth-er road.
blos - soms That smile at thee to - day.
rough-ness That lies be-neath thy feet.
dis - tance There comes a hap - py song.
} Cour-age, broth-er, cour-age! For

just be-yond the sight, At the high-ways turn-ing, Wait thy heart's de-light.

No. 112.

Singing I Will Go.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

ADA BLENKHORN. HENRY A. LEWIS.

1. When the sun shines brightest, In a sky of blue, And earth's fair-est
2. If the shad-ows length-en On my pil-grim way, And the clouds of
3. When my Sav-ior calls me, Bid-ding me to come: When I hear the

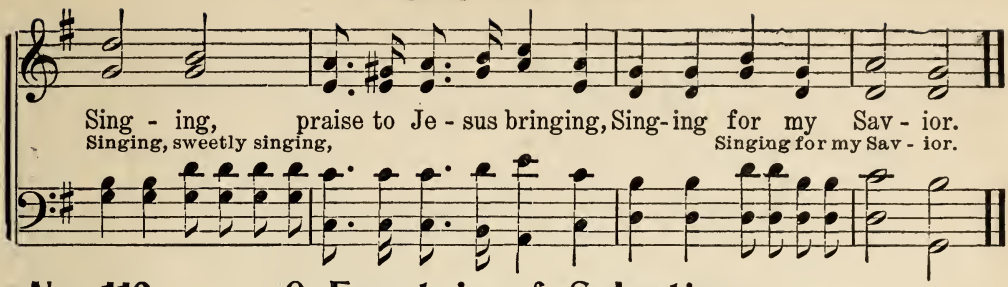
flow-ers All my path-way strew; When the winds of heav-en
heav-en Hide the sun's bright ray; If the storm-y wa-ters
mu-sic Of yon heav'n-ly home; When my eyes are clos-ing

Whis-per soft and low, On my pil-grim jour-ney, Sing-ing I will go.
Seek to o-ver-flow, On my up-ward jour-ney, Sing-ing I will go.
To the scenes be-low, Thro' the gates of glo-ry, Sing-ing I will go.

CHORUS.

Sing-ing, sing-ing, sweetly singing, Sing-ing, sing-ing all the way,
Sing-ing day by day, Sing-ing day by day,

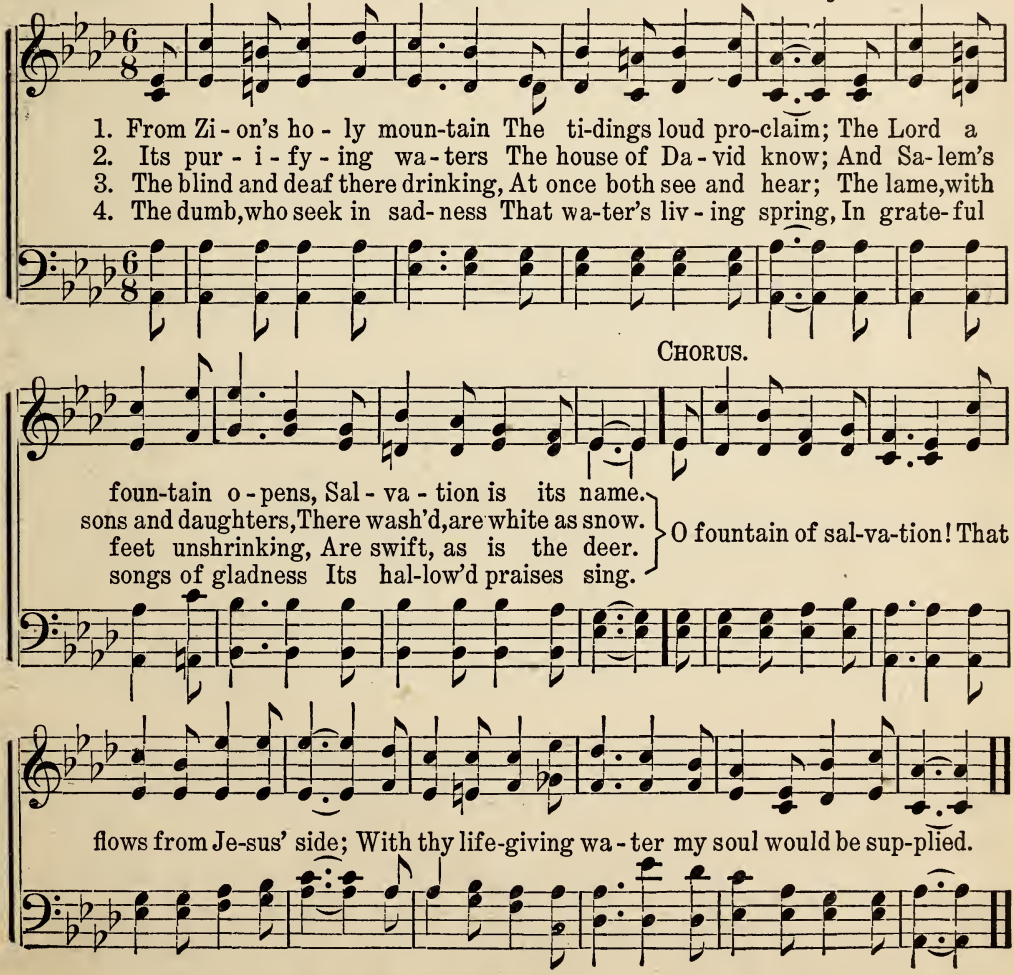
Singing I Will Go.



No. 113. O Fountain of Salvation.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.

BERNARD BARTON. WORDS AND MUSIC. J. S. FEARIS.



No. 114. All the Way.

Rev. J. OATMAN, Jr. COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. EXCELL.

1. Since I start-ed for the Cit-y o-ver in the Promised Land, I haw
2. There are ma-ny snares and pit-falls all a-long the pil-grim road, I can
3. When the clouds of darkness gather and the sun-shine all has fled, Then He
4. When I reach the si-lent riv-er, with its cold and chilling tide, Je-sus

tri-als and temp-ta-tions ev-'ry day; But I find my-self support-ed
o-ver-come them if I watch and pray. In the hour of pain and sor-row,
guides my falt'ring footsteps lest I stray, And the bless-ed light of heav-en
will be there, my help-er and my stay. I will sail a-way triunphant,

by a strong and loving hand, For I have the Sav-ior with me all the way.
grace suf-fi-cient is bestow'd, For I have the Sav-ior with me all the way.
o-ver all my path is spread, For I have the Sav-ior with me all the way.
land my soul on Canaan's side, For I have the Sav-ior with me all the way.

REFRAIN.

All the way, all the way, For I have the Savior with me all the way;
All the way, all the way,
all the way;

All the Way.

All the way, all the way, For I have the Savior with me all the way.
all the way, all the way,

No. 115. Cleanse Me Now.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.

MELVILLE W. MILLER. WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. EXCELL.

1. Sav - ior, at Thy feet I bow; In Thy blood cleanse me now; Make me free from
2. Hear me as I hum-bly plead Thy great love, my great need; Now to me Thy
3. As I am I come to Thee, Take me, Lord, ev - en me; Thine own cleansing,
4. While in faith I to Thee call, Let Thy peace on me fall; Let me feel that

CHORUS.

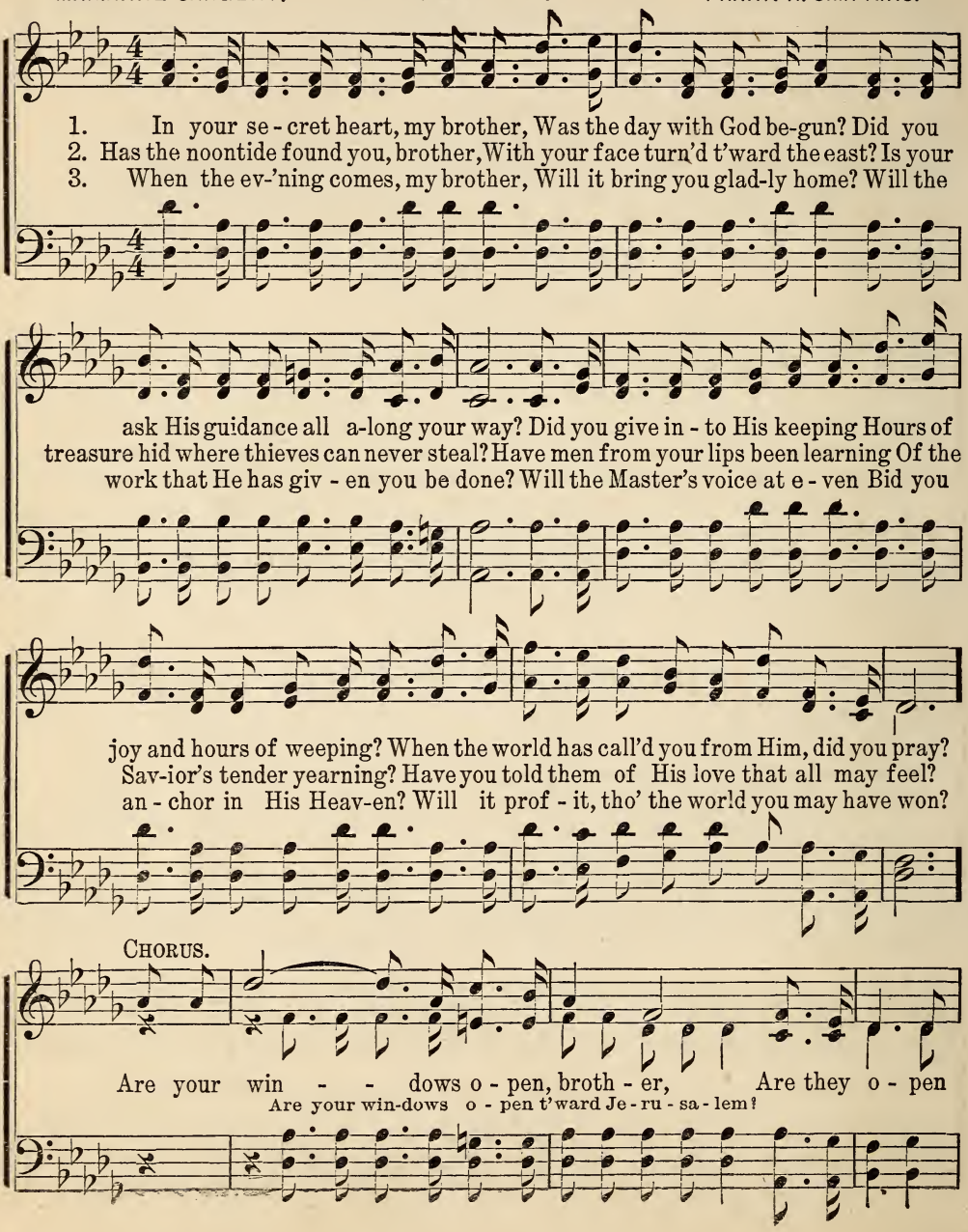
ev-'ry sin, Like Thyself, pure with-in.
spir-it give, Ev-er-more in me live.
Lord, im-part, Pur-i-fy, cleanse my heart.
I am free, As Thy blood cleanseth me.
} Cleanse me now, O cleanse me now, While be-

fore Thy throne I bow, Cleanse my heart from ev'ry sin, Make me clean and pure within.

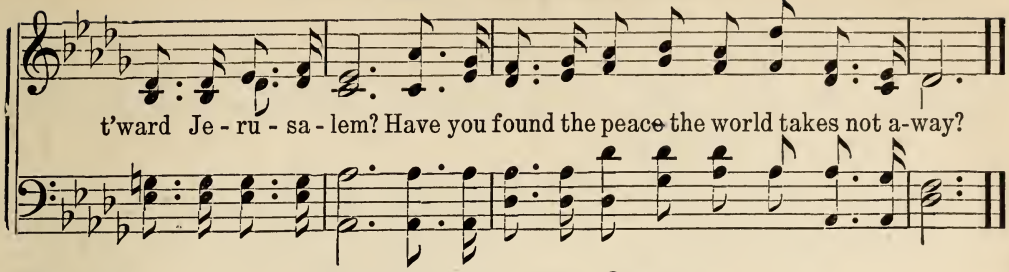
No. 116. Are Your Windows Open?

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.

MARIANNE SARGENT. WORDS AND MUSIC. FRANK A. SIMPKINS.



Are Your Windows Open?

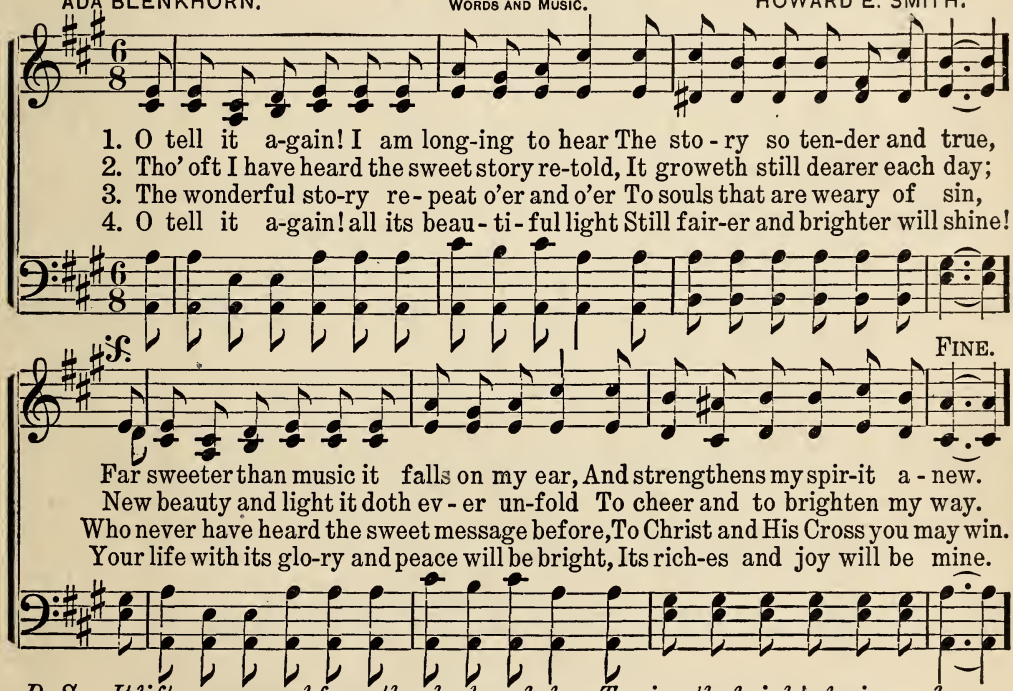


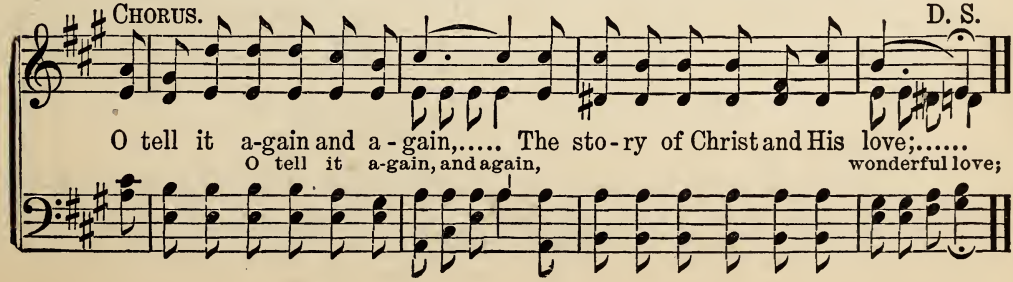
No. 117. Tell Again the Story.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

ADA BLENKHORN. HOWARD E. SMITH.





No. 118.

Loyalty to Christ.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, 1896, BY E. O. EXCELL.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

Dr. E. T. CASSEL. FLORA H. CASSEL.

1. From o-ver hill and plain There comes the signal strain,'Tis loy- al-ty, loy- al-ty,
2. O hear,ye brave,the sound That moves the earth around,'Tis loy- al-ty, loy- al-ty,
3. Come, join our loy- al throng,We'll rout the gi-ant wrong,'Tis loy- al-ty, loy- al-ty,
4. The strength of youth we lay At Je - sus' feet to - day, 'Tis loy- al-ty, loy- al-ty,

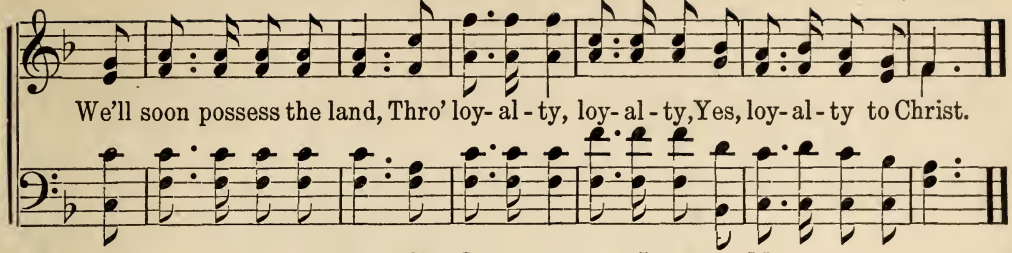
loy - al - ty to Christ; Its mu - sic rolls a - long, The hills take up the song,
loy - al - ty to Christ; A - rise to dare and do, Ring out the watch-word true,
loy - al - ty to Christ; Where Satan's banners float We'll send the bu - gle note.
loy - al - ty to Christ; His gos - pel we'll pro-claim Thro'out the world's do-main,

CHORUS.

Of loy- al - ty, loy- al - ty,Yes,loy-al - ty to Christ. «On to vic - to- ry! On to

vic- to - ry!» Cries our great Commander; «On!» ..... We'll move at His command,
great Commander; "On!"

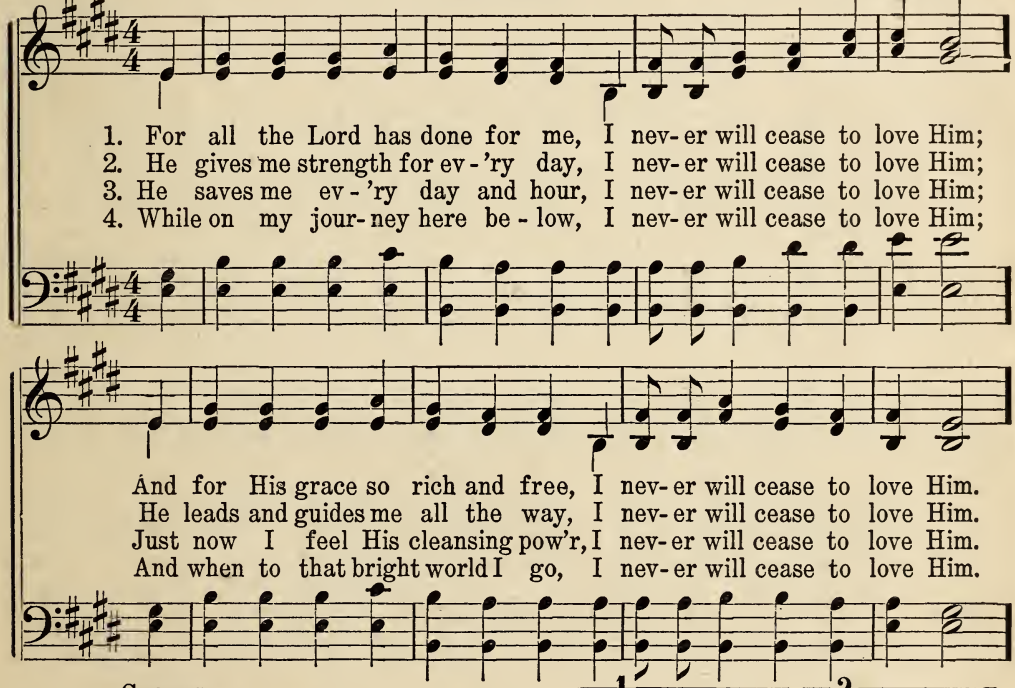
Loyalty to Christ.

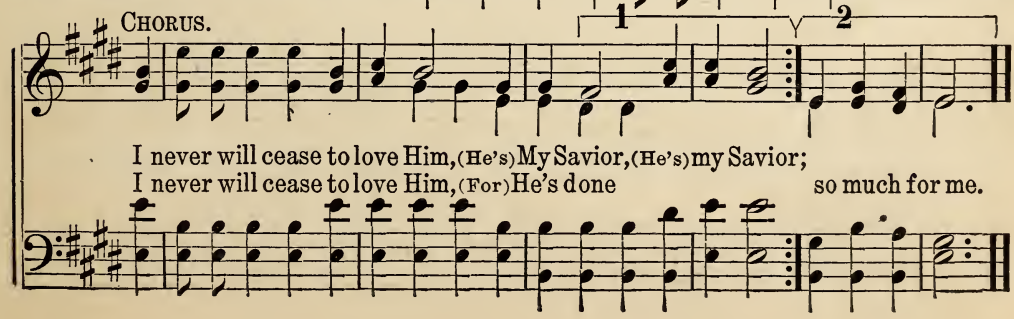


No. 119. I Never will Cease to Love Him.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY E. O. EXCELL.

C. H. G. WORDS AND MUSIC. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.





No. 120. Some Sweet Day, By and By.

COPYRIGHT, 1884, BY BIGLOW & MAIN.
USED BY PERMISSION.

EDNA L. PARK. W. H. DOANE.

1. We shall reach the sum-mer land, Some sweet day, by and by; We shall
2. At the crys - tal riv - er's brink, Some sweet day, by and by; We shall
3. O, these part - ing scenes will end, Some sweet day, by and by; We shall

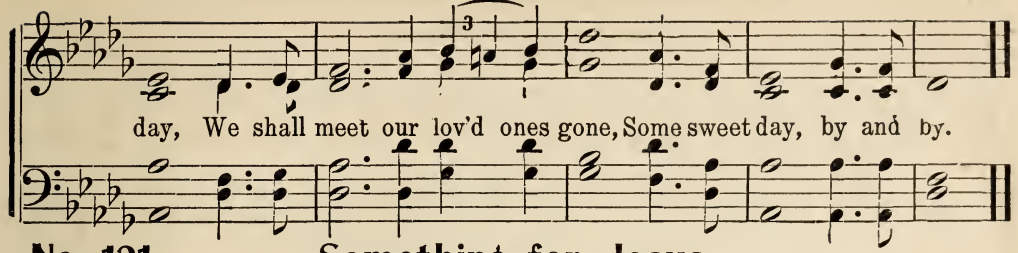
press the gold - en strand, Some sweet day, by and by; O, the lov'd ones
find each bro - ken link, Some sweet day, by and by; Then the star that,
gath - er friend with friend, Some sweet day, by and by; There be - fore our

watching there, By the tree of life so fair, Till we come their joy to share,
fad-ing here, Left our hearts and homes so drear, We shall see more bright and clear,
Father's throne, When the mists and clouds have flown, We shall know as we are known,

REFRAIN.

Some sweet day, by and by. By and by, Some sweet
By and by, yes, by and by,

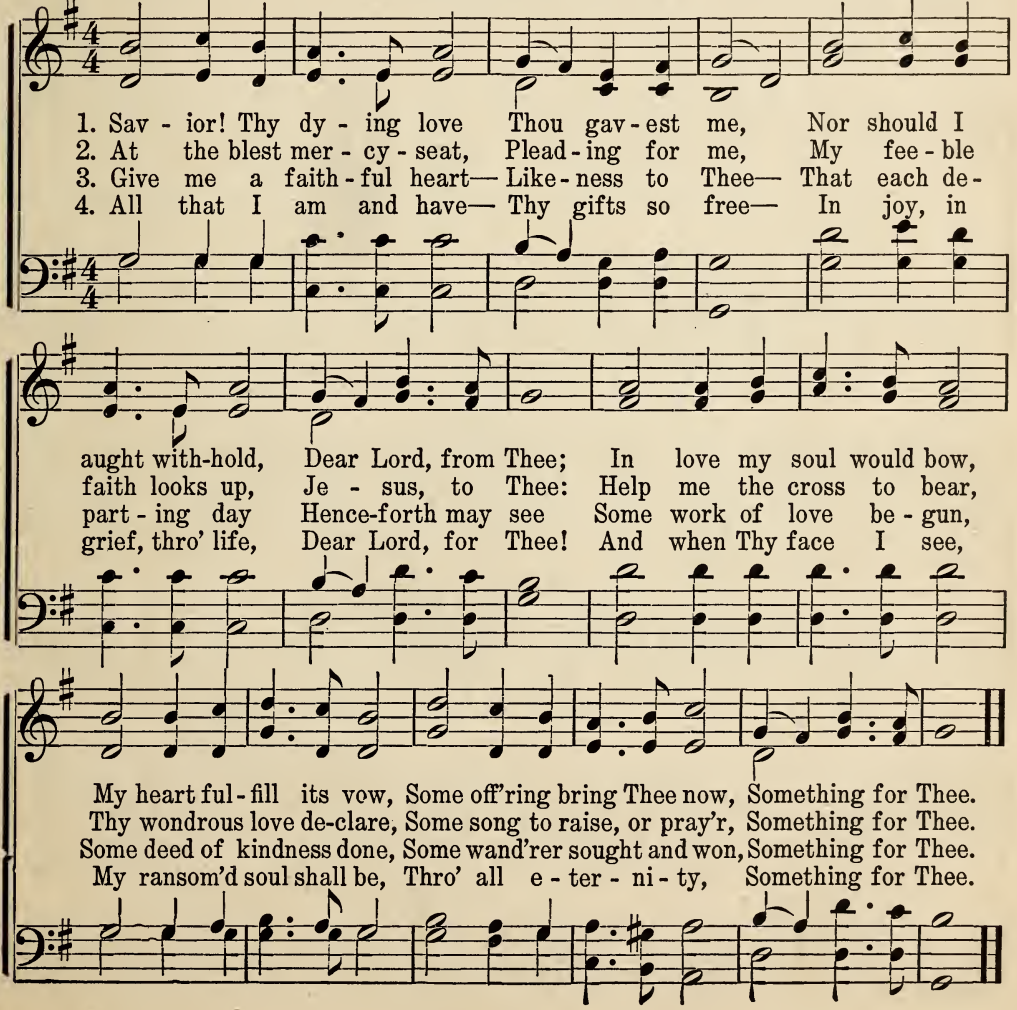
Some Sweet Day, By and By.



No. 121. Something for Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY ROBERT LOWRY.
USED BY PERMISSION OF MARY RUNYON LOWRY.

S. D. PHELPS, D. D. ROBERT LOWRY, D. D.



No. 122. Calling the Prodigal.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. God is call-ing the prod-i- gal, come without de - lay, Hear, O hear Him call-
2. Pa - tient, lov-ing, and ten-der-ly still the Fa-ther pleads, Hear, O hear Him call-
3. Come, there's bread in the house of thy Father, and to spare, Hear, O hear Him call-

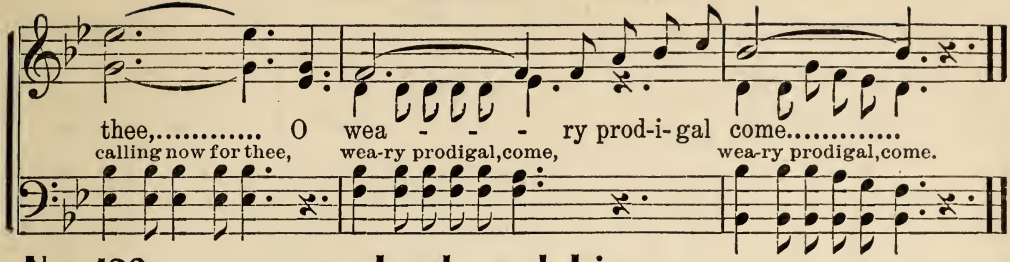
ing, calling now for thee; Tho' you've wander'd so far from His presence, come to-day,
ing, calling now for thee; Oh! return while the spirit in mer - cy in - ter - cedes,
ing, calling now for thee; Lo! the ta-ble is spread and the feast is waiting there,
for thee,

CHORUS.

Hear His loving voice calling still..... Call - ing now for thee,..... O
calling still. Calling now for thee, Calling now for thee,

wea - - ry prod-i - gal, come,..... Call - - ing now for
weary prodigal, come, weary prodigal, come, Calling now for thee,

Calling the Prodigal.

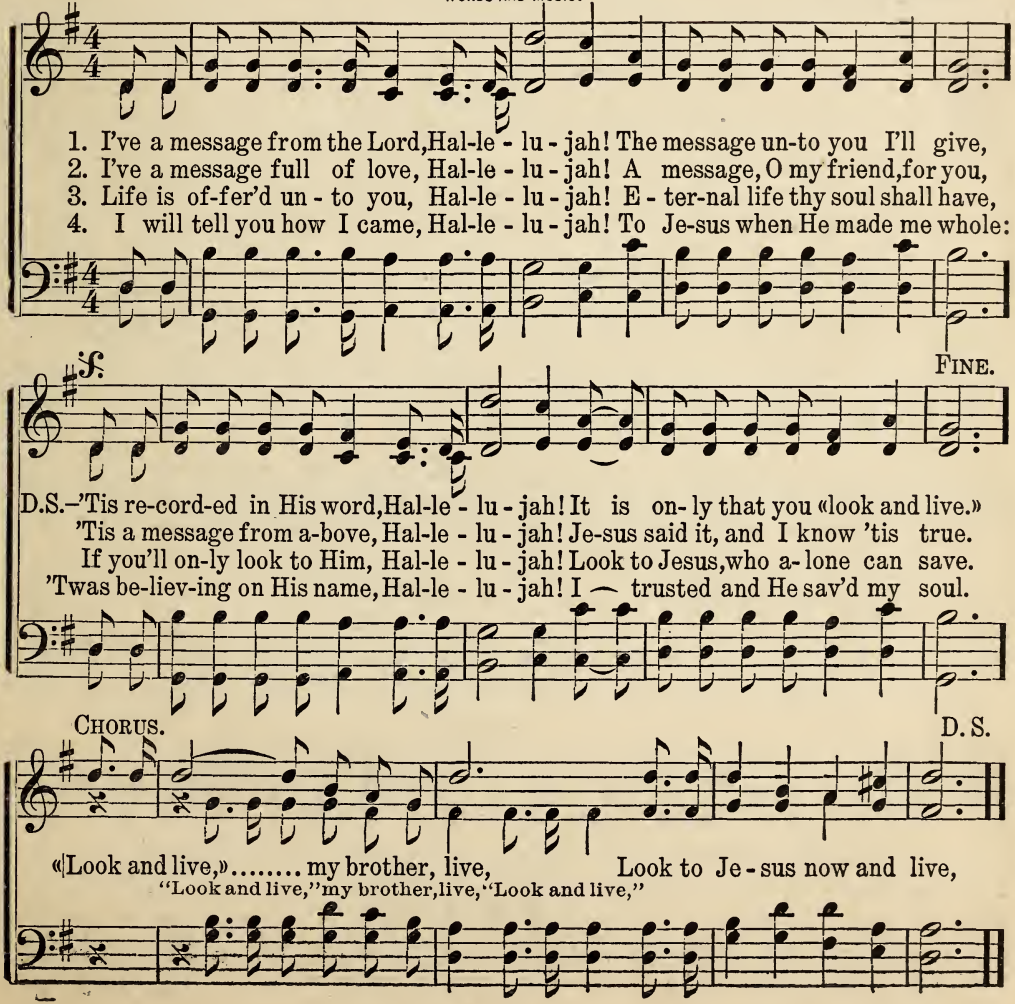


No. 123. Look and Live.

COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY E. O EXCELL.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

W. A. O. W. A. OGDEN.



No. 124. God is Calling Yet.

COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY E. O. EXCELL.

GERHARD TERSTEEGEN. E. O. EXCELL.

1. God calling yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
2. God calling yet! shall I not rise? Can I His lov- ing voice de - spise,
3. God calling yet? and shall He knock, And I my heart the clos - er lock?
4. God calling yet! I can-not stay; My heart I yield with-out de - lay;

Shall life's swift passing years all fly, And still my soul in slum-ber lie?
And base - ly His kind care re - pay? He calls me still; can I de - lay?
He still is wait- ing to re - ceive, And shall I dare His Spir-it grieve?
Vain world, farewell, from thee I part; The voice of God has reach'd my heart.

CHORUS.

Call - - ing, oh, hear Him, Call - - ing, oh, hear Him, God is calling
God is call-ing yet, God is call-ing yet,

Rit. *a tempo.*

yet, oh, hear Him calling, calling, Call - - ing, oh, hear Him, Call - - -
God is call- ing yet, God is call-ing

God is Calling Yet.

Rit.

ing, oh, hear Him, God is call-ing yet, oh, hear Him call-ing yet.
yet,

No. 125. Jesus Is Passing By.

E. A. H.

COPYRIGHT, 1884, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. This is the sea-son of hope and grace, Je-sus is pass-ing by;
2. This is the hour for the soul's re-lease, Je-sus is pass-ing by;
3. This is the mo-ment to seek the Lord, While He is pass-ing by;
4. Trust in the Lord in this hour of need, While He is pass-ing by;

FINE.

This for sal-va-tion the time and place, Je-sus is pass-ing by.
Trust Him and thou shalt go forth in peace, Je-sus is pass-ing by.
This is the time to be-lieve His word, While He is pass-ing by.
And you will find Him a friend in-deed, Je-sus is pass-ing by.

D. S.–*Bring Him thy heart ere in grief He de-part; Je-sus is pass-ing by.*

CHORUS.

D. S.

Je-sus is pass-ing by, Je-sus is pass-ing by;

No. 126. Never Alone.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY W. A. HEMPHILL.
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Unknown. W. A. HEMPHILL.

1. I've seen the light-ning flash-ing, And heard the thun-der roll, I've felt sin's breakers dash-ing, Try-ing to conquer my soul; I've heard the voice of Je-sus, Tell-ing me still to fight on, He promis'd nev-er to leave me,
2. The world's fierce winds are blow-ing, Temp-ta-tions are sharp and keen; I feel a peace in know-ing My Savior stands between; He stands to shield me from dan-ger, When earth-ly friends are gone, He promis'd nev-er to leave me,
3. When in af-flic-tion's val-ley, I'm tread-ing the road of care, My Sav-ior helps me to car-ry My cross when heavy to bear, My feet entangl'd with bri-ars, Read-y to cast me down, My Sav-ior whisper'd His promise,
4. He died for me on the moun-tain, For me they pierc'd His side, For me He open'd that fountain, The crimson, cleans-ing tide; For me He waiteth in glo-ry, Seat-ed up-on His throne, He promis'd nev-er to leave me,

REFRAIN.

Nev-er to leave me a-lone. No, nev-er a-lone, No, nev-er a-lone,

Never Alone.

1 2

He promis'd never to leave me, Nev-er to leave me a - lone, leave me a - lone.

No. 127. No, Not One!

Rev. J. OATMAN, Jr.

USED BY PER. OF GEO. C. HUGG, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

GEO. C. HUGG.

FINE.

D.C. 1. There's not a friend like the low - ly Je-sus, No, not one! no, not one!
2. No friend like Him is so high and ho - ly, No, not one! no, not one!
3. There's not an hour that He is not near us, No, not one! no, not one!
4. Did ev - er saint find this Friend for-sake him, No, not one! no, not one!

None else could heal all our soul's dis - eas - es, No, not one! no, not one!
And yet no friend is so meek and low - ly, No, not one! no, not one!
No night so dark, but His love can cheer us, No, not one! no, not one!
Or sin - ner find that He would not take him? No, not one! no, not one!

CHORUS. D. C.

Je - sus knows all a- bout our struggles, He will guide till the day is done;

No. 128. I've Let the Sunshine In.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

S. E. HENDRICK. Rev. J. W. WILKINSON.

1. When my life with sin was fill'd, In my wicked heart I will'd That I'd serve with all my
2. Yielding not my stubborn will, Tho' the call came louder still, Till I saw my-self an
3. Now my faith has stronger grown, I approach the heav'nly throne, And I have the Spirit
4. In this bright and shining way, I'm rejoic-ing ev-'ry day, For I have no fears, but

pow'r the prince of sin; But a voice did me implore, «There is someone at the door, Will you
outcast, vile within; Then I could hold out no more, So I open'd wide the door, And I
witnessing within; And the clear and perfect light Makes my pathway ever bright, For I've
all is joy with-in; And the Savior is my Light, Guiding all my steps aright, Since I've

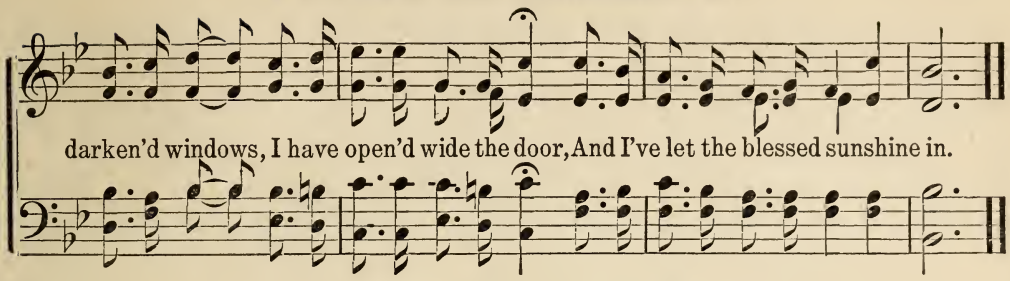
CHORUS.

let the blessed sunshine in?»
let the blessed sunshine in.
let the blessed sunshine in.
let the blessed sunshine in.

O the sun - shine, blessed sun - shine,
O the blessed, blessed sunshine, O the blessed, blessed sunshine,

How it fills with joy this hap - py heart of mine;..... For I've clear'd the
this happy heart of mine;

I've Let the Sunshine In.

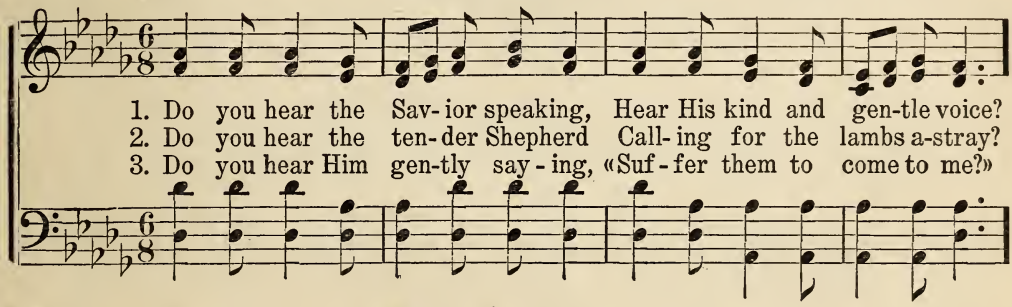


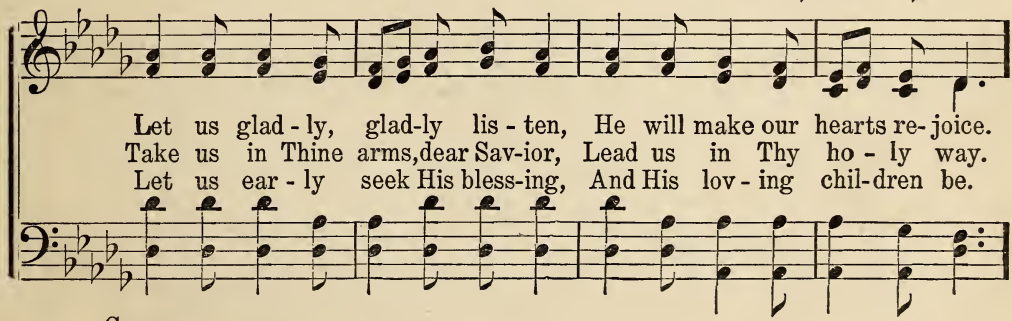
No. 129. Hear the Savior Calling,

E. E. HEWITT.

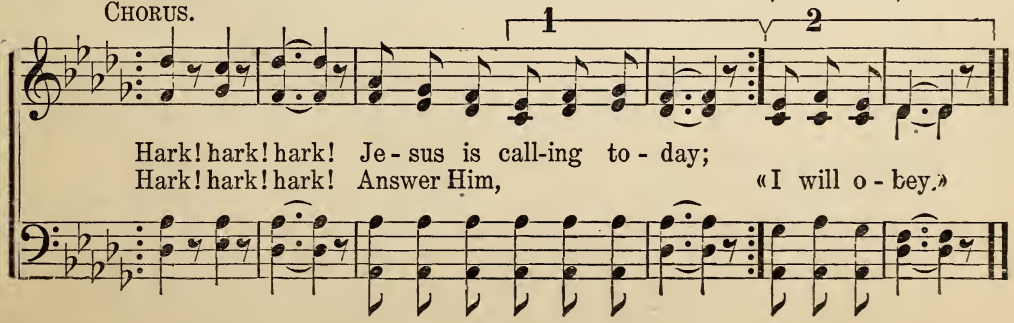
COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

HOWARD E. SMITH.





CHORUS.



No. 130. The Soul's Lament.

LOU. S. BEDFORD.

COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY H. N. LINCOLN.
USED BY PERMISSION.

H. N. LINCOLN.

1. The sum - mer is end - ed, oh, God! And the har-vest for - ev - er past,
2. The dews of God's grace have come down, Thro' the Spring and the summer eves
3. Full oft - en His still gen - tle voice, Has en-cour-aged my way-ward heart
4. I tho't «there is time e-nough yet?» And the way was so strange-ly bright?

While heedless life's ear-nest path I have trod, And now I'm un-done at last;
The beau - ti - ful rays of Autumn's bright sun Have ripened full ma - ny sheaves;
To choose, in the place of life's fleet-ing joys, Like Ma - ry, «that bet-ter part,»
I dream'd not the sun was quite so near set, I woke and be-held 'twas night!

With the best of in - ten-tions my path I have paved, But the har - vest is
All the while with vain dreamings my way I have paved, Till the sum - mer is
But a - las! ev - 'ry warn - ing my proud heart has braved, Till sum - mer is
All the claims of the gos - pel a - las! I had waiv'd Till the sheaves were all

CHORUS.

end - ed, my soul is not saved.
end - ed and I am not saved.
end - ed and I am not saved.
garnered and I am not saved.

I..... am not saved,..... I..... am not
I am not saved, I am not saved, I am not saved,

The Soul's Lament.

Rit.

saved,..... The har - vest is end - ed, And I am not saved.
I am not saved, The harvest is end-ed, the harvest is end-ed.

No. 131. Ever Will I Pray.

A. CUMMINGS. USED BY PERMISSION. J. H. TENNEY.

1. Fa-ther in the morn-ing Un - to Thee I pray, Let Thy lov-ing
2. At the bu-sy noon-tide, Press'd with work and care, Then I'll wait with
3. When the ev-'ning shadows Chase a - way the light, Fa-ther, then I'll
4. Thus in life's glad morn-ing In its bright noon-day, In the shad-owy

CHORUS.

kind-ness Keep me thro' this day.
Je - sus Till He hear my pray'r.
pray Thee, Bless Thy child to - night.
ev-'ning, Ev - er will I pray.

I will pray, I will pray, Ev - er
I will pray, I will pray,

will I pray; Morning, noon and ev-'ning Un - to Thee I'll pray.
Ev - er will I pray; Un - to Thee I'll pray.

No. 132. Knocking at the Door.

F. L. SNYDER.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

GEO. E. MYERS.

1. Je - sus stands with-out at your sin - barred door, Plead - ing for an
2. Pa-tient - ly He waits, let Him en - ter in, He will par - don,
3. From the ear - ly morn till the sun is set, See Him wait - ing

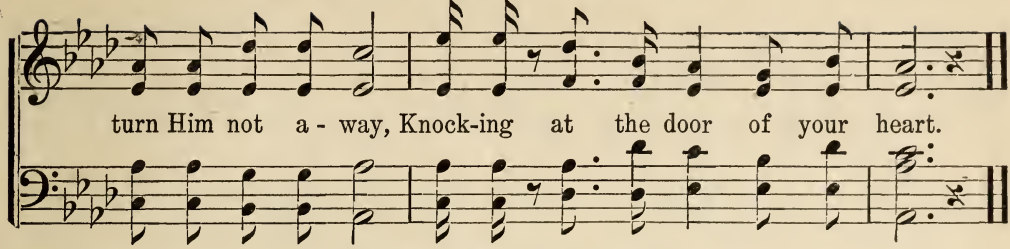
en - trance o'er and o'er; Hear Him lest He leave to re - turn no more,
cleanse you from all sin, And His full sal - va - tion He waits to bring,
till His locks are wet, Still He stands and knocks, O I hear him yet,

REFRAIN.

Knock-ing at the door of your heart. Knock-ing at the door of your

heart, Knock-ing at the door of your heart, Hear Him plead to - day,

Knocking at the Door.

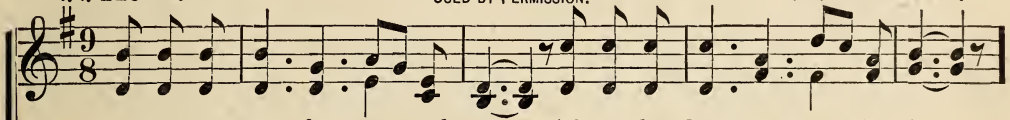


No. 133. After All Eternity.

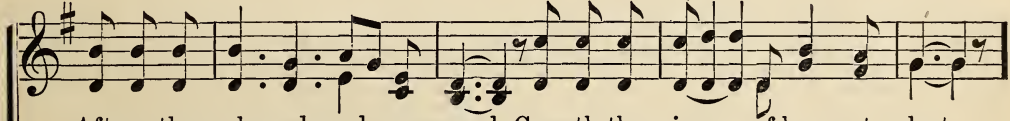
I. I. LESLIE.

MRS. W. E. PENN, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.
USED BY PERMISSION.

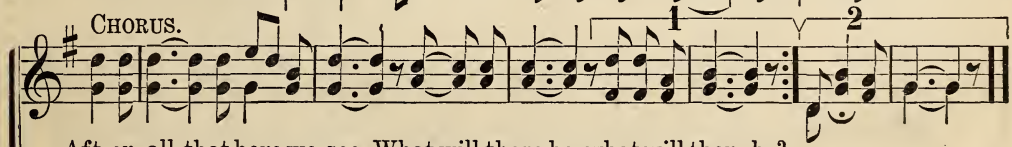
F. A. BLACKMER.



1. Aft-er the storm that sweeps the sea; Aft-er the drift-ing to the lea;
2. Aft-er the win - ter long and drear; Aft-er the snow-clouds dis-ap - pear;
3. Aft-er the long and toil - some day; Aft-er the sun's fierce, burning ray;
4. Aft-er the march of time shall cease; Aft-er earth-strife shall end in peace;

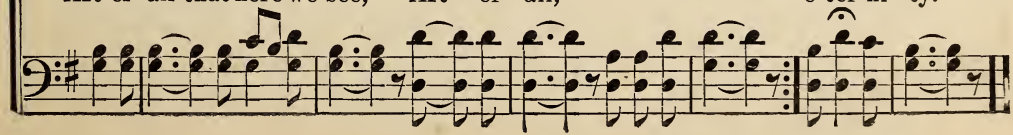


Aft-er the rocks and sands are passed, Cometh the joy of home at last.
Aft-er the winds sweet o - dors bring, Cometh the ev - er wel-come spring.
Aft-er the toil - er home-ward goes, Cometh the night and sweet re - pose.
Aft-er the change-ful dis - ap - pears, Cometh the long e - ter - nal years.



CHORUS.

Aft-er all that here we see, What will there be, what will there be?
Aft-er all that here we see, Aft - er all, e-ter-ni - ty.



No. 134. I Want To Go There.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.
USED BY PERMISSION.

Rev. D. S. Rev. D. SULLINS.*

1. They tell of a cit - y far up in the sky, I want to go there, I do;
2. Its gates are all pearl, its streets are all gold, I want to go there, I do;
3. When the old ship of Zi-on shall make her last trip, I want to be there, I do;
4. When Je - sus is crowned the King of all kings, I want to be there, I do;

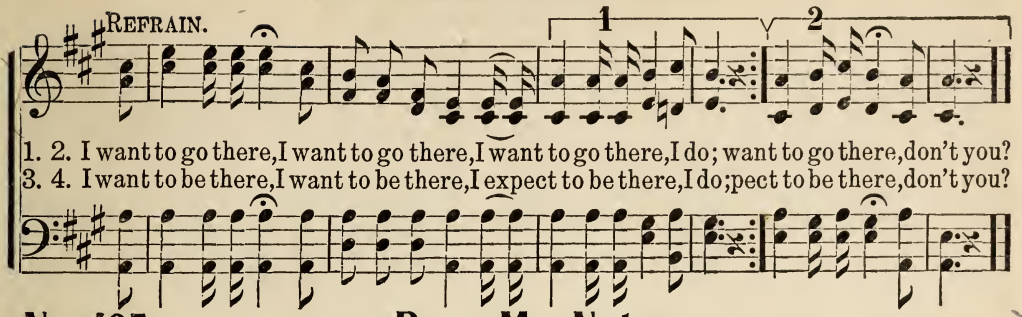
'Tis built in the land of «the sweet by and by,» I want to go there, don't you?
The Lamb is the light of that cit - y we're told, I want to go there, don't you?
With heads all un - cov-ered to greet the old ship, I want to be there, don't you?
With shout-ing and clap-ping till all heav-en rings, I want to be there, don't you?

There Je - sus has gone to prepare us a home, I want to go there, I do;
Death robs us all here, there none ev-er die, I want to go there, I do;
When all the ships company meet on the strand, I want to be there, I do;
Hal-le - lu - jah! we'll shout a - gain and a - gain, I want to be there, I do;

Where sick-ness nor sorrow nor death ev-er come, I want to go there, don't you?
Where loved ones will nev-er a-gain say good-bye, I want to go there, don't you?
«With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands,» I want to be there, don't you?
And close with the cho-rus, A-men, and A-men, I want to be there, don't you?

*Harmony by Prof. Riggs, C. F. College.

I Want To Go There.



No. 135. Pass Me Not.

COPYRIGHT, 1871, AND 1899, BY W. H. DOANE.
USED BY PERMISSION.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - ior, Hear my hum - ble cry; While on
2. Let me at a throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief; Kneel - ing
3. Trust-ing on - ly in Thy mer - it, Would I seek Thy face; Heal my
4. Thou the Spring of all my com-fort, More than life to me, Whom have

oth - ers thou art smil - ing, Do not pass me by.
there in deep con-tri - tion, Help my un - be - lief.
wound-ed, bro-ken spir - it, Save me by Thy grace.
I on earth be-side Thee? Whom in heav'n but Thee?

CHORUS.

Sav - ior, Sav - ior,

Hear my humble cry, While on oth-ers Thou art calling, Do not pass me by.

No. 136. God Is Weighing You.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

A. S. D. A. S. DeYOE.

1. God is weighing you, my brother! And His bal-an-ces are true; Dare you
2. God is weighing you, my brother! By the standard of His word; By your
3. God is weighing you, my brother! Weigh-ing ev-'ry se-cret tho't; Weigh-ing

tri-fle with Him long-er, Thoughtless that He's weighing you. Should He find you
faith in His own prom-ise, By your love in Christ the Lord. Does He find you
ev-'ry word and ac-tion, Ev'ry deed your life hath wrought. Does He find you

wanting, brother! When the fi-nal test is giv'n, Sad in-deed will be the
wanting, brother! Do you all His law o-bey? Is your faith in Him un-
wanting, brother! Oh, let ev-'ry tho't be pure; Gen-tle words and lov-ing

CHORUS.

sen-tence: «Ban-ished ev-er more from heav'n?»
wav-'ring? Do you serve Him day by day?
ac-tions, These His fa-vor will se-cure.
} Weighing in the bal-an-ces of

God Is Weighing You.

God, my broth-er, Weigh-ing in the bal - an - ces of God; Will the good out-

weigh the ill! Are you trusting in Him still? Weighing in the bal-an-ces of God.

No. 137. For Me and For Thee.

MARY G. CROCKER.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

WM. A. MAY.

1. Christ, the Lord, on this lone - ly earth, For me,..... for me,.....
2. Laid He heav - en - ly glo - ry down, For me,..... for me,.....
3. Was it vain that the Lord has died? For me,..... for me,.....
4. Je - sus speaks and the work is done For me,..... for me,.....

For me, for me, for me, for me,

Walked a man as of low - ly birth, For me, for me and for thee.
King - ly head wore a thorn - y crown, For me, for me and for thee.
Vain the Sav - ior was cru - ci - fied? For me, for me and for thee.
Full a - tone-ment thro' Christ the Son, For me, for me and for thee.

No. 138. I See Mansions Of Glory.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS. WORDS AND MUSIC. H. P. DANKS.

1. I oft - en in dreaming see mansions of glo - ry, That fill..... me with
2. 'Twas Je - sus who deeded those «Mansions of Glo - ry,» To each... who sins
3. With tri - als and sorrows the earth-life is bur-den'd, Days oft..... bring us

raptured sur - prise;... I long then to dwell there, thus leaving for-ev - er
pleasure de - nies;.... And starts for that cit - y, thus bid-ding fare-well to
scan-ty sup - plies;... But Christ is our ref - uge, and soon He shall call from

CHORUS.

Earth's pal - ace of tears and good-byes.....
The pal - ace of tears and good-byes.....
The pal - ace of tears and good-byes.....
I oft - en in dreaming see

man-sions, bright gleam - ing, That Je - - - sus hath made in the
Je - sus hath made in the

I See Mansions Of Glory.

skies;..... There some day I'll dwell,..... when I've bid fare-
skies, hath made in the skies; There some day I'll dwell, when

well..... To the pal - ace of tears and good-byes.....
I have bid fare - well, of tears and goodbyes.

No. 139. Only a Word.

COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY E. O. EXCELL.

WORDS AND MUSIC. J. M. DUNGAN.

1. On - ly a word for the Mas - ter, Lov - ing - ly, qui - et - ly said;
2. On - ly a look of re - mon-strance, Sor - row - ful, gen - tle and deep;
3. On - ly one cry from the sin - ner, Bit - ter - ly, ear - nest and wild;
4. On - ly an hour with the chil - dren, Pleas - ant - ly, cheer-ful - ly giv'n;

On - ly a word! Yet the Mas - ter heard; And some faint-ing hearts were fed.
On - ly a look! Yet the strong man shook; And he went a - lone to weep.
«Help, Lord! I die!» Rose in ag - o - ny; And the Sav - ior sav'd His child.
Still seed was sown, In that hour a-lone, Which would bring forth fruit for heav'n.

No. 140. He Saves Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY WEEDEN & VAN DE VENTER.
USED BY PERMISSION.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER. W. S. WEEDEN.

1. The dear, lov-ing Sav-ior hath found me, And shatter'd the fetters that bound me;
2. He sought me so long ere I knew Him, But, fi-nal-ly winning me to Him,
3. I nev-er, no, nev-er will leave Him, Grow wea-ry of service and grieve Him,

Tho' all was con-fu-sion a-round me, He came and spake peace to my soul.
I yield-ed my all to pur-sue Him, And ask'd to be fill'd with His grace.
I'll con-stant-ly trust and be-lieve Him, Re-main in His presence di-vine;

The bless-ed Re-deem-er that bought me, In ten-der-ness con-stant-ly sought me,
Al-tho' a vile sin-ner be-fore Him, Thro' faith I was led to im-plore Him,
A-bid-ing in love ev-er flow-ing, In knowledge and grace ev-er grow-ing,

The way of sal-va-tion He taught me, And made my heart per-fect-ly whole.
And now I re-joice and a-dore Him, Re-stor'd to His lov-ing em-brace.
Con-fid-ing im-plic-it-ly, know-ing That Je-sus the Sav-ior is mine.

He Saves Me.

CHORUS.

He saves me, He saves me His love fills my soul, hal-le-lu - jah! Oh, glo - ry, oh,

1 2 *Rit.*

glo - ry, His spir-it a - bid-eth with-in; His blood cleanseth me from all sin.

No. 141. Lead Us by Thy Hand.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY E. O. EXCELL.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

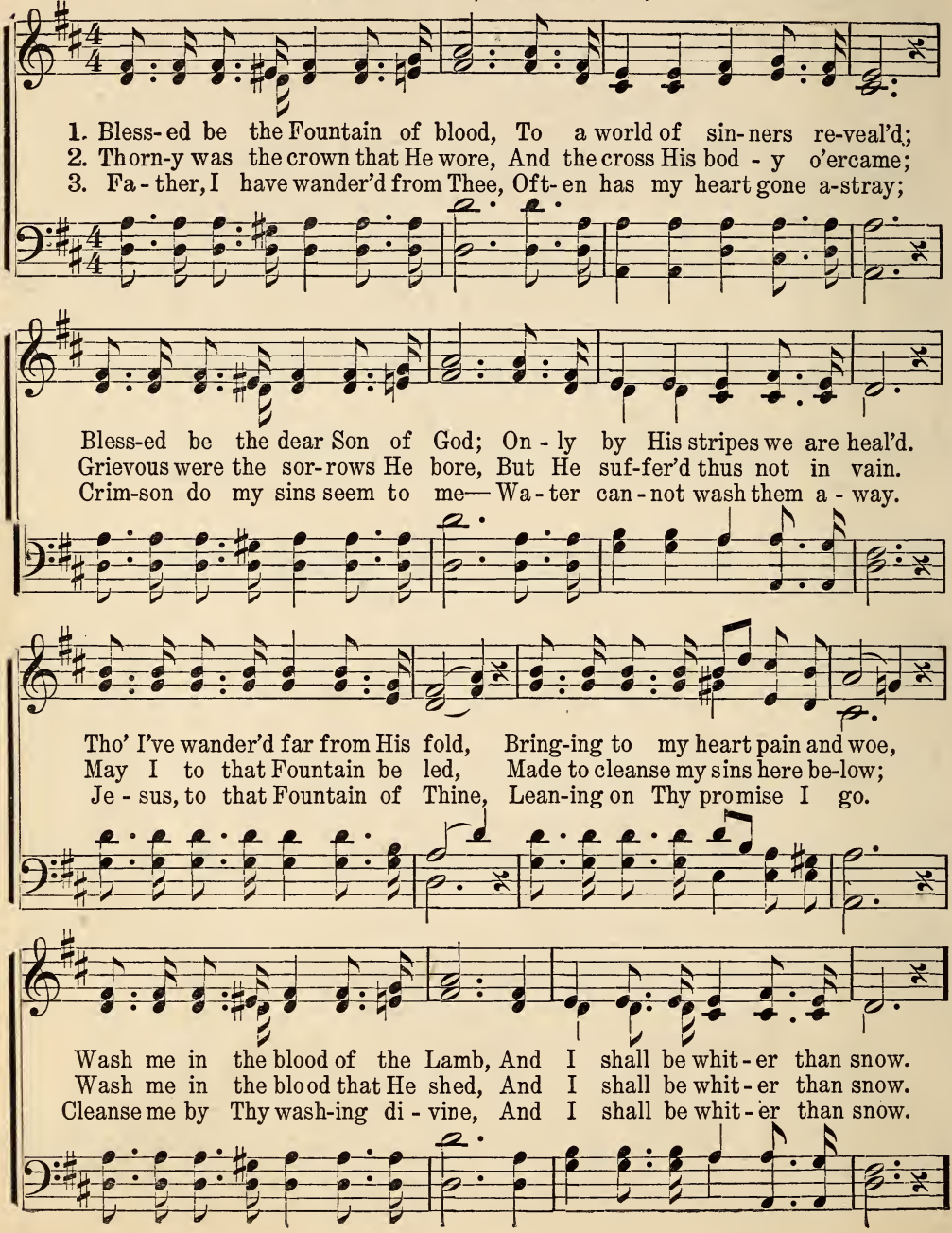
J. M. D. J. M. DUNGAN.

1. Je - sus, Thy strength we need, Sow - ing Thy pre - cious seed;
2. May we this hour be led In right - eous paths we tread;
3. As this brief fleet - ing day Pass - es so swift a - way,
4. And when the hour draws nigh, When death shall dim our eye,

In tho't, or word, or deed, Oh, lead us by the hand.
And by Thy man - na fed, Oh, lead us by the hand.
May we from Thee not stray, Oh, lead us by the hand.
Take us to Thee on high, Oh, lead us by the hand.

No. 142. Whiter than Snow.

E. R. LATTA. By Per. O. Ditson Co., Owners of Copyright. H. S. PERKINS.



Whiter than Snow.

CHORUS.

Whit - er than the snow, ... Whit - er than the snow, ...
Whiter than the snow, whiter than the snow, whiter than the snow, whiter than the snow,

Wash me in the blood of the Lamb, ...And I shall be whit-er than snow.
of the Lamb than snow.

No. 143. I'll Live for Him.

R. E. HUDSON.

COPYRIGHT, 1882, BY R E. HUDSON.
USED BY PERMISSION.

C. R. DUNBAR.

1. My life, my love I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
2. I now be-lieve Thou dost re-ceive, For Thou hast died that I might live,
3. O Thou who died on Cal - va - ry To save my soul and make me free;

CHO.–*I'll live for Him who died for me, How hap-py then my life shall be!*

Oh, may I ev - er faith - ful be, My Sav - ior, and my God!
And now henceforth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav - ior, and my God!
I'll con - se - crate my life to Thee, My Sav - ior, and my God!

I'll live for Him who died for me, My Sav - ior, and my God.

No. 144. The Home-Path After All.

E. E. HEWITT.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

Rev. E. E. SATTERLEE.

1. What tho' sometimes the bri-ars Spring up a-mid the flow'rs, Tho' passing clouds a-
2. Then glad - ly sing His prais-es In sun-shine and in shade, The heart that trusts in
3. He knows the way be-fore us, Our ev-'ry step He guides, The hand outstretched to

ris - ing, Replace the sun-ny hours; Still from the heav'nly Fa - ther, Un-num-bered
Je-sus, Need nev - er be a-fraid; While leaning on His bo - som, His ten - der
save us, All need-ful good provides; Till in the bless-ed cit - y, Be - yond the

Rit.

mer - cies fall; His hand is gent - ly lead-ing, 'Tis the home-path af - ter all.
love re - call; His hand is gent - ly lead-ing, 'Tis the home-path af - ter all.
jas - per wall; His hand is gent - ly lead-ing, 'Tis the home-path af - ter all.

CHORUS.

Lead-ing from the cross, To the star - ry crown, Lead-ing to the land Where we

The Home-Path After All.

lay our bur-dens down; We'll doubt Him not, nor mur - mur, What-ev - er

Rit.

ills be-fall; His hand is gent-ly leading, 'Tis the home-path af-ter all.

No. 145. Savior, Hear My Prayer.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. E. E. O. EXCELL.

1. Sav - ior, hear me while I pray, Be my Guide and be my Stay,
2. Sav - ior, when I stand a - lone, And my path seems naught but stone,
3. Sav - ior, when temp-ta - tions lure, Make my feet to stand more sure;
4. Sav - ior, hear my hum - ble pray'r For Thy Rest my soul pre-pare;

Nev - er let me from Thee stray, O my bless - ed Sav - ior.
Come and make my heart Thy throne, Come, my bless - ed Sav - ior.
Wash me, cleanse me, make me pure, More like Thee, my Sav - ior.
Keep me ev - er in Thy care, Come, O bless - ed Sav - ior.

No. 146. I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.

MARY BROWN.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY C. E. ROUNSEFELL.
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CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.

1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o - ver the storm-y sea;
2. Per-haps to - day there are lov-ing words Which Je - sus would have me speak—
3. There's surely somewhere a low - ly place, In earth's harvest fields so wide—

It may not be at the bat-tle's front My Lord will have need of me;
There may be now in the paths of sin Some wand'rer whom I should seek—
Where I may la - bor thro' life's short day For Je - sus the cru - ci - fied—

But, if by a still, small voice He calls To paths that I do not know,
O Sav-iour, if Thou wilt be my guide, Tho' dark and rugged the way,
So trust-ing my all to Thy ten - der care, And knowing Thou lov - est me,

I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
My voice shall ech - o Thy mes-sage sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
I'll do Thy will with a heart sin-cere, I'll be what you want me to be.

I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.

REFRAIN.

I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, O-ver mountain, or plain, or sea;

I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.

No. 147. Where He Leads Me.

E. W. BLANDLY. USED BY PERMISSION. Arranged.

1. I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing, I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing,
2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den,
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judg-ment, I'll go with Him thro' the judg-ment,
4. He will give me grace and glo - ry, He will give me grace and glo - ry,

Where He leads me I will fol - low, Where He leads me I will fol - low,

ad lib.

I can hear my Sav - ior call-ing, «Take thy cross and fol-low, fol - low me.»
I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
I'll go with Him thro' the judg-ment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
He will give me grace and glo - ry, And go with me, with me all the way.

Where He leads me I will fol-low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

No. 148. To the Harvest Field.

C. H. G.

Copyright, 1898, by E. O. Excell.
Words and Music.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. A band of faith-ful reap-ers we, Who gath-er for e-ter-ni-ty, The gold-en sheaves of rip-ened grain From ev-'ry val-ley, hill and plain; Our song is one the reap-ers sing, In hon-or of their Lord and King— The Mas-ter
2. We are a faith-ful glean-ing band, And la-bor at our Lord's com-mand, Un-yield-ing, loy-al, tried and true, For lo! the reap-ers are but few; Be-hold the wav-ing har-vest field A-bun-dant with a gold-en yield; And hear the
3. The gold-en hours like mo-ments fly, And har-vest days are pass-ing by; Then take thy rust-y sick-le down, And la-bor for a fade-less crown; Why will you i-dly stand and wait? Be-hold, the hour is grow-ing late! Can you to

To the Harvest Field.

of the har-vest wide, Who for a world of sin-ners died.
Lord of har-vest say To all, «Go reap for me to-day.»
judgment bring but leaves, While here are wait-ing gold-en sheaves?

CHORUS.

To the har-vest field a-way, For the Mas-ter call-eth;

There is work for all to-day, Ere the darkness fall-eth.

Swift-ly do the mo-ments fly, Har-vest days are

go-ing by, Go-ing, go-ing, go-ing, go-ing by.

No. 149. Sing His Praise.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

I. O. H. IRA O. HOFFNAN.

Animato.

1. Come, let us raise a joy - ful strain, A song to heav - en
2. If dan - ger threat-ens to o'er - whelm, Our voic - es still shall
3. No mat - ter what th' oc - ca - sion be, To heav - en we will

sing; For all the good - ness of the Lord, The prof - it from His
sing; A song will help the storm to bear, Will scat - ter gath - 'ring
sing; In Sun - day-school, in church, at home, When o'er the broad earth

ho - ly word Our voic - es loud shall ring. And may the earth's great
clouds of fear, And com - fort to us bring. Sweet har - mo - ny a-
we do roam, Our tones shall up - ward wing. And be our feel - ing

hu - man throng Pour out its praise in peal - ing song
long the road Doth help to light the Chris - tian's load,
pi - e - ty, Or mirth, or praise, or char - i - ty,

Sing His Praise.

For share in the pro - tec - tion strong Of Je - sus, our King.
And joins us clos - er to our God, To Him we will sing.
We'll tune our thoughts to mel - o - dy— To Je - sus we'll sing.

CHORUS.

Mel - o - dious - ly hap - py we will be; Our Sav - ior, we put

our trust in Thee, Thou'lt keep us from harm, from sin wilt free, With

Thy rich grace a - maze. Voic - es raise, sing His praise, Car - ol

f *ff*

sweet - ly, car - ol loud - ly In His praise!.....

In His praise!

No. 150. Marching on to Canaan.

Rev. M. L. HOFFORD. USED BY PERMISSION. W. A. OGDEN.

1. We are marching on to Ca - naan, And Je - ho - vah is our guide,
2. We are marching thro' the des - ert, And the man-na all a - round
3. We are marching thro' the des - ert, To the promised land di - vine,

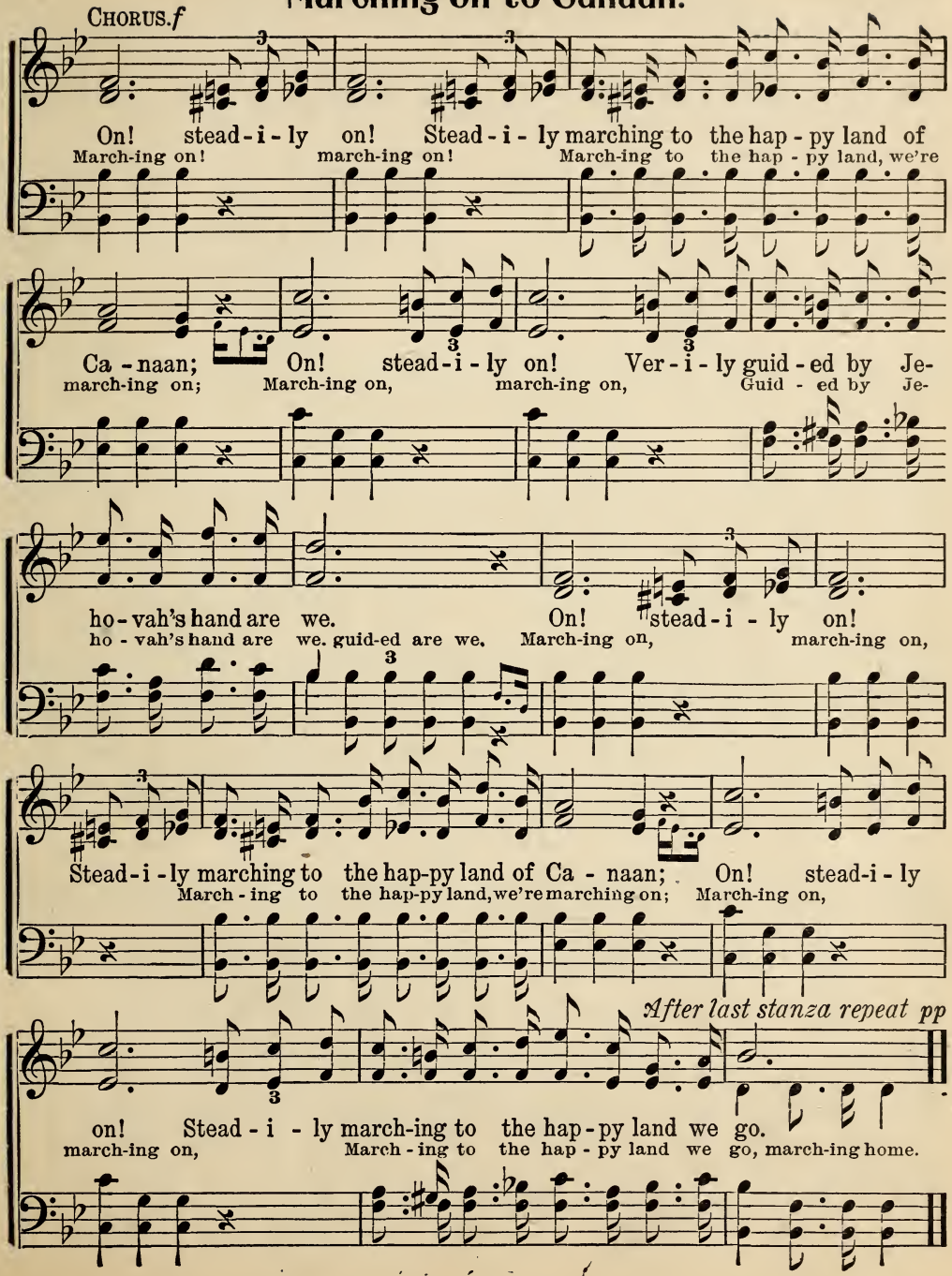
We are marching thro' the des - ert, He is ev - er at our side.
With the dew of night is fall - ing, And is cov-'ring all the ground.
To the land of milk and hon - ey, To the land of corn and wine.

DUET.

In the dark-ness, or the dan - ger, We can nev - er go a-stray,
From the smit - ten rock the wa - ters In their sparkling full-ness flow,
We are march-ing thro' the des - ert, We ap-proach the shin-ing shore,

With Je - ho - vah for our lead - er, And our guide up - on the way.
Thus de-light - ing and re-fresh - ing Us, the wea - ry jour-ney thro'.
From our home be-yond the Jor - dan, We shall wan-der nev - er - more.

Marching on to Canaan.



No. 151. Keep Me in Touch With Thee.

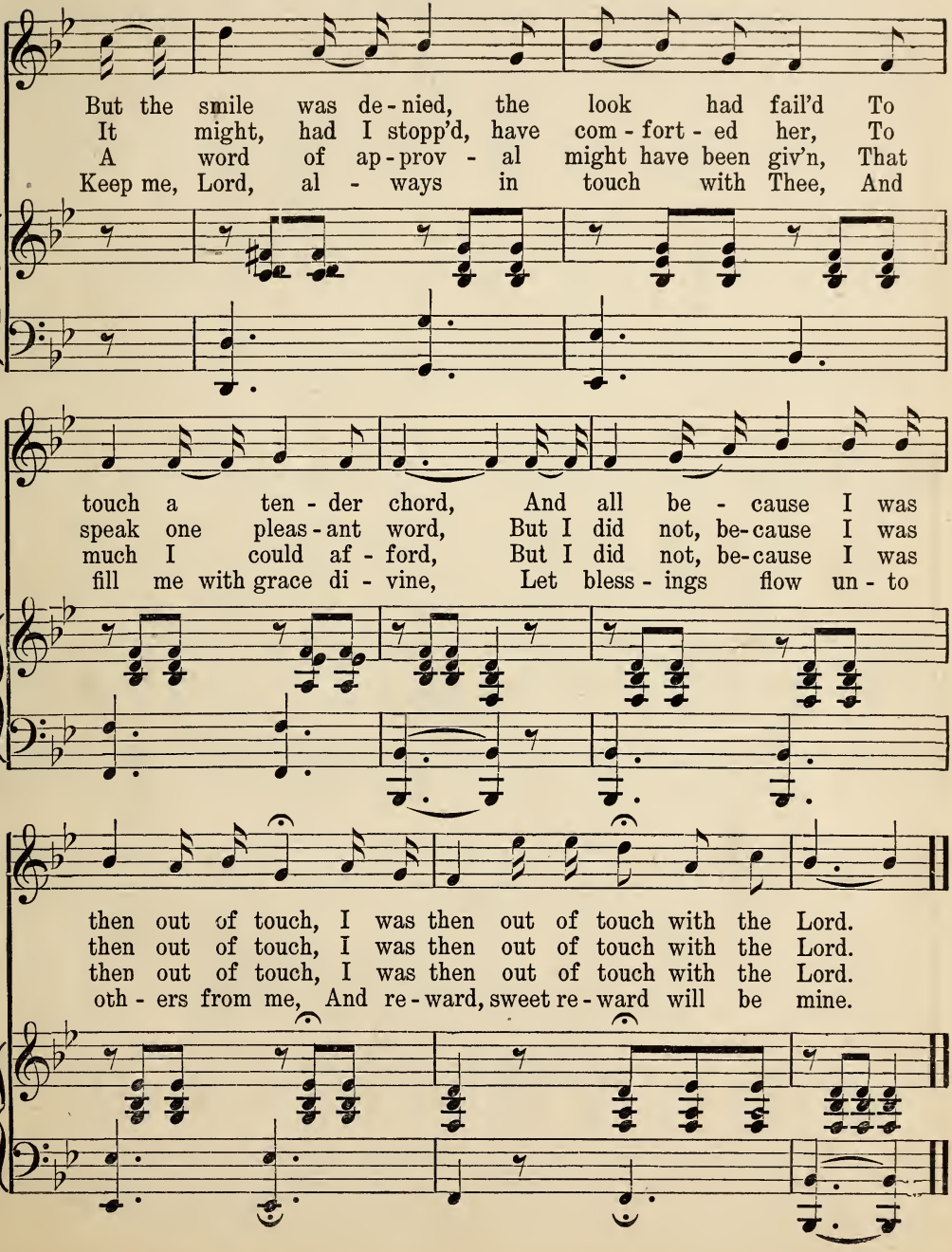
COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

Mrs. J. R. HILL. Mrs. JAS. A. BANTON.

1. A dear lit - tle face look'd up in - to mine, So wea - ry and worn and sad, As if it were pleading for one bright smile, To make the lit - tle heart glad.
2. I met with a friend, she was tired and worn, And trou-bled with anx - ious care; She show'd on her face the trou - ble with - in, 'Twas plain - ly writ - ten there.
3. A poor lit - tle work - er toil'd hard one day, A glance at her would tell, She look'd up at me, as much as to say, «Is not my work done well?»
4. A smile or a word, an en - cour - ag - ing look, What lit - tle things they seem; How far they go to make hap - pi - ness, Scarce a - ny of us would dream.

Keep Me in Touch With Thee.



No. 152. Poor Lil' Brack Sheep.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

*ETHEL MAUDE COLSON. LUCY RIDER MEYER.

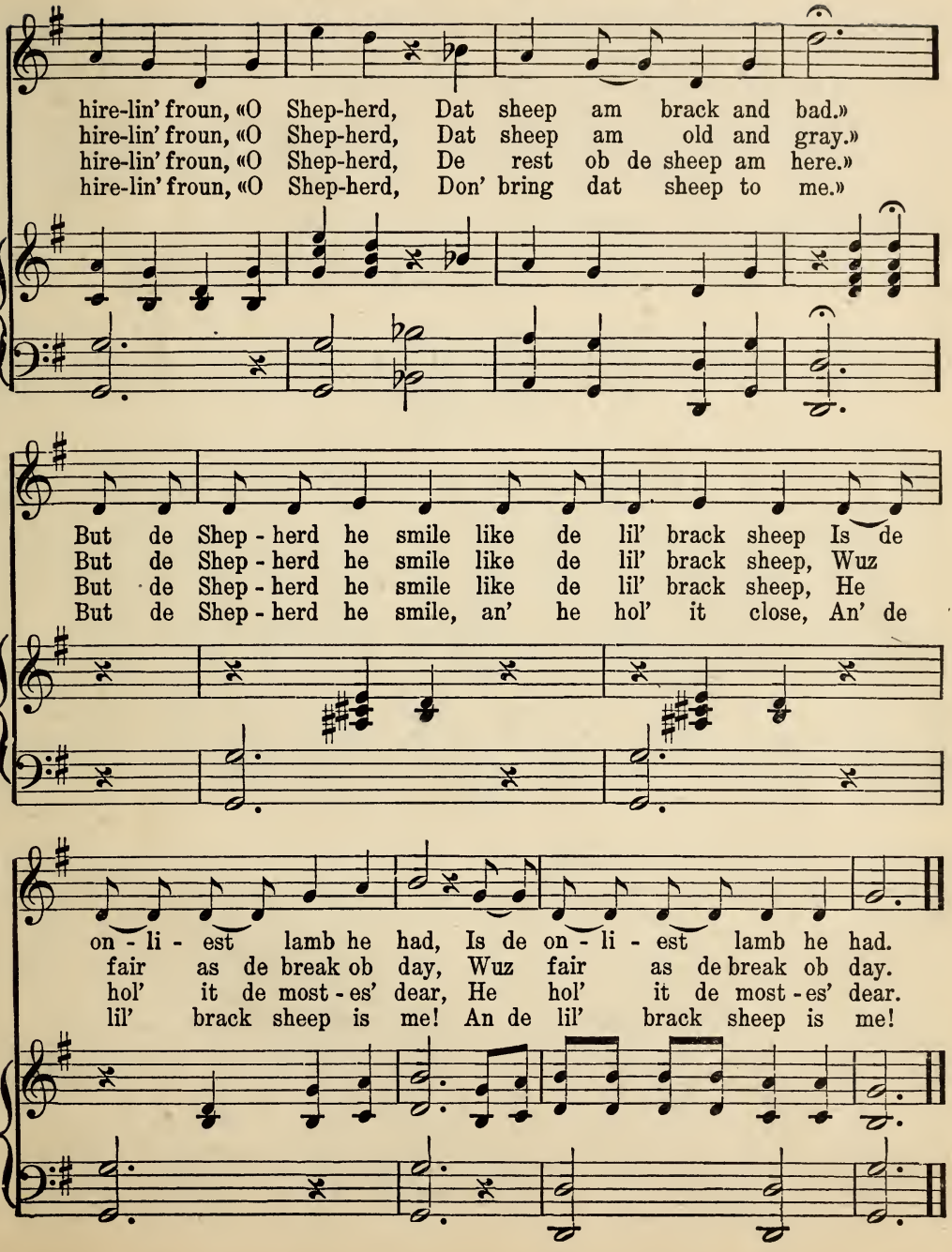
1. Poor lil' brack sheep that stray'd a - way, Done
2. An' He say, «O hire - lin, has - ten! For de
3. An' He say, «O hire - lin, has - ten! Lo,
4. An' de Shep - herd go out in the dark - ness, Where de

los' in de win' an' rain. An' de Shep-herd He say: «O
win' an' de rain am col' An' dat lil' brack sheep am
here is de nine - ty an' nine But dere way off from de
night was col' an' bleak, An' de lil' brack sheep He

hire - lin' Go fin' my sheep a - gain.» An' de
lone - some Out dere so far from the fol'.» An' de
sheep - fol' Is dat lil' brack sheep of mine.» An' de
fin' it, An' lay it a - gains' his cheek. An' de

*Independent, by per.

Poor Lil' Brack Sheep.



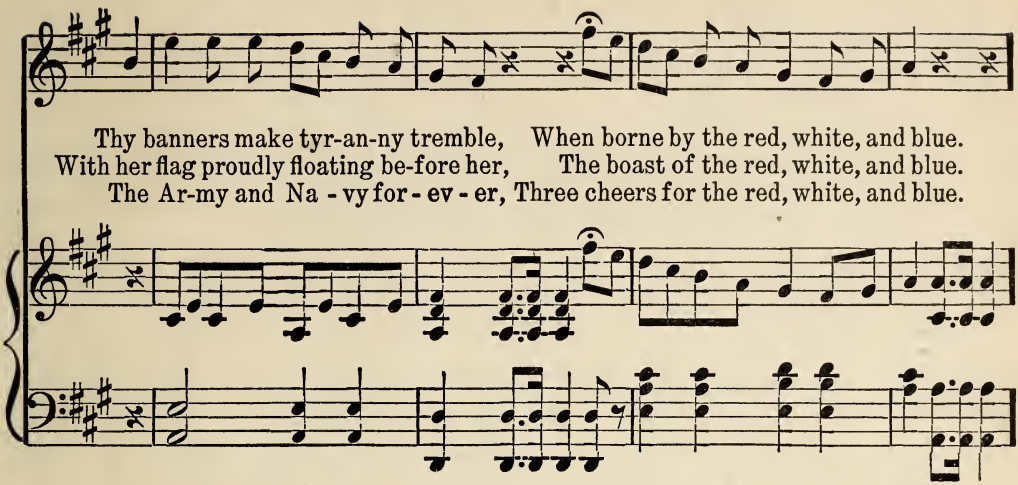
No. 153. The Red, White, and Blue.

1. O Co-lum-bia! the gem of the ocean, The home of the brave and the free,
2. When war wing'd its wide desolation, And threatened the land to de-form,
3. The Un-ion, the Un-ion for-ev-er, Our glo - ri-ous na-tion's sweet hymn,

The shrine of each patriot's devotion, A world of-fers hom-age to thee.
The ark then of freedom's foundation, Co - lum-bia, rode safe thro' the storm;
May the wreaths it has won never wither, Nor the star of its glo - ry grow dim;

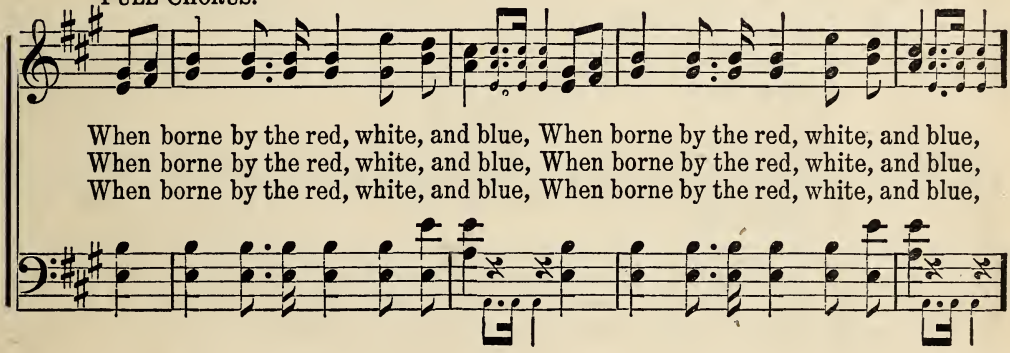
Thy mandates make heroes assemble, When Liberty's form stands in view;
With her garlands of vic-t'ry a-round her, When so proudly she bore her brave crew,
May the service, u - nit-ed, ne'er sev-er, But they to their colors prove true!

The Red, White, and Blue.

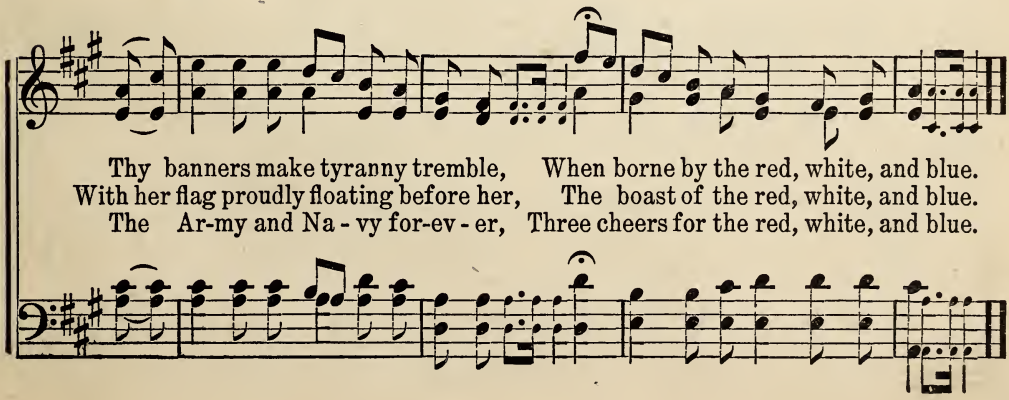


Thy banners make tyr-an-ny tremble, When borne by the red, white, and blue.
With her flag proudly floating be-fore her, The boast of the red, white, and blue.
The Ar-my and Na - vy for - ev - er, Three cheers for the red, white, and blue.

FULL CHORUS.



When borne by the red, white, and blue, When borne by the red, white, and blue,
When borne by the red, white, and blue, When borne by the red, white, and blue,
When borne by the red, white, and blue, When borne by the red, white, and blue,



Thy banners make tyranny tremble, When borne by the red, white, and blue.
With her flag proudly floating before her, The boast of the red, white, and blue.
The Ar-my and Na - vy for-ev - er, Three cheers for the red, white, and blue.

No. 154. The Star-Spangled Banner.

SOLO OR QUARTET. FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

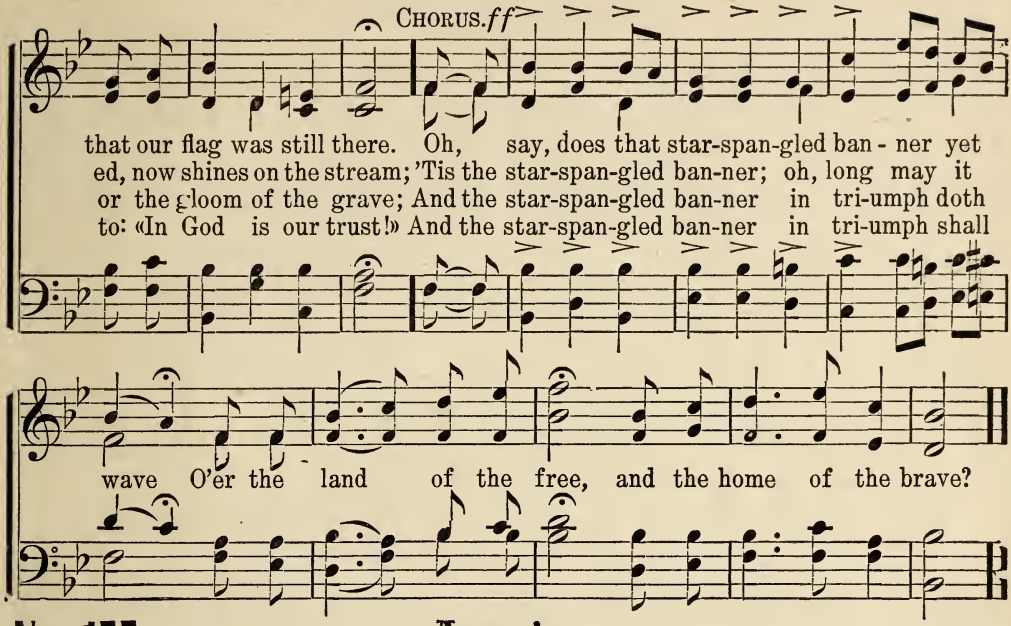
1. Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's ear - ly light, What so proud-ly we
2. On the shore, dim-ly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty
3. And where is that band, who so vaunt-ing - ly swore, That the hav - oc of
4. Oh, thus be it ev - er when free-men shall stand Be - tween their lov'd

hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming, Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the
host in dread si - lence re - pos - es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the
war and the bat - tle's con - fu - sion, A home and a coun - try should
home and the war's des - o - la - tion; Blest with vic - t'ry and peace, may the

per - il - ous fight, O'er the ramparts we watch'd, were so gal - lant - ly streaming?
tow - er - ing steep, As it fit - ful - ly blows, half con-ceals, half dis - clos - es?
leave us no more? Their blood has wash'd out their foul foot-steps' pol - lu - tion,
heav'n-res-cued land Praise the pow'r that hath made and preserved us a na - tion,

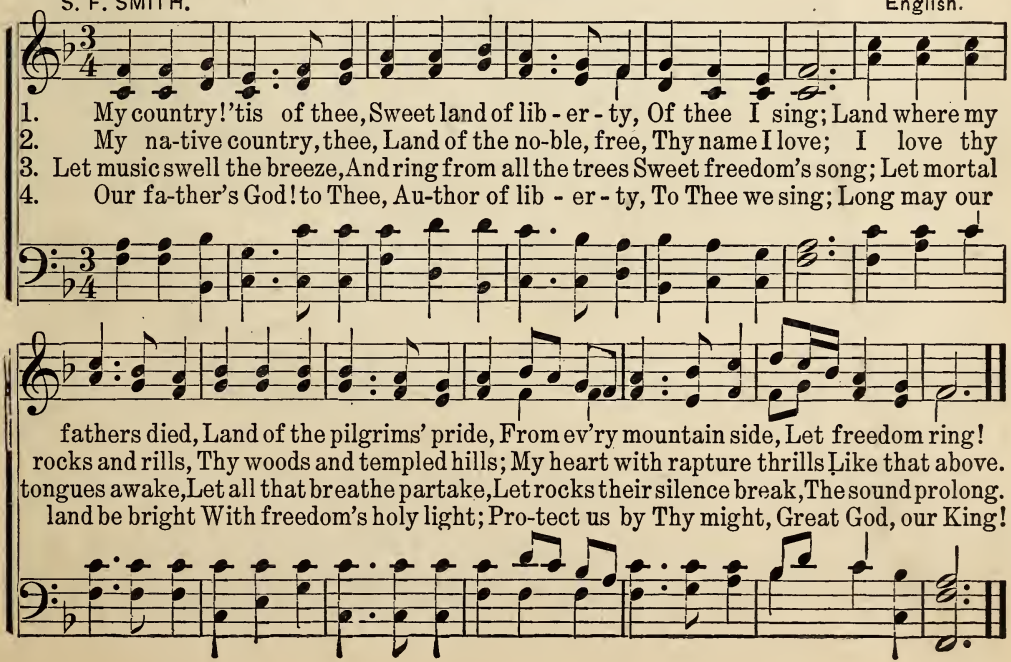
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air, Gave proof thro' the night
Now it catch-es the gleam of the morning's first beam, In full glo - ry re-flect-
No ref-uge could save the hire-ling and slave, From the ter-ror of flight,
Then con-quer we must, when our cause it is just, And this be our mot-

The Star-Spangled Banner.



No. 155. America.

S. F. SMITH. English.



No. 156. Luther's Cradle Hymn.

MARTIN LUTHER.

COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. A - way in a man - ger, No crib for His bed, The lit - tle Lord
2. The cat - tle were low - ing—The poor ba - by wakes: But lit - tle Lord
3. Be near me, Lord Je - sus, I ask Thee to stay Close by me for-

Rit. *A tempo.*

Je - sus Lay down His wee head; The stars in the heav - ens Look'd
Je - sus, No cry - ing He makes: I love Thee, Lord Je - sus, Look
ev - er, And love me, I pray; Bless all the dear chil - dren In

down where He lay. The lit - tle Lord Je - sus, A - sleep on the hay.
down from the sky, And stay by my cra - dle, To watch lul - la - by.
Thy ten - der care, And take us to heav - en, To live with Thee there.

CHORUS.

1 2

A - sleep, a - sleep, A-sleep, The Sav-ior, in a stall! Lord of all!.....
A-sleep, a- sleep, the Lord of all.

No. 157. I'll Be a Sunbeam.

To my grandson, Edwin O. Excell., Jr.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

NELLIE TALBOT. E. O. EXCELL.

1. Je - sus wants me for a sun - beam, To shine for Him each day;
2. Je - sus wants me to be lov - ing, And kind to all I see;
3. I will ask Je - sus to help me, To keep my heart from sin;
4. I'll be a sun-beam for Je - sus, I can, if I but try;

In ev - 'ry way try to please Him, At home, at school, at play.
Show-ing how pleas-ant and hap - py His lit - tle one can be.
Ev - er re - flect-ing His good - ness, And al-ways shine for Him.
Serv-ing Him mo-ment by mo - ment, Then live with Him on high.

CHORUS. -

A sun - beam, a sun - beam, Je - sus wants me for a sun - beam,

A sun - beam, a sun - beam, I'll be a sun-beam for Him.

No. 158. Rally All For Temp'rance.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

T. C. N. T. C. NEAL.

1. Hold - ing up the temp'rance ban-ner, Forth we bravely go; While our might-y
2. We will fight a-gainst in-temp'rance, Fight with all our might; Standing forth in
3. Ral - ly, ral - ly! do not tar - ry; Come and join our band: For the sav - ing

cap - tain, Je - sus, Leads a-gainst the foe. Ev - er read - y, ev - er stead-y,
line of bat - tle, For the cause of right; «To king Al - co-hol» we'll nev - er,
of our Na - tion, Take a heart - y stand; Rum o'er-throw, yes, lay it low, 'Tis

CHORUS. *ff*

We have heard the call, «Ral-ly, ral-ly, ral - ly all!»
Nev - er captives be: We'll be ev-er, ev - er free!
Heav-en's ho - ly call:—«Ral-ly, ral-ly, ral - ly all!»
Ral-ly all for temp'rance,

Ral - ly for the fray; Driv-ing rum, the monster, From our land a-way; Ev-er

Rally All For Temp'rance.

read-y, ev - er steady, Hark! it is the call:—«Ral-ly, ral-ly, ral - ly all!»

No. 159. Walking in the Light.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

T. C. N. Rev. T. C. NEAL.

1. Thro' a world of sin we go, Walk-ing in the light, Walk-ing in the light; Serv - ing Je - sus here be - low, Walk-ing in the light so bright.
2. For-ward! is our Lord's command, Walk-ing in the light, Walk-ing in the light; Up-ward to the Prom-ised Land, Walk-ing in the light so bright.
3. Fill'd and thrill'd with Je - sus' love, Walk-ing in the light, Walk-ing in the light; Charm the world to things a - bove, Walk-ing in the light so bright.
4. Show to all 'tis good to be, Walk-ing in the light, Walk-ing in the light; Liv - ing for e - ter - ni - ty, Walk-ing in the light so bright.

CHORUS.

Light!..... Light!..... Jesus is the Light and the Way; Light and the Way.
Jesus is the Light, Jesus is the Way; Jesus is the Light and the Way;

No. 160. Little Soldiers of the King.

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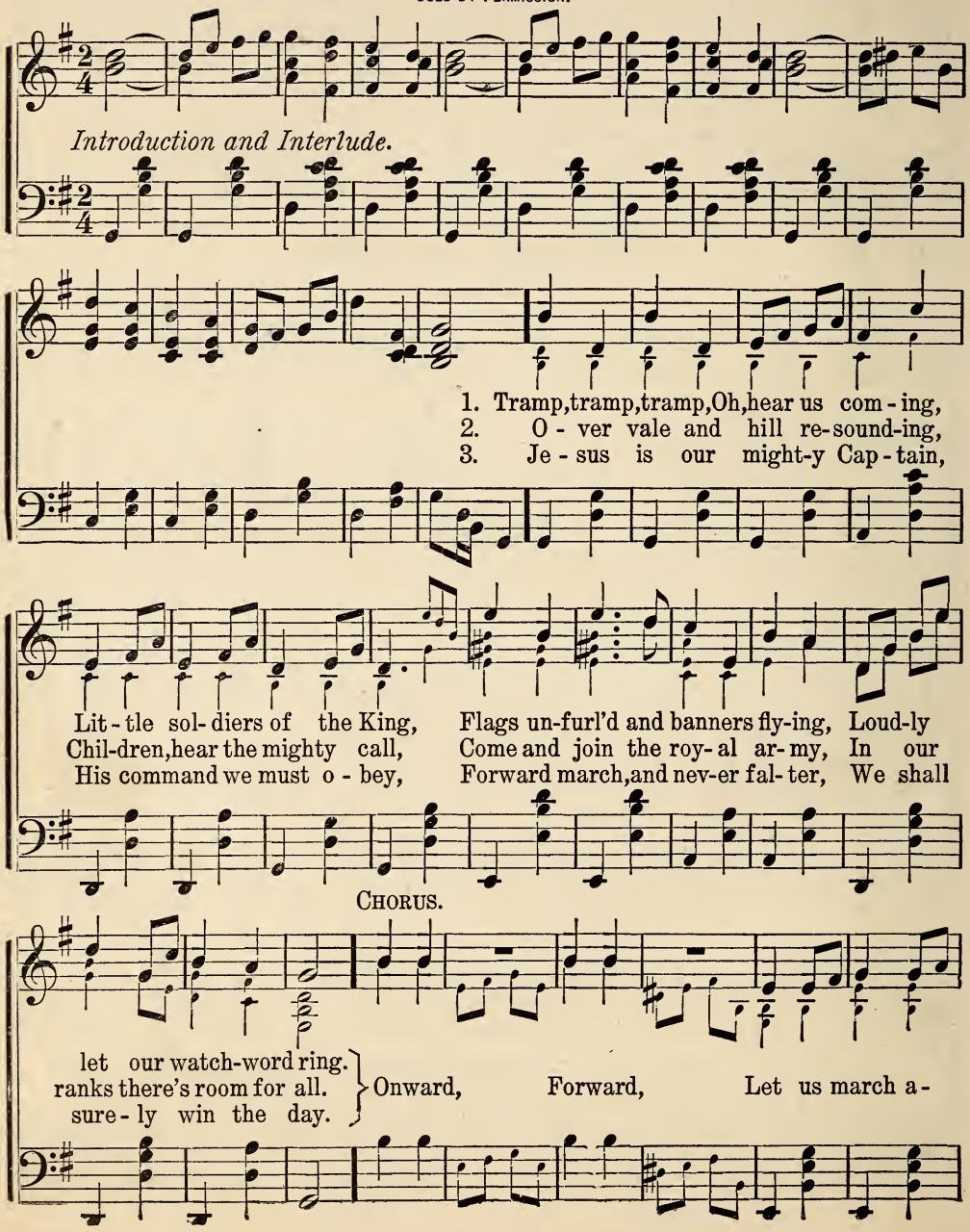
Mrs. A. C. B. Mrs. A. C. BLODGETT.



Little Soldiers of the King.

gainst the foe, In our Leader's name ad-vanc-ing, On to vic-t'ry we will go.

No. 161. Little Feet, be Careful.

Mrs. L. M. BATEMAN.

COPYRIGHT, 1886, BY FILLMORE BROS.
USED BY PERMISSION.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. I wash'd my hands this morn-ing, Oh, ver - y clean and white, And lent them
2 I told my ears to lis - ten Quite close-ly all day thro', For a - ny
3. My eyes are set to watch them A - bout their work or play, To keep them

CHORUS.

both to Je - sus, To work for Him till night.
act of kind-ness Such lit - tle hands can do.
out of mis-chief, For Je - sus' sake, all day.
} Lit-tle feet, be careful

Where you take me, too; A - ny-thing for Je - sus, On - ly let me do.

No. 162. Dear Little Stranger.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.

C. H. G. WORDS AND MUSIC. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Low in a man-ger—dear lit-tle Stranger, Je-sus, the won-der-ful
2. An-gels de-scend-ing, o-ver Him bend-ing, Chant-ed a ten-der and
3. Dear lit-tle Strang-er, born in a man-ger, Mak-er and Mon-arch, and

Sav-ior was born; There was none to receive Him, none to be-lieve Him, None but the
si-lent re-frain: Then a won-der-ful sto-ry told of His glo-ry, Un-to the
Sav-ior of all; I will love Thee for-ev-er! grieve Thee? no, nev-er! Thou didst for

CHORUS.

an-gels were watching that morn.
shepherds on Beth-le-hem's plain.
me make Thy bed in a stall.

Dear lit-tle Stranger, slept in a man-ger,
But with the poor He slumber'd se-cure, The

1 2

No down-y pil-low un-der His head;
dear lit-tle babe in His bed.

No. 163. Jesus, Now I Come To Thee.

JENNIE WILSON.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

A. MILLER.

1. Un - to Thee I come, O Sav - ior, Thou who art the Sin-ner's Friend;
2. Far a - way from Thee I wan-dered, In a path that is un - blest;
3. I have come in want and weak-ness, Noth-ing else have I to bring;
4. Thou hast said, «Who - ev - er com - eth, Shall in no - wise be cast out.»

Let Thy peace up - on my spir - it Like re - fresh-ing dew de-scend.
Sick of sin, way - worn and wea - ry, I am long - ing for Thy rest.
Turn me not a - way, I pray Thee, To Thy prom - is - es I cling.
Let Thy bless - ed words for - ev - er Ban - ish all my fear and doubt.

CHORUS.

Je - sus now I come to Thee, Hark - en to my ear - nest plea;

In Thy match - less love and mer - cy, Save me, ev - er Thine to be.

No. 164. Trust and Obey.

Rev. J. H. SAMMIS.

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D. B. TOWNER.

1. When we walk with the Lord, In the light of His word, What a glo - ry He
2. Not a shad-ow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies, But His smile quickly
3. Not a bur-den we bear, Not a sor-row we share, But our toil He doth
4. But we nev - er can prove The delights of His love, Un-til all on the

sheds on our way! While we do His good will, He a-bides with us still,
drives it a - way; Not a doubt nor a fear, Not a sigh nor a tear,
rich - ly re - pay; Not a grief nor a loss, Not a frown nor a cross,
al - tar we lay; For the fa - vor He shows, And the joy He be - stows,

CHORUS.

And with all who will trust and o - bey.
Can a - bide while we trust and o - bey.
But is blest if we trust and o - bey.
Are for them who will trust and o - bey.
} Trust and o - bey, for there's

no oth - er way To be hap-py in Je - sus, But to trust and o - bey.

No. 165. Sunshine in the Soul.

E. E. HEWITT.

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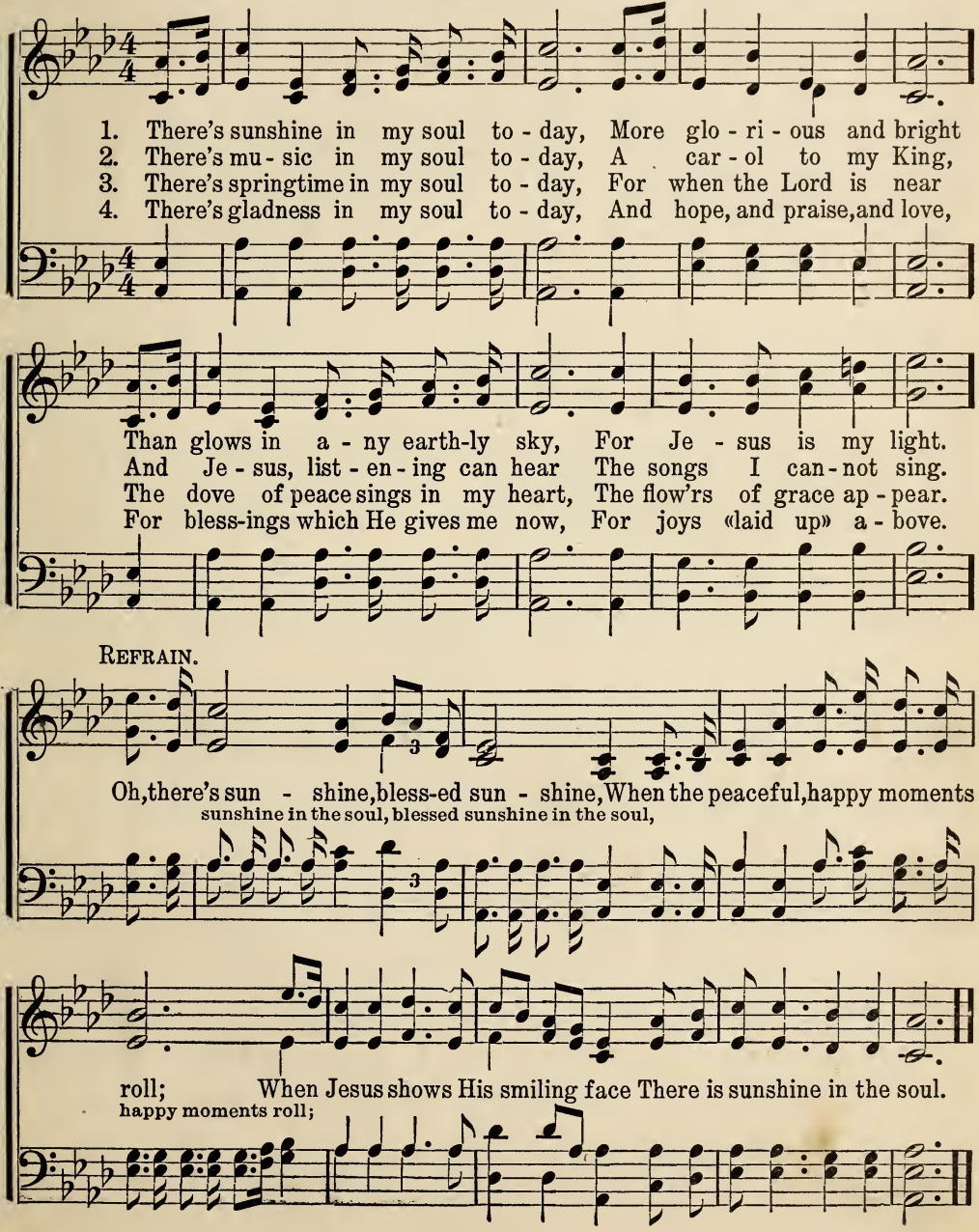
JNO. R. SWENEY.



No. 166. Jesus is Passing By.

E. E. HEWITT.

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JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Come, con - trite one, and seek His grace, Je - sus is pass - ing by;
2. Come, hun - gry one, and tell your need, Je - sus is pass - ing by;
3. Come, wea - ry one, and find sweet rest, Je - sus is pass - ing by;
4. Come, bur - den'd one, bring all your care, Je - sus is pass - ing by;

See in His rec - on - cil - ing face The sun-shine of the sky.
The Bread of Life your soul will feed, And ful - ly sat - is - fy.
Come where the long - ing heart is bless'd, And on His bos - om lie.
The love that lis - tens to your pray'r Will «no good thing» de - ny.

CHORUS.

Pass - ing by,..... pass - ing by,..... Hasten to meet Him on the way;
Passing by, passing by, passing by, passing by,

mf *p*

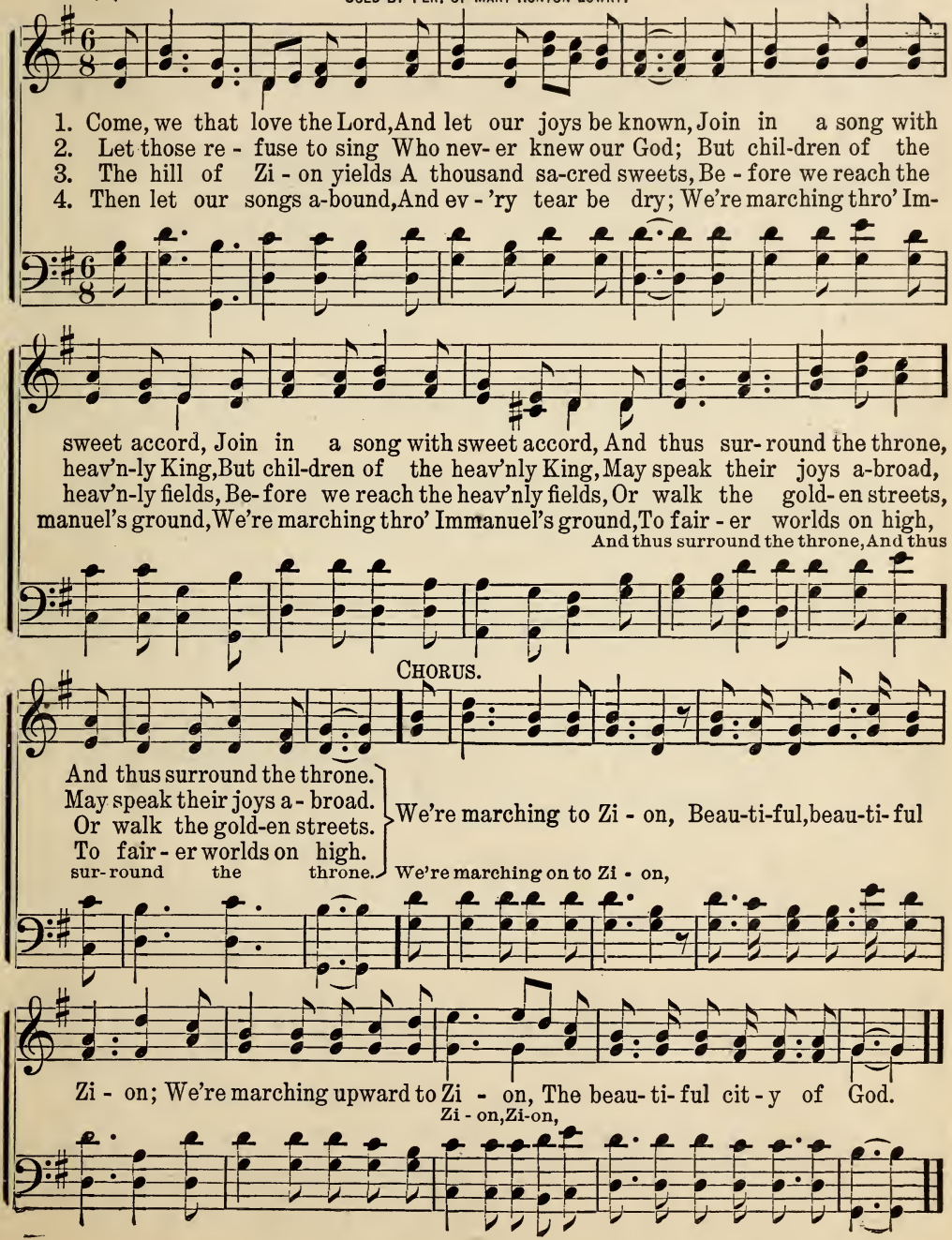
p *Rit.*

Je-sus is passing by to-day, pass - ing by,..... pass - ing by.....
Passing by, passing by, passing by, passing by.

mp

No. 167. We're Marching to Zion,

Rev. I. WATTS. Used By Per. of Mary Runyon Lowry. Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.



No. 168. Drifting Away From God.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY E. O. EXCELL.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

F. A. S. FRANK A. SIMPKINS.

1. Drift-ing a - way from the Sav - ior, Drift - ing to lands un - known,
2. Drift-ing a - way from the Sav - ior, He who would bear your load;
3. Drift-ing a - way from the Sav - ior, Fear-less - ly on you go;
4. Drift-ing a - way from the Sav - ior, E - ven the an - gels weep;

Drift-ing a - way by night and by day, Drift-ing, yes, drift-ing a - lone.
Drift-ing a - way by night and by day, Drift-ing, yes, drift-ing from God.
Drift-ing a - way by night and by day, Drift-ing to re-gions of woe.
Still you drift on with mirth and with song, Out on the fath - om - less deep.

REFRAIN.

Drift-ing a - way from the Sav - ior, Drift-ing a - way from His love, While the

Sav - ior is ten-der - ly call - ing You are drift - ing a - way from God.

No. 169. Precious Name.

Mrs. LYDIA BAXTER.

COPYRIGHT, 1871, AND 1899, BY W. H. DOANE.
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W. H. DOANE.

1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sor - row and of woe;
2. Take the name of Je - sus ev - er, As a shield from ev - 'ry snare;
3. O the pre-cious name of Je - sus! How it thrills our souls with joy,
4. At the name of Je - sus bow - ing, Fall - ing prostrate at His feet,

It will joy and com-fort give you; Take it, then, wher-e'er you go.
If temp-ta-tions round you gath - er, Breathe that ho - ly name in pray'r.
When His lov - ing arms re - ceive us, And His songs our tongues employ!
King of kings in heav'n we'll crown Him, When our jour-ney is com-plete.

CHORUS.

Pre-cious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n,
Pre-cious name, O how sweet!

Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.
Precious name, how sweet!

No. 170. He is Able to Deliver Thee.

W. A. O.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. 'Tis the grand-est theme thro' the a - ges rung; 'Tis the grand-est
2. 'Tis the grand-est theme in the earth or main; 'Tis the grand-est
3. 'Tis the grand-est theme, let the ti - dings roll To the guilt - y

theme for a mor-tal tongue; 'Tis the grandest theme that the world e'er sung,
theme for a mor-tal strain; 'Tis the grandest theme, tell the world a - gain,
heart, to the sin-ful soul; Look to God in faith, He will make thee whole,

f. FINE. CHORUS.

D.S.—«Our God is a-ble to de-liv-er thee.» He is a - - ble to de-liv-er thee,
able, He is a-ble

D. S.

He is a - - ble to de-liv-er thee; Tho' by sin opprest, Go to Him for rest,
able, He is a-ble

No. 171. Scatter Seeds of Truth.

Mrs. BEAL BATEMAN.

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H. N. LINCOLN.

1. Scat - ter seed at ear - ly morn-ing, On the dew - be-sprink-led land,
2. Sow the seed of truth, my broth - er When the noon-tide sun is high,
3. Hold not back thy hand at ev-'ning, When life's day is near - ly done;

High up - on the rock - y moun - tain, Or a - long the o - cean strand.
Ere the bod - ing clouds of tem - pest Span the black and an - gry sky.
Brightest glo - ries some-times lin - ger Close a - bove the set - ting sun.

REFRAIN.

Scatter the seeds of truth, Scatter them far and wide, God Himself alone can know
God Him-self a - lone can know.

What in barren wastes shall per - ish, What to harvest time shall grow.
with-er and per - ish, What to har - vest time shall grow.

No. 172. Onward, Christian Soldiers!

SABINE BARING-GOULD. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

1. Onward, Christian sol-diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. At the sign of tri-umph, Sa-tan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian sol-diers,
3. Like a mighty ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, We are treading
4. Onward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our hap-py throng, Blend with ours your voices

Go - ing on be-fore; Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads against the foe.
On to vic - to - ry! Hell's foun-da-tions quiv - er At the shout of praise.
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed; All one bod - y we,
In the triumph song; Glo - ry, laud and hon - or Un - to Christ, the King,

CHORUS.

Forward in - to bat - tle, See His ban-ner go!
Brothers, lift your voic-es, Loud your anthems raise.
One in hope and doc-trine, One in char - i - ty.
This thro' countless a - ges Men and an-gels sing.
} Onward, Christian sol - diers!

March-ing as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be-fore.

No. 173. Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By.

Miss ETTA CAMPBELL. USED BY PERMISSION. THEO. E. PERKINS.

1. What means this ea - ger, anxious throng, Which moves with bus - y haste a - long—
2. Who is this Je - sus? Why should He The cit - y move so might - i - ly?
3. Je - sus! 'Tis He who once be - low Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and woe;
4. A - gain He comes! From place to place His ho - ly footprints we can trace.

These wondrous gath'rings day by day? What means this strange commotion, pray?
A pass - ing stranger, has He skill To move the mul - ti - tude at will?
And burden'd ones, where'er He came, Bro't out their sick and deaf and lame.
He paus - eth at our threshold—nay, He en - ters—con - de - scends to stay.

In accents hush'd the throng re - ply: «Je - sus of Naz - a - reth pass - eth by,»
A - gain the stir - ring notes re - ply: «Je - sus of Naz - a - reth pass - eth by,»
The blind re - joic'd to hear the cry: «Je - sus of Naz - a - reth pass - eth by,»
Shall we not glad - ly raise the cry—«Je - sus of Naz - a - reth pass - eth by?»

In accents hush'd the throng re - ply: «Je - sus of Naz - a - reth pass - eth by.»
A - gain the stir - ring notes re - ply: «Je - sus of Naz - a - reth pass - eth by.»
The blind re - joic'd to hear the cry: «Je - sus of Naz - a - reth pass - eth by.»
Shall we not glad - ly raise the cry—«Je - sus of Naz - a - reth pass - eth by?»

No. 174. Anywhere With Jesus.

JESSIE H. BROWN.

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D. B. TOWNER.

1. A-ny-where with Je-sus I can safe-ly go, A-ny-where He leads me in this world be-low; A-ny-where without Him, dearest joys would fade,
2. A-ny-where with Je-sus I am not a-lone, Oth-er friends may fail me, He is still my own; Tho' His hand may lead me o-ver drear-est ways,
3. A-ny-where with Je-sus I can go to sleep, When the dark'ning shadows round a-bout me creep; Know-ing I shall wak-en nev-er-more to roam,

CHORUS.

A-ny-where with Je-sus I am not a-fraid.
A-ny-where with Je-sus is a house of praise.
A-ny-where with Je-sus will be home, sweet home.
} A-ny-where! a-ny-where!

Fear I can not know, A-ny-where with Je-sus I can safe-ly go.

No. 175. Blessed be the Fountain.

COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O EXCELL.

W. A. O. WORDS AND MUSIC. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Bless-ed be the fountain of life to-day! Flowing free, flowing free;
2. Ma-ny have been cleans'd in that fount, of sin, Flowing free, flowing free;
3. Lin-ger not away from this fountain pure, Flowing free, flowing free,

Flowing free, flowing free, so free,

There the soul may wash all its guilt away, In that fountain of life, flowing free!
Many yet will come, and will wash therein, Blessed fountain of life, flowing free!
For the guilty soul 'tis a wondrous cure, Blessed fountain of life, flowing free!

CHORUS.

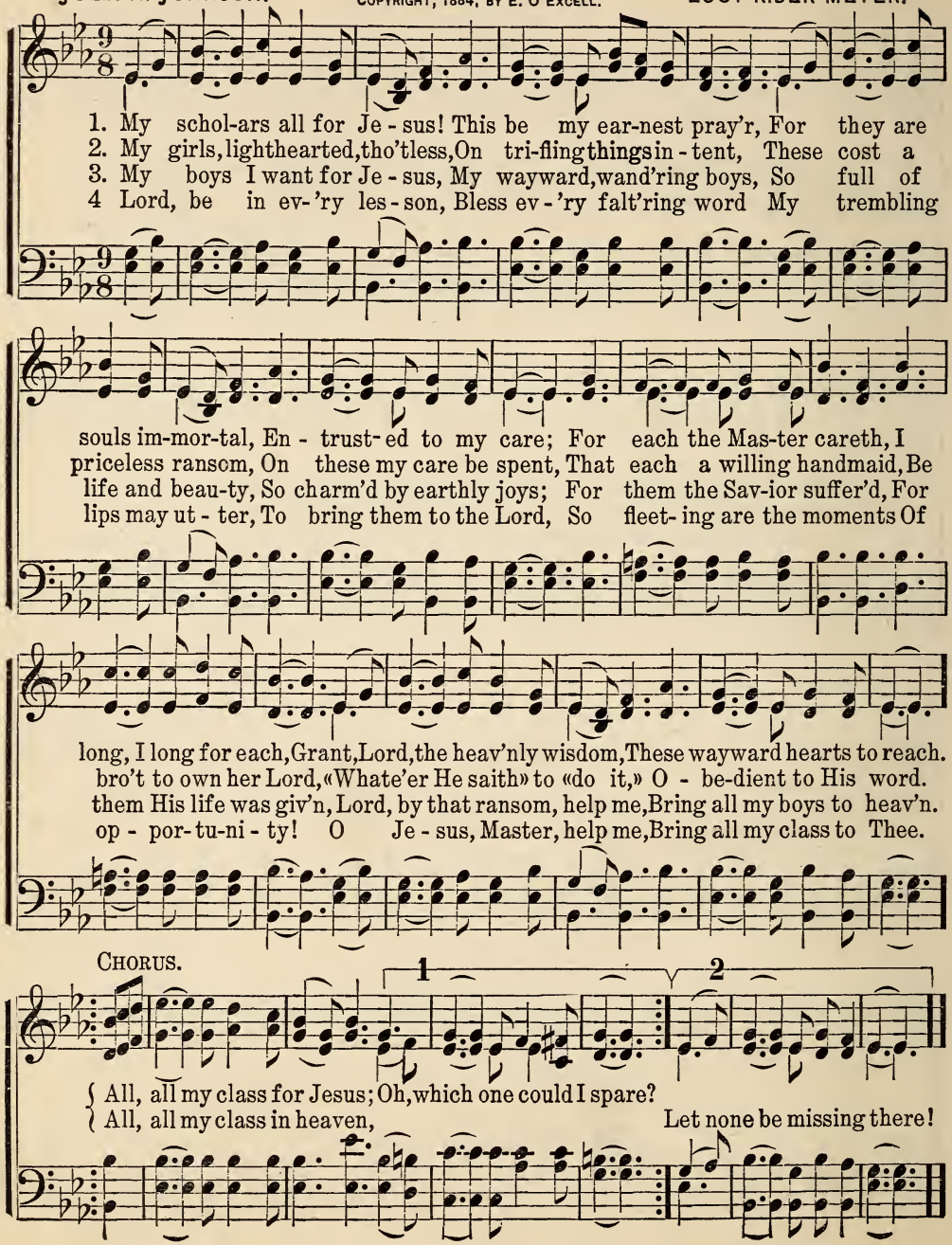
Oh!..... the bless-ed foun - tain of life! free - ly flow - ing;
Oh! the bless-ed fount, the bless-ed fount,

Rit. repeat ad lib.

To..... that blessed foun - tain I'll go, and I'll wash and be clean.
To that bless-ed fount, the fount of life, be clean.

No. 176. All My Class for Jesus.

JULIA H. JOHNSON. COPYRIGHT, 1884, BY E. O EXCELL. LUCY RIDER MEYER.



No. 177. Sunlight, Sunlight.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY WEEDEN & VAN DE VENTER.
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J. W. VAN DE VENTER. W. S. WEEDEN.

1. I wan-dered in the shades of night, Till Je-sus came to me, And with the
2. Tho' clouds may gather in the sky, And bil-lows round me roll, How-ev - er
3. While walk-ing in the light of God, I, sweet communion find; I press with
4. I cross the wide ex-tend-ed fields, I jour - ney o'er the plain, And in the
5. Soon I shall see Him as He is, The Light that came to me, Be - hold the

CHORUS.

sun-light of His love Bid all my dark-ness flee.
dark the world may be I've sun-light in my soul.
ho - ly vig - or on And leave the world be - hind.
sun-light of His love I reap the gold - en grain.
bright-ness of His face, Throughout e-ter - ni - ty.
} Sunlight, sun-light in my

soul to - day, Sunlight, sunlight all a-long the way, Since the Sav-ior
to-day, yes, nar-row way,

found me, took a-way my sin, I have had the sunlight of His love within.
load of sin,

No. 178. All for Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O. EXCELL.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON. E. O. EXCELL.

1. All, yes, all I give to Je - sus, It be - longs to Him;
2. All, yes, all I give to Je - sus, It be - longs to Him;
3. All, yes, all I give to Je - sus, It be - longs to Him;
4. All, yes, all I give to Je - sus, It be - longs to Him;

All my heart I give to Je - sus, It be - longs to Him;
All my voice I give to Je - sus, It be - longs to Him;
All my love I give to Je - sus, It be - longs to Him;
All my life I give to Je - sus, It be - longs to Him;

Ev - er-more to be His dwell-ing, Ev - er-more His prais- es swell-ing,
Plead-ing for the young and hoar - y, Tell - ing of His pow'r and glo - ry,
Lov - ing Him for love un- ceas - ing, For His mer - cy e'er in- creas-ing.
Hour by hour I'll live for Je - sus, Day by day I'll work for Je - sus,

Ev - er - more His good- ness tell - ing, It be - longs to Him;
Sing - ing o'er and o'er the sto - ry, It be - longs to Him;
For His watch-care nev - er ceas - ing, It be - longs to Him:
Ev - er - more I'll hon - or Je - sus, It be - longs to Him;

No. 179. Sometime, Somewhere.

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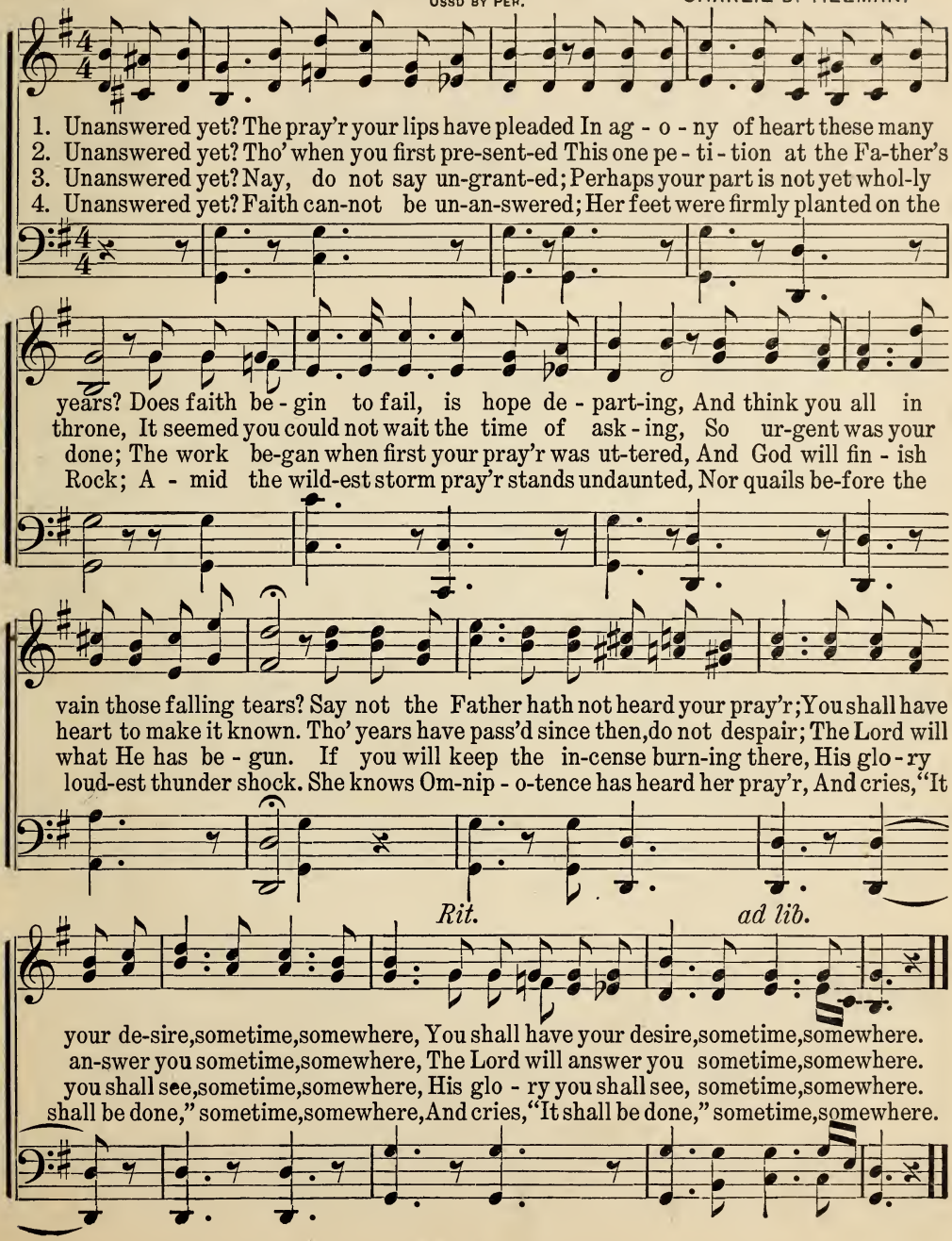


No. 180. God Be With You.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D. USED BY PER. OF J. E. RANKIN, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT. W. G. TOMER.

1. God be with you till we meet a-gain, By His counsels guide, up-hold you,
2. God be with you till we meet a-gain, 'Neath His wings se-cure-ly hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet a-gain, When life's per-ils thick confound you,
4. God be with you till we meet a-gain, Keep love's banner float-ing o'er you,

With His sheep se-cure-ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Dai-ly man-na still di-vide you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Put His arms un-fail-ing round you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.

CHORUS.

Till we meet,..... till we meet, Till we meet at Je-sus' feet.
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet,

Till we meet,..... till we meet, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet,

Favorite Hymns.

No. 181. O Worship the King.

Sir ROBERT GRANT. Introit. FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDN.

1. O wor-ship the King all glo-rious a-bove, And grate-ful-ly sing His won-der-ful love; Our Shield and De-fend-er, the An-cient of days, Pa-vil-ion'd in splen-dor, and gird-ed with praise.
2. O tell of His might, and sing of His grace, Whose robe is the light, whose can-o-py space; His char-iots of wrath the deep thun-der-clouds form, And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
3. Thy boun-ti-ful care, what tongue can re-cite? It breathes in the air, it shines in the light, It streams from the hills, it de-scends to the plain, And sweetly dis-tills in the dew and the rain.
4. Frail chil-dren of dust, and fee-ble as frail, In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail; Thy mer-cies, how ten-der! how firm to the end! Our Ma-ker, De-fend-er, Re-deem-er, and Friend.

No. 182. Holy, Holy, Holy.

REGINALD HEBER. Adoration. Rev. JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, Lord God Al-might-y! Ear-ly in the morn-ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, mer-ci-ful and might-y, God in Three Per-sons, blessed Trin-i-ty!
2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly! all the saints a-dore Thee, Cast-ing down their gold-en crowns a-round the glass-y sea; Cher-u-bim and sera-phim fall-ing down be-fore Thee, Which wert, and art, and ev-er-more shalt be.
3. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, Lord God Al-might-y! All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, mer-ci-ful and might-y, God in Three Per-sons, blessed Trin-i-ty!

No. 183. Closing Hymn.

JAMES EDMESTON. COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL. E. O. EXCELL.

1. Sav-ior, breathe an ev-'ning blessing, Ere re-pose our spir-its seal;
2. Tho' de-struc-tion walk a-round us, Tho' the ar-rows past us fly,
3. Tho' the night be dark and drear-y, Dark-ness can-not hide from Thee;
4. Should swift death this night o'er-take us, And our couch be-come our tomb,

No. 184. Abide With Me.

HENRY F. LYTE. Evening Hymn. WILLIAM HENRY MONK.

1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the ev - en - tide, The dark - ness
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
3. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the

deep - ens—Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers fail, and
dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in all a-
gloom and point me to the skies; Heav'ns morning breaks, and earth's vain

com-forts flee, Help of the help-less, O a - bide with me!
round I see; O Thou, who changest not, a - bide with me!
shad-ows flee; In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!

Closing Hymn.

No. 183. Concluded.

Sin and want we come con-fess-ing; Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.
An - gel guards from Thee surround us, We are safe if Thou art nigh.
Thou art He, who, nev - er wea - ry, Watchest where Thy peo - ple be.
May the morn in heav'n a-wake us. Clad in light, and death-less bloom.

No. 185. Come, Ye Disconsolate.

THOMAS MOORE. Invitation. SAMUEL WEBBE.

1. Come, ye dis - con - so - late, wher - e'er ye lan - guish; Come to the
2. Joy of the des - o - late, light of the stray - ing, Hope of the
3. Here see the bread of life; see wa - ters flow - ing Forth from the

mer - cy - seat, fer - vent - ly kneel; Here bring your wound - ed hearts,
pen - i - tent, fade - less and pure; Here speaks the Com - fort - er,
throne of God, pure from a - bove; Come to the feast of love;

here tell your an - guish; Earth has no sor - row that heav'n can - not heal.
ten - der - ly say - ing, «Earth has no sor - row that heav,n can - not cure.»
come, ev - er know - ing Earth has no sor - row but heav'n can re - move.

No. 186. From Every Stormy Wind.

H. STOWELL. The Mercy-seat. THOS. HASTINGS.

1. From ev - 'ry storm - y wind that blows, From ev - 'ry swell - ing tide of woes,
2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds The oil of glad - ness on our heads—
3. O let my hand for - get her skill, My tongue be si - lent, cold and still,

No. 187. Lead, Kindly Light.

JOHN H. NEWMAN. Submission. Rev. JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Lead, kindly Light, a-mid th'encircling gloom Lead Thou me on! The night is dark, and I am far from home! Lead Thou me on! Keep Thou my feet! I do not ask to see The dis - tant scene! one step e- nough for me.
2. I was not ev-er thus, nor pray'd that Thou Shouldst lead me on! I loved to choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on! I lov'd the gar - ish day, and, spite of fears, Pride rul'd my will. Remember not past years!
3. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone, And with the morn those an - gel fac - es smile Which I have lov'd long since, and lost a - while.

From Every Stormy Wind.

No. 186. Concluded.

There is a calm, a sure re-treat; 'Tis found be- neath the mer - cy - seat.
A place than all besides more sweet; It is the blood-bought mer - cy - seat.
This bounding heart for-get to beat, Ere I for - get the mer - cy - seat.

No. 188. Joy to the World.

Rev. ISAAC WATTS. Nativity. LOWELL MASON. Arr.

1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth re-ceive her King; Let ev - 'ry heart pre - pare Him room, And heav'n and na - ture sing And heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na - ture sing.

And heav'n and na - ture sing,

And heav'n and na-ture sing,

2 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make His blessing flow
Far as the curse is found.

3 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

No. 189. O For a Heart to Praise.

CHARLES WESLEY. Perfect Heart. NATHANIEL D. GOULD.

1. O for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free! A heart that al-
2. A heart resigned, submissive meek, My great Redeemer's throne; Where only Christ
3. O for a low - ly, contrite heart, Be-liev-ing, true, and clean, Which neither life
4. A heart in ev - 'ry tho't renewed, And full of love di - vine; Perfect, and right

No. 190. All Hail the Power.

EDWARD PERRONET. **Crown Him Lord.** OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros-trate fall;
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.

2 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

O For a Heart to Praise.

No. 189. Concluded.

ways feels Thy blood, A heart that always feels Thy blood, So free - ly spilt for me.
is heard to speak, Where only Christ is heard to speak, Where Jesus reigns alone.
nor death can part, Which neither life nor death can part, From Him that dwells within.
and pure and good, Perfect, and right, and pure, and good, A cop - y, Lord, of Thine.

No. 191. Hail, Thou Once Despised.

JOHN BAKEWELL. Jesus, Hail!

1. Hail, Thou once de - spis - ed Je - sus! Hail, Thou Gal - i - le - an King!

Thou didst suf - fer to re - lease us; Thou didst free sal - va - tion bring.

D. S.—*By Thy mer - its we find fa - vor; Life is giv - en thro' Thy name.*

Hail, Thou ag - o - niz - ing Sav - ior, Bear - er of our sin and shame!

FINE. D. S.

2 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There forever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father,s side:
There for sinners Thou art pleading,
There Thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

3 Worship, honor, power and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Savior's merits;
Help to chant Immanuel's praise!

No. 192. Sun of My Soul.

JOHN KEBLE. Worship. PETER RITTER.

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - ior dear, It is not night if Thou be near:
2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wea-ried eye - lids gen - tly steep,
3. A-bide with me from morn till eve, For with-out Thee I can - not live;

No. 193. Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken.

HENRY F. LYTE. **Submission.** MOZART.

1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave and fol - low Thee;

Na - ked, poor, de-spised, for - sak - en, Thou from hence my all shalt be;

D. S.—*Yet how rich is my con - di - tion, God and heav'n are still my own.*

Per - ish ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, and hop'd and known.

2 Let the world despise, forsake me,
They have left my Savior, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me,
Thou art not, like man, untrue;
And, while Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me,
Show Thy face and all is bright.

3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come, disaster, scorn and pain!
In Thy service, pain is pleasure;
With Thy favor, loss is gain:
I have called Thee, «Abba, Father,»
I have stayed my heart on Thee;
Storms may howl and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

Sun of My Soul.

No. 192. Concluded.

O may no earthborn cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy serv-ant's eyes.
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest For - ev - er on my Sav - ior's breast.
A - bide with me when night is nigh, For without Thee I dare not die.

No. 194. Love Divine.

CHARLES WESLEY. Invocation. JOHN ZUNDEL

1. Love di - vine, all love ex - cel - ling, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down!

Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell-ing, All Thy faith-ful mer - cies crown.

D. S.–*Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev - 'ry tremb-ling heart.*

Je - sus, Thou art all com - pas - sion, Pure, un-bound-ed love Thou art;

FINE. D. S.

2 Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spirit,
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find that second rest.
Take away our bent to sinning,
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave;
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
Pray and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love.

No. 195. In His Holy Temple.

(*To be sung before Prayer.*) E. O. E.

The Lord is in His ho - ly tem - ple, Let

No. 196. Jerusalem, the Golden.

J. M. NEALE. Heaven. A. EWING.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest! Beneath thy con-tem- pla - tion Sink heart and voice oppress'd: I know not, oh, I know not, What so- cial joys are there, What radiancy of glo - ry, What light beyond compare.

2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng;
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David:
And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast:
And they who, with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
Forever and forever
Are clad in robes of white.

In His Holy Temple.

No. 195. Concluded.

p *pp*

all the earth keep si - lence, keep si - lence be - fore Him.

No. 197. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Prayer and Praise.

Mrs. SARAH F. ADAMS. USED BY PERMISSION OF OLIVER DITSON CO. LOWELL MASON.

f.

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee! Near - er to Thee, E'en tho' it be a cross

D. S.—*Near - er, my God, to Thee,*

FINE. D. S.

That rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God to Thee.

Near - er to Thee.

2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
||:Nearer, my God, to Thee,:||
Nearer to Thee!

3 There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
||:Nearer, my God, to Thee,:||
Nearer to Thee!

4 Or if, on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
||:Nearer, my God, to Thee,:||
Nearer to Thee!

No. 198. A Charge to Keep.

CHARLS WESLEY. **Watchfulness.** LOWELL MASON.

1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy;
2. To serve the pres - ent age, My call - ing to ful - fill—
3. Arm me with jeal - ous care, As in Thy sight to live;
4. Help me to watch and pray, And on Thy - self re - ly,

No. 199. Fade, Fade, Each Earthly Joy.

Jesus is Mine.

USED BY PERMISSION.

T. E. PERKINS.

1. Fade, fade, each earth-ly joy, Je-sus is mine! Break ev-'ry ten-der tie,
D. S.—*Je-sus a-lone can bless,*

FINE. D.S.

Je-sus is mine! Dark is the wil-der-ness, Earth has no rest-ing place,
Je-sus is mine!

2 Tempt not my soul away,
Jesus is mine!
Here would I ever stay,
Jesus is mine!
Perishing things of clay,
Born but for one brief day,
Pass from my heart away,
Jesus is mine!

3 Farewell, ye dreams of night,
Jesus is mine!
Lost in this dawning light,
Jesus is mine!
All that my soul has tried,
Left but a dismal void,
Jesus has satisfied,
Jesus is mine!

4 Farewell, mortality,
Jesus is mine!
Welcome, eternity,
Jesus is mine!
Welcome, O loved and blest,
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest,
Welcome, my Savior's breast,
Jesus is mine!

A Charge to Keep.

No. 198. Concluded.

A nev-er-dy-ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky.
O may it all my pow'rs en-gage, To do my Mas-ter's will.
And O, Thy serv-ant, Lord, pre-pare, A strict ac-count to give.
As-sur'd, if I my trust be-tray, I shall for-ev-er die.

No. 200. Guide Me.

W. WILLIAMS. Guidance. THOMAS HASTINGS.

1. { Guide me, O Thou great Je-ho-vah, Pilgrim thro' this bar-ren land;
I am weak, but Thou art might-y, Hold me with Thy pow'rful hand. } Bread of heav-en, Feed me till I want no more; Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey thro':
Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still my strength and shield,
Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me thro' the swelling current;
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee,
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

No. 201. Blest Be the Tie.

JOHN FAWCET. Mutual Love. HANS GEORGE NAEGELI.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love; The
2. Be-fore our Fa-ther's throne We pour our ar-dent pray'rs; Our
3. We share our mu-tual woes, Our mu-tual bur-dens bear; And
4. When we a-sun-der part, It gives us in-ward pain; But

No. 202. My Jesus, I Love Thee.

LONDON HYMN BOOK. **Love for Christ.** A. J. GORDON.

1. { My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine, / For Thee all the fol - lies of sin I re - sign! } My gracious Re - deem - er,

My Sav - ior art Thou, If ev - er I lov'd Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.

2 I love Thee, because Thou
Hast first loved me,
And purchased my pardon
On Calvary's tree;
I love Thee for wearing
The thorns on Thy brow;
If ever I loved Thee,
My Jesus, 'tis now.

3 In mansions of glory
And endless delight,
I'll ever adore Thee
In heaven so bright;
I'll sing with the glittering
Crown on my brow;
If ever I loved Thee,
My Jesus, 'tis now.

Blest Be the Tie.

No. 201. Concluded.

fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares.
oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
we shall still be join'd in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

No. 203. Come, Thou Almighty King.

CHARLES WESLEY. **Invocation.** FELICE GIARDINI.

1. Come, Thou Al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise;
{ Fa - ther all glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, } Come, and reign o - ver us, An-cient of days!

2 Come, Thou incarnate Word,
Gird on Thy mighty sword,
Our prayer attend;
Come, and Thy people bless,
And give Thy word success;
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend!

3 Come, Holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour;
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.

4 To Thee, great One in Three,
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore:
Thy sovereign majesty,
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

No. 204. Children of the Heavenly King.

WILLIAM HAMMOND. **Worship.** IGNACE PLEYEL.

1. Chil-dren of the heav'n-ly King, As we jour - ney let us sing;
2. We are trav - 'ling home to God, In the way our fa - thers trod;
3. O ye ban - ished seed, be glad, Christ our Ad - vo - cate is made:
4. Lift your eyes, ye sons of light, Zi - on's cit - y is in sight;

No. 205. My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

RAY PALMER. Prayer. LOWELL MASON.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - ior di - vine:
Now hear me while I pray, Take all my guilt a-way, O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine.

2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee,
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Savior, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove,
O bear me safe above,—
A ransomed soul.

Ghildren of the Heavenly King.

No. 204. Goncluded.

Sing our Sav - ior's worth-y praise, Glo - rious in His works and ways.
They are hap - py now, and we Soon their hap - pi - ness shall see.
Us to save our flesh as - sumes, Broth - er to our souls be - comes.
There our end - less home shall be, There our Lord we soon shall see.

No. 206. Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

Holy Spirit. M. M. WELLS.

FINE.

1. { Ho - ly Spir - it, faith-ful Guide, Ev - er near the christian's side, }
{ Gen - tly lead us by the hand, Pil-grims in a des - ert land. }

D. C.–*Whisp'ring soft- ly, «Wand'rer, come, Fol- low me, I'll guide thee home.»*

D. C.

Wea - ry souls for - e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweet-est voice,

2 Ever present, truest Friend,
Ever near Thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear;
Groping on in darkness drear.
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint and hopes give o'er,
Whisper softly, «Wanderer, come,
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.»

3 When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Wondering if our names are there;
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading naught but Jesus' blood;
Whisper softly, «Wanderer, come,
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.»

No. 207. Jesus, Where'er Thy People.

WILLIAM COWPER. Worship. LOWELL MASON.

1. Je - sus, where'er Thy peo - ple meet, There they be - hold Thy mer - cy - seat;
2. For Thou, with-in no walls con-fin'd, Dost dwell with those of hum- ble mind;
3. Great Shepherd of Thy chos - en few, Thy for - mer mer-cies here re - new;
4. Here may we prove the pow'r of pray'r To strengthen faith and sweeten care;

No. 208. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

CHARLES WESLEY. **Refuge.** S. B. MARSH.

FINE.

1. { Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, }
{ While the near-er wa - ters roll, While the tem-pest still is high. }

D. C.–*Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, re-ceive my soul at last.*

D. C.

Hide me, O my Sav - ior hide, Till the storm of life is past;

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, oh, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name;
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

Jesus, Where'er Thy People.

No. 207. Concluded.

Wher-e'er they seek Thee, Thou art found, And ev - 'ry place is hal - low'd ground.
Such ev - er bring Thee where they come, And, go - ing, take Thee to their home.
Here to our wait-ing hearts proclaim The sweetness of Thy sav - ing name.
To teach our faint de - sires to rise, And bring all heav'n be - fore our eyes.

No. 209. Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

EDWARD HOPPER. Guidance. J. E. GOULD.

FINE.

1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tem-pest-uous sea;
D. C.—*Chart and com-pass came from Thee; Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.*

D. C.

Un-known waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rocks and treach'rous shoal;

2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves obey Thy will
When Thou say'st to them, «Be still!»
Chart and compass came from Thee;
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar,
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
«Fear not, I will pilot thee.»

No. 210. In the Gross.

JOHN BOWRING. The Gross. ITHMAR CONKEY.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow-'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de-ceive, and fears an - noy,
3. When the sun of bliss is beam-ing Light and love up - on my way,
4. Bane and blessing, pain and pleas-ure, By the cross are sanc - ti - fied;

No. 211. Rock of Ages.

A. M. TOPLADY. Repentance. THOS. HASTINGS.

FINE.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee:
D. C.—*Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.*

D. C.

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound - ed side which flow'd.

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

In the Cross.

No. 210. Concluded.

All the light of sa - cred sto-ry Gath - ers round its head sub - lime.
Nev - er shall the cross for-sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
From the cross the ra - diance streaming Adds more lus - ter to the day.
Peace is there that knows no meas-ure, Joys that thro' all time a - bide.

No. 212. O Day of Rest.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH. **Sabbath.** Arr. by LOWELL MASON.

1. { O day of rest and gladness, O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness, Most beautiful, most bright. } On thee, the high and lowly,

Thro' a - ges join'd in tune, Sing «Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,» To the great God Triune.

2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth,
On thee, our Lord, victorious,
The Spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on thee, most glorious,
A triple light was given.

3 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest;
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father, and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To Thee, blest Three in One.

No. 213. Jesus, the Very Thought.

Tr. by E. CASWALL. **Jesus.** GEORGE KINGSLEY.

1. Je - sus, the ver - y thought of Thee With sweetness fills the breast;
2. No voice can sing, no heart can frame, Nor can the mem - 'ry find
3. O Hope of ev - 'ry con-trite heart, O Joy of all the meek,
4. Je - sus, our on - ly joy be Thou, As Thou our prize wilt be;

No. 214. The Morning Light.

SAMUEL SMITH. Missions. GEO. WEBB.

1. The morning light is break-ing, The darkness dis - ap-pears, The sons of earth are wak - ing, To pen - i - ten-tial tears;
D. S.—*na-tions in com-mo- tion, Pre-par'd for Zi-on's war.*

D. S.

Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings ti-dings from a - far, Of

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God of love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel's call obey,
And seek a Savior's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay.
Stay not till all the lowly,
Triumphant, reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, «The Lord is come.»

Jesus, the Very Thought.

No. 213. Concluded.

But sweet-er far Thy face to see, And in Thy pres - ence rest.
A sweet-er sound than Je - sus' name, The Sav - ior of man - kind.
To those who ask, how kind Thou art! How good to those who seek!
In Thee be all our glo - ry now, And thro' e - ter - ni - ty.

No. 215. God Of Our Fathers,

RUDYARD KIPLING. **Recessional.** ISAAC B. WOODBURY.

1. God of our fa-thers known of old, Lord of our far flung bat-tle line,
Beneath whose aw-ful hand we hold Do-min-ion o-ver palm and pine.

Lord God of Hosts be with us yet, Lest we for-get, lest we for-get.

2 The tumult and the shouting dies,
The captains and the kings depart.
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice
An humble and a contrite heart,
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

3 Far called our navies melt away,
On dune and headland sinks the fire,
To all our pomp of yesterday;
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre,
Judge of the nations spare us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

No. 216. Jesus Shall Reign.

ISAAC WATTS. **His Kingdom.** JOHN HATTON.

1. Je-sus shall reign wher-e'er the sun Does his suc-ces-sive jour-neys run;
2. From north to south the princ-es meet, To pay their hom-age at His feet;
3. To Him shall end-less pray'r be made, And end-less prais-es crown His head;
4. Peo-ple and realms of ev-'ry tongue Dwell on His love with sweetest song,

No. 217. Faith of Our Fathers.

FREDERICK W. FABER. Faith. Ad. by J. G. WALTON.

1. { Faith of our fa-thers! liv-ing still In spite of dungeon, fire, and sword:
O how our hearts beat high with joy Whene'er we hear that glo-

rious word: Faith of our fa-thers! ho-ly faith! We will be true to Thee till death!

2 Our fathers, chained in prisons dark,
Were still in heart and conscience free;
How sweet would be their children's fate,
If they, like them, could die for Thee!
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to Thee till death!

3 Faith of our fathers! we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife:
And preach Thee, too, as love knows how,
By kindly words and virtuous life:
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to Thee till death!

Jesus Shall Reign,

No. 216. Concluded.

His kingdom spread from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
While western em-pires own their Lord, And sav-age tribes at-tend His word.
His name like sweet per-fume shall rise With ev-'ry morn-ing sac-ri-fice.
And in-fant voic-es shall pro-claim Their ear-ly bless-ings on His name.

Am I a Soldier?

ISAAC WATTS. THOMAS ARNE.

1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A fol-l'wer of the Lamb,

And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?

No. 218. Activity.

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

No. 219. Our Helper.

1 We may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down;
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For Him no depths can drown.

2 But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He;
And faith has yet its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

3 The healing of the seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch Him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

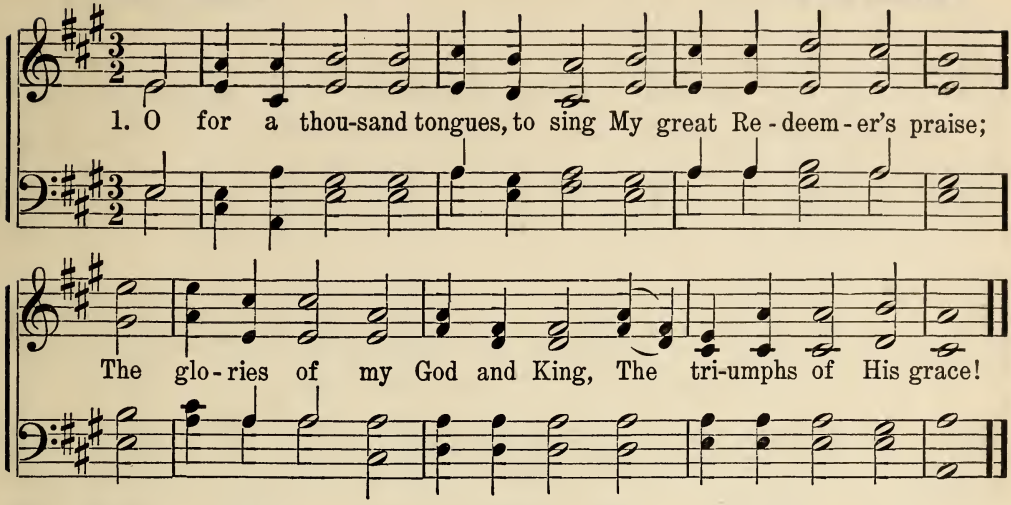
No. 220. Walk in the Light.

BERNARD BARTON. Fellowship. HAYDN.

1. Walk in the light! so shalt thou know That fel - low-ship of love,
2. Walk in the light! and thou shalt find Thy heart made tru - ly His,
3. Walk in the light! and thou shalt own Thy dark-ness passed a - way,
4. Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb No fear - ful shade shall wear;

O For a Thousand Tongues.

CHARLES WESLEY. CARL GLASER.



No. 221. Praise.

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of Thy name.

3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease:
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me.

No. 222. Refining.

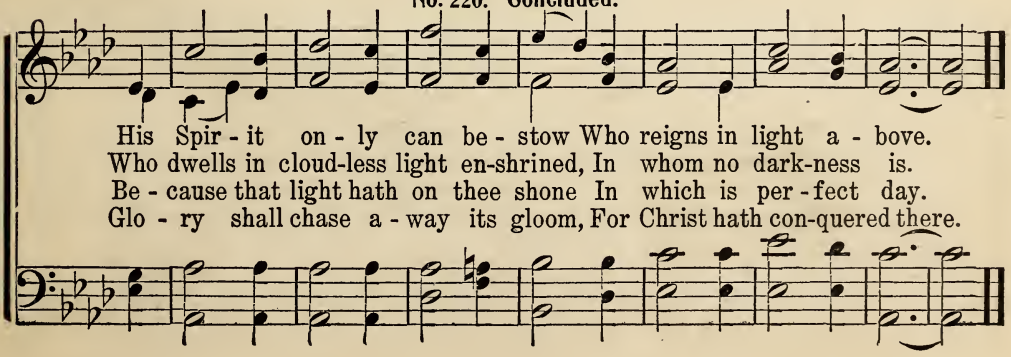
1 Jesus, Thine all-victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad:
Then shall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fixed in God.

2 O that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow,
Burn up the dross of base desire
And make the mountains flow!

3 O that it now from heaven might fall,
And all my sins consume!
Come, Holy Ghost for Thee I call;
Spirit of burning, come.

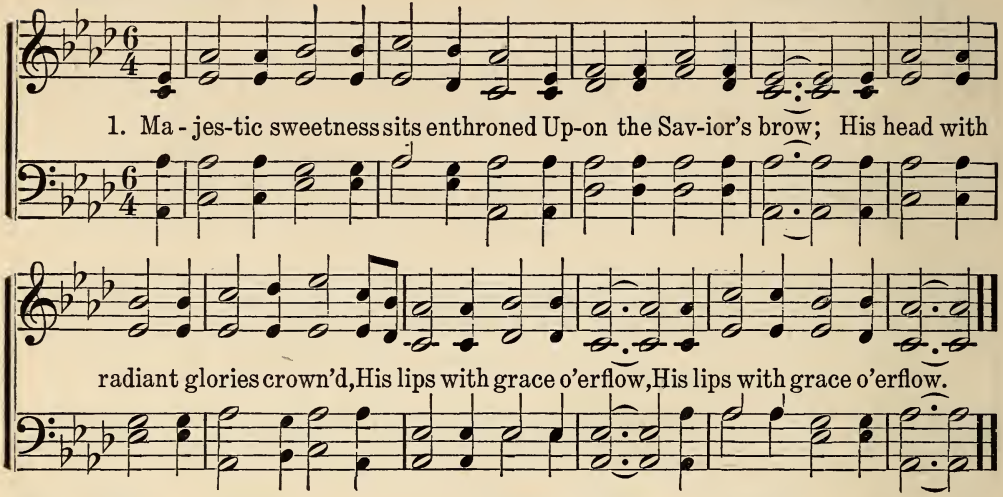
Walk in the Light.

No. 220. Concluded.



Majestic Sweetness.

SAMUEL STENNETT. THOMAS HASTINGS.



No. 223. Christ.

2 No mortal can with Him compare,
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is He than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.

3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
He flew to my relief;
For me He bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

4 Since from His bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be Thine.

No. 224. Invitation.

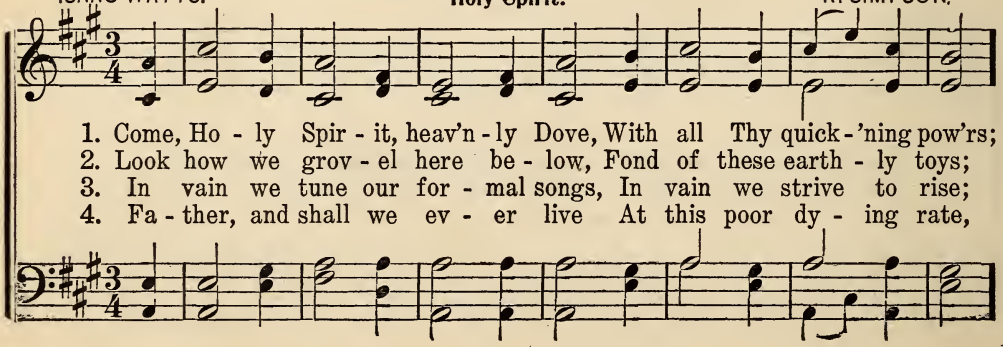
1 Come, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve,
Come, with your guilt and fear oppress'd,
And make this last resolve:—

2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sins
Like mountains round me close;
I know His courts I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3 Prostrate I'll lie before His throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell Him, I'm a wretch undone
Without His sovereign grace.

No. 225. Come, Holy Spirit.

ISAAC WATTS. Holy Spirit. R. SIMPSON.



Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed?

ISAAC WATTS. HUGH WILSON.

1. A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed? And did my Sov-'reign die?
Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?

No. 226. **Godly Sorrow.**

2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut His glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died,
For man, the creature's sin.

4 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
'Tis all that I can do.

No. 227. **Purification.**

1 Forever here my rest shall be,
Close to Thy bleeding side;
This all my hope, and all my plea,
«For me the Savior died.»

2 Wash me, and make me thus thine own,
Wash me, and mine Thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.

3 The atonement of Thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

Come, Holy Spirit.

No. 225. Concluded.

Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.
Our souls, how heav - i - ly they go, To reach e - ter - nal joys.
Ho - san - nas lan - guish on our tongues, And our de - vo - tion dies.
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee, And thine to us so great?

No. 228. Just as I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. Repentance. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind; Sight, riches, heal-ing of the mind,

And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Yea, all I need, in Thee I find, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

5 Just as I am—Thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down;
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

No. 229. There's a Wideness.

FREDERICK W. FABER. God's mercy. LIZZIE S. TOURJEE.

1. There's a wide-ness in God's mer-cy, Like the wide-ness of the sea,
2. There is wel-come for the sin-ner, And more grac-es for the good;
3. For the love of God is broad-er Than the meas-ure of man's mind;
4. If our love were but more sim-ple, We should take Him at His word;

No. 230. The Cross, the Cross.

Consecration.

ISAAC WATTS. COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL. E. O. EXCELL.

1. When I sur - vey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of Glo - ry died,
2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God;

CHO.—*The cross, the cross by faith I see, With-in its shad - ow I will hide;*

My rich - est gain I count but loss, And pour con - tempt on all my pride.
All the vain things that charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.
The blood, the blood a - vails for me, For me the Prince of Glo - ry died.

3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

There's a Wideness.

No. 229. Concluded.

There's a kind - ness in His jus - tice, Which is more than lib - er - ty.
There is mer - cy with the Sav - ior, There is heal - ing in His blood.
And the heart of the E - ter - nal, Is most won - der - ful - ly kind.
And our lives would be all sun - shine In the sweet - ness of our Lord.

No. 231. My Happy Home.

[*For hymn see No. 235.*]
ANON.

COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O. EXCELL.

E. O. EXCELL.

1 2

Amazing grace, how sweet the sound, That sav'd a wretch like me,
I once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.

CHORUS.

1

I will meet you in the cit - y of the New Je- ru - sa-lem, I am wash'd in the

2

blood of the Lamb,..... I am wash'd in the blood of the Lamb.
in the blood of the Lamb,

No. 232. O Thou in Whose Presence.

JOSEPH SWAIN. **Prayer and Praise.** FREEMAN LEWIS.

1. O Thou, in whose presence my soul takes delight, On whom in af- flic-tion I call,
2. O why should I wan- der an a-lien from Thee, Or cry in the des-ert for bread?
3. He looks! and ten thousands of an-gels re-joice, And my- ri- ads wait for His word;
4. Dear Shepherd, I hear, and will follow Thy call; I know the sweet sound of Thy voice;

No. 233. At the Cross.

[*For hymn see No. 226.*]

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USED BY PERMISSION.

R. E. HUDSON.

1 2

Alas! and did my Savior bleed, And did my Sov'reign die,
Would He devote that sa- cred head For such a worm as I?

CHORUS.

At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the burden of my heart roll'd a-
way, It was there by faith I received my sight, And now I am happy all the day.
roll'd away,

O Thou in Whose Presence.

No. 232. Concluded.

My com-fort by day, and my song in the night, My hope, my sal - va-tion, my all!
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see, And smile at the tears I have shed.
He speaks! and e-ter - ni - ty, fill'd with His voice, Re - ech - oes the praise of the Lord.
Re-store and de-fend me, for Thou art my all, And in Thee I will ev - er re-joice.

No. 234. Glorious Fountain.

Cleansing.

[*For Hymn, see No. 237.*] USED BY PERMISSION. T. C. O'KANE.

1. There is a foun-tain fill'd with blood, fill'd with blood, fill'd with blood, There
And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, beneath that flood, beneath that flood, And

CHORUS.

is a fountain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains. } O glo-ri-ous

foun-tain! Here will I stay, And in Thee ev- er wash my sins a - way.

No. 235. Amazing Grace.

JOHN NEWTON. Grace. E. O. E. Arr.

1. A - maz - ing grace! how sweet the sound, That sav'd a wretch like me!
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re - liev'd;
3. Thro' ma - ny dan-gers, toils, and snares, I have al - read - y come;
4. The Lord has prom-is'd good to me, His word my hope se - cures;

No. 236. Wash Me in the Blood.

Cleansing.

[*For Hymn, see No. 237.*]

E. O. EXCELL.

1. { There is a foun - tain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Im - man-uel's veins, }
{ And sin - ners, plung'd be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains. }

CHORUS.

Sav-ior, wash..... me in the blood, Sav-ior, wash..... me in the blood, O, And I shall be whit- er than the snow.

Sav-ior, wash me in the blood, in the blood, the blood of the Lamb, Savior, wash me in the blood, in the blood, the blood of the Lamb, O,

Amazing Grace.

No. 235. Concluded.

I once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.
How pre - cious did that grace ap- pear The hour I first be - liev'd.
'Tis grace hath bro't me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
He will my shield and por - tion be As long as life en - dures.

No. 237. There is a Fountain.

COWPER. Cleansing. E. O. E. Arr.

1. There is a foun-tain fill'd with blood Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins,
And sin-ners plung'd be-neath that flood
D. C.—*And sin-ners plung'd be-neath that flood*

FINE. D. C.

Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains.
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.

3 Thou dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

No. 238. We're Kneeling at the Mercy-Seat.

[*For Hymn, see No. 222.*] Mercy-Seat. E. O. E. Arr.

1. Je-sus, Thine all-vic-tor-ious love, Je-sus, Thine all-vic-tor-ious love,
CHO.—1. *We're kneeling at the mer-cy-seat, We're kneeling at the mer-cy-seat,*
CHO.—2. *I can, I will, I do be-lieve, I can, I will, I do be-lieve,*

No. 239. Arise, My Soul, Arise.

CHARLES WESLEY. Confidence. LEWIS EDSON.

1. A - rise, my soul, a - rise; Shake off thy guilt-y fears; The bleeding Sac - ri - fice In my be - half ap - pears: Be - fore the throne my Sure - ty stands, My name is writ - ten on His hands, My name is writ-ten on His hands.

2 Five bleeding wounds He bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual pray'rs,
They strongly plead for me:
«Forgive him, O forgive,» they cry,
«Nor let that ransomed sinner die.»

3 My God is reconciled;
His pardoning voice I hear:
He owns me for His child;
I can no longer fear:
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And «Father, Abba, Father, cry.»

We're Kneeling at the Mercy-Seat.

No. 238. Concluded.

D. C. for Chorus.

Je - sus, Thine all vic - tor- ious love, Shed in our hearts a - broad;
We're kneel-ing at the mer- cy - seat, Where Je-sus an-swers pray'r.
I can, I will, I do be - lieve That Je-sus saves me now.

No. 240. How Firm a Foundation.

GEORGE KEITH. Faith. Unknown.

1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His
2. «Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis-may'd, For I am thy God, I will

excellent word! What more can He say, than to you He hath said, To you, who for
still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Upheld by my

ref-uge to Je - sus have fled? To you who for ref - uge to Je - sus have fled.
gracious, om-nip - o-tent hand, Up-held by my gra-cious, om-nip - o-tent hand.

3 «When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee thy trials to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4 «When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply.
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.»

No. 241. Rock of Ages.

[*For hymn see No. 211.*]

Arr. by E. O. E.

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly;
CHO.—*Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Rock of A - ges cleft for me,*

No. 242. I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.

L. H. Gleansing. Rev. L. HARTSOUGH.

1. I hear Thy welcome voice, That calls me, Lord, to Thee; For cleansing in Thy
2. Tho' coming weak and vile, Thou dost my strength assure; Thou dost my vileness

CHORUS.

pre-cious blood, That flow'd on Cal-va-ry. } I am com-ing, Lord! Com-ing
ful-ly cleanse, Till spotless all and pure. }

now to Thee! Wash me, cleanse me in the blood That flow'd on Cal-va-ry!

3 'Tis Jesus calls me on
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust,
For earth and heaven above.

4 All hail! atoning blood!
All hail! redeeming grace!
All hail! the gift of Christ, our Lord,
Our strength and righteousness.

Rock of Ages.

No. 241. Concluded.

While the near-er wa-ters roll, While the tem-pest still is high.
Rock of A-ges cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee.

No. 243. Only Trust Him.

J. H. S. Invitation. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's mer-cy with the Lord,
2. For Je - sus shed His pre - cious blood, Rich bless-ings to be - stow;

And He will sure - ly give you rest By trust - ing in His word.
Plunge now in - to the crim - son flood That wash - es white as snow.

CHORUS.

On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, On - ly trust Him now;
He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.

3 Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way,
That leads you into rest;
Believe in Him without delay,
And you are fully blest.

4 Come, then, and join this holy band,
And on to glory go,
To dwell in that celestial land,
Where joys immortal flow.

No. 244. I Do Believe.

[*For hymn see No. 224.*] Confidence. Arr. by E. O. E.

1. Come, hum-ble sin - ner in whose breast A thous-and tho'ts re - volve;
CHO.—*I do be - lieve, I now be - lieve That Je - sus died for me;*

No. 245. All to Christ I Owe.

Mrs. E. M. HALL. Atonement. JOHN T. GRAPE.

1. I hear the Sav - ior say, «Thy strength in-deed is small; Child of weak-ness, watch and pray, Find in me thine all in all.»
2. Lord, now in-deed I find Thy pow'r and Thine a - lone, Can change the lep - er's spot, And melt the heart of stone.

CHORUS.

Je - sus paid it all, All to Him I owe, Sin had left a crimson stain, He washed it white as snow.

3 For nothing good have I
Whereby Thy grace to claim—
I'll wash my garments white
In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb

4 And when before the throne
I stand in Him complete,
I'll lay my trophies down,
All down at Jesus' feet.

I Do Believe.

No. 244. Concluded.

D. C. for Cho.

Come with your fear and guilt oppress'd, And make this last re - solve.
And thro' His blood, His pre-cious blood, I am from sin set free.

No. 246. My Body, Soul and Spirit.

MARY D. JAMES. Consecration. Mrs. JOS F. KNAPP.

1. { My bod - y, soul and spir - it, Je - sus, I give to Thee,
   { A con- se- crat-ed off'ring, Thine ev - er- more to be.

2. { O Je - sus, mighty Sav- ior, I trust in Thy great name,
   { I look for Thy sal - va - tion, Thy promise now I claim.

CHORUS.

My all is on the Al - tar, I'm wait - ing for the fire;

Rit.

Wait - ing, wait - ing, wait - ing, I'm wait - ing for the fire.

3 O let the fire, descending
Just now upon my soul,
Consume my humble offering,
And cleanse and make me whole.

4 I am Thine, O blessed Jesus,
Washed by Thy cleansing blood,
Now seal me by Thy Spirit
A sacrifice to God.

No. 247. None but the Righteous.

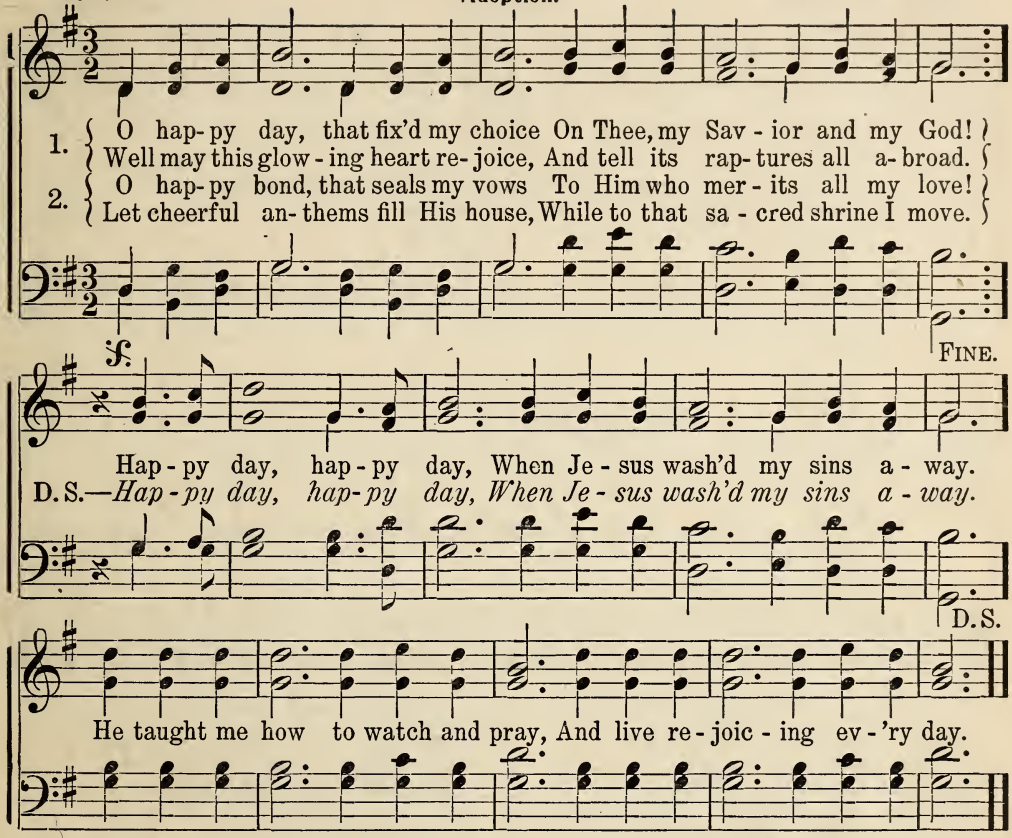
[*For Hymn, See No. 228.*] The Righteous. Arr. by E. O. E.

{ Just as I am, with-out one plea, None but the righteous shall be sav'd.
{ But that Thy blood was shed for me, None but the righteous shall be sav'd.

No 248.

O Happy Day.

Adoption. PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

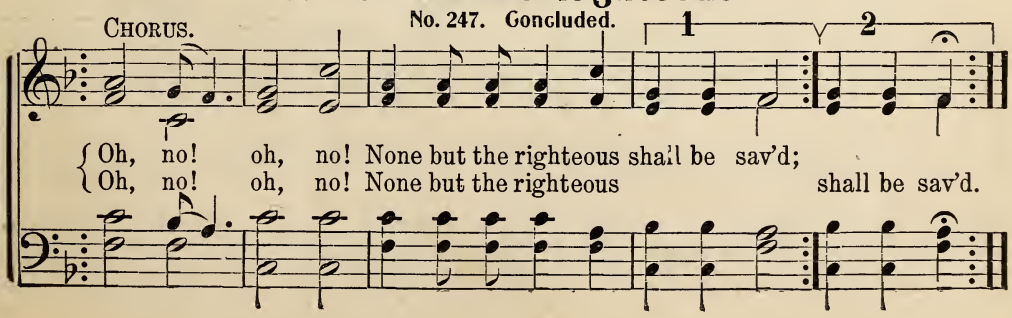


3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart.
With him of every good possessed.

None but the Righteous.

No. 247. Concluded.



No. 249. Jesus, My All.

JOHN CENNICK. Justification. Rev. GEORGE COLES.

1. { Je-sus, my all, to heav'n is gone, He whom I fixed my hopes upon; His track I see, and I'll pur-sue The narrow way till

D. C.—*The kings's highway of holiness; I'll go, for all His*

FINE. D. C.

Him I view. The way the holy prophets went, The road that leads from banishment.

paths are peace.

2 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
My grief a burden long has been,
Because I was not saved from sin.
The more I strove against its power,
I felt its weight and guilt the more;
Till late I heard my Savior say,
«Come hither, soul, I am the way.»

3 Lo! glad I come; and Thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to Thee, as I am;
Nothing but sin have I to give,
Nothing but love shall I receive.
Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Savior I have found;
I'll point to Thy redeeming blood,
And say, «Behold the way to God.»

No. 250. At the Fountain.

(*For Hymn, see No. 249.*)

Salvation. E. O. E. Arr.

1. { Je-sus my all to heav'n is gone, I'm at the fountain drinking; He whom I fix my hopes up-on, I'm on my journey home. }

I Thirst, Thou Wounded Lamb.

N. L. ZINZENDORF. L. O. EMERSON.

1. I thirst, Thou wounded Lamb of God, To wash me in Thy cleansing blood;

To dwell with-in Thy wound; then pain is sweet, and life or death is gain.

No. 251. Thirsting.

2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
Forever closed to all but Thee;
Seal Thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love forever there.

3 How blest are they who still abide
Close sheltered in Thy bleeding side!
Who thence their life and strength derive,
And by Thee move, and in Thee live.

4 How can it be, Thou heavenly King,
That Thou shouldst us to glory bring?
Make slaves the partners of Thy throne,
Decked with a never-fading crown?

No. 252. Consecration.

1 Lord, I am Thine, entirely Thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine;
With full consent Thine I would be,
And own Thy sovereign right in me.

2 Thine would I live, Thine would I die,
Be Thine through all eternity;
The vow is past beyond repeal,
And now I set the solemn seal.

3 Here, at that cross where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God,
Thee, my new Master, now I call,
And consecrate to Thee my all.

At the Fountain.

No. 250. Concluded.

CHORUS.

1 2

{ Glo - ry to God, I'm at the foun-tain drink-ing,
{ Glo - ry to God, I'm on my jour-ney home. }

No. 253. Come, Ye Sinners.

JOSEPH HART. **Invitation.** JACQUES ROUSSEAU.

FINE.

1. { Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need-y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love and pow'r. }

D. C.—*He is a - ble, He is a - ble, He is will-ing, doubt no more.*

D. C.

He is a - ble, He is a - ble, He is will - ing, doubt no more.

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him:
This He gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's glimmering beam.

No. 254. I Love Thy Kingdom.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT. **Love for Zion.** J. C. WOODMAN.

1. I love Thy king - dom, Lord, The house of Thine a - bode,
2. I love Thy Church, O God! Her walls be - fore Thee stand,
3. For her my tears shall fall; For her my pray'rs as - cend;
4. Be - yond my high - est joy I prize her heav'n - ly ways;

No. 255. Come, Thou Fount.

GEO. ROBINSON. **Invocation.** JOHN WYETH.

FINE.

1. { Come, Thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace, }
{ Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud- est praise. }

D. C.—*Praise the mount—I'm fixed up-on it! Mount of Thy re-deem-ing love.*

D. C.

Teach me some me - lo - dious son-net, Sung by flam-ing tongues a - bove;

2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'll come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart, O take and seal it,
Seal it for Thy courts above.

I Love Thy Kingdom.

No. 254. Concluded.

The Church our blest Re - deem-er sav'd With His own pre - cious blood.
Dear as the ap - ple of Thine eye, And grav - en on Thy hand.
To her my cares and toils be giv'n, Till toils and cares shall end.
Her sweet com-mun - ion, sol - emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.

No. 256. Come to Jesus.

UNKNOWN. Invitation. E. O. E. Arr.

1. Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus, just now, just now, Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus, just now.
2. He will save you, He will save you, He will save you, just now, just now, He will save you, He will save you, just now.

4 He is able.
5 He is willing.
6 Call upon Him.
7 He will hear you.
8 He'll forgive you.
9 He will cleanse you.
10 Jesus loves you.
11 Only trust Him.

No. 257. Turn to the Lord.

[*For Hymn, see No. 253.*]

Invitation. E. O. E. Arr.

FINE.

1. { Come, ye sin-ners, poor and need-y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore, Je - sus read-y stands to save you, Full of pit - y love and pow'r. }

D. C.—*Glo-ry, hon-or and sal - va- tion, Christ the Lord has come to reign.*

CHORUS. D. C.

Turn to the Lord and seek sal - va- tion, Sound the praise of His dear name.

No. 258. The Old Time Religion.

UNKNOWN. Experience. E. O. E. Arr.

CHO.—'Tis the old time re-lig-ion, 'Tis the old time re-lig-ion,
1. It was good for our moth-ers, It was good for our moth-ers,

'Tis the old time re-lig-ion, And it's good e-nough for me.
It was good for our moth-ers, And it's good e-nough for me.

2 Makes me love everybody.
3 It has saved our fathers.
4 It was good for the Prophet Daniel.
5 It was good for the Hebrew children.
6 It was tried in the fiery furnace.
7 It was good for Paul and Silas.
8 It will do when I am dying.
9 It will take us all to heaven.

No. 259. Jesus Died for You.

[*For Hymn, see No. 226.*] Atonement. S. J. VAIL.

1. { A-las! and did my Sav-ior bleed, And did my Sov'reign die?
Would He de-vote that sa-cred head For such a

D. C.—*Yes, Je-sus died for all mankind, Bless God, He died for me.*

FINE.

CHORUS. D. C.

worm as I? Je-sus died for you, Je-sus died for me;

No. 260. Jesus is Waiting to Save.

E. O. E.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. EXCELL.

1. Why do you linger in darkness so long? Je-sus is wait-ing to save; save you now.
Have you not friends in the heav'nly throng, Jesus is waiting save you now; to save.

2. Leave the broad road and the narrow way choose, Jesus is waiting to save;
Angels are longing to tell the glad news, Jesus is waiting to save.

CHORUS.

Come to Him now, come to Him now, Je-sus is wait-ing to save; to save.
save you now; save you now.

3 Time will not linger; how soon we must go!
Jesus is waiting to save;
Why turn away, and to Jesus say, No?
Jesus is waiting to save.

4 While we are praying, oh, stay not away,
Jesus is waiting to save;
Come to Him now, not a moment delay,
Jesus is waiting to save.

No. 261. I am Trusting.

[*For hymn see No. 65.*]

Repentance.

WM. G. FISCHER.

1. I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind;
CHO.—*I am trust - ing, Lord, in Thee, Dear Lamb of Cal - va - vy;*

I am count - ing all but dross; I shall full sal - va - tion find.
Hum-bly at Thy cross I bow; Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

PSALMS.

No. 262. PSALM I.

BLESSED is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

2 But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in His law doth he meditate day and night.

3 And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

4 The ungodly are not so: but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

5 Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

6 For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous; but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

No. 263. PSALM V.

GIVE ear to my words, O Lord; consider my meditation.

2 Hearken unto the voice of my cry, my King, and my God: for unto Thee will I pray.

3 My voice shalt Thou hear in the morning, O Lord; in the morning will I direct my prayer unto Thee, and will look up.

4 For Thou art not a God that hath pleasure in wickedness: neither shall evil dwell with Thee.

5 The foolish shall not stand in Thy sight: Thou hatest all workers of iniquity.

6 Thou shalt destroy them that speak leasing: the Lord will abhor the bloody and deceitful man.

7 But as for me, I will come into Thy house in the multitude of Thy mercy: and in Thy fear will I worship toward Thy holy temple.

8 Lead me, O Lord, in Thy righteousness because of mine enemies; make Thy way straight before my face.

No. 264. PSALM VIII.

O LORD our Lord, how excellent is Thy name in all the earth! who hast set Thy glory above the heavens.

2 Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast Thou ordained strength because of Thine enemies, that Thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.

3 When I consider Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which Thou hast ordained;

4 What is man, that Thou art mindful of him? and the Son of man, that Thou visitest him?

5 For Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor.

6 Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of Thy hands; Thou hast put all things under his feet:

7 All sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field;

8 The fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas.

9 O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is Thy name in all the earth!

No. 265. PSALM XV.

LORD, who shall abide in Thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in Thy holy hill?

2 He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart.

3 He that backbiteth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his neighbor, nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbor.

4 In whose eyes a vile person is contemned; but he honoreth them that fear the Lord. He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not.

5 He that putteth not out his money to usury, nor taketh reward against the innocent. He that doeth these things shall never be moved.

Psalms.

No. 266. PSALM XIX. 7–14.

THE law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul: the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.

8 The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart: the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.

9 The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring forever: the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

10 More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.

11 Moreover by them is Thy servant warned: and in keeping of them there is great reward.

12 Who can understand his errors? cleanse Thou me from secret faults.

13 Keep back Thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me: then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression.

14 Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my Redeemer.

No. 267. PSALM XXIII.

THE Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want.

2 He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me beside the still waters.

3 He restoreth my soul: He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake.

4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.

5 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

No. 268. PSALM XXIV.

THE earth is the Lords, and the fullness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.

2 For He hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.

3 Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in His holy place?

4 He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.

5 He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

6 This is the generation of them that seek Him, that seek Thy face, O Jacob. Selah.

7 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

8 Who is this King of glory? The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.

9 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

10 Who is this King of glory? The Lord of hosts, He is the King of glory. Selah.

No. 269. PSALM XXVII.

THE Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? the Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?

2 When the wicked, even mine enemies and my foes, came upon me to eat up my flesh, they stumbled and fell.

3 Though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear; though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident.

4 One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in His temple.

(*Over.*)

5 For in the time of trouble He shall hide me in His pavilion: in the secret of His tabernacle shall He hide me; He shall set me up upon a rock.

6 And now shall mine head be lifted up above mine enemies round about me: therefore will I offer in His tabernacle sacrifices of joy; I will sing, yea, I will sing praises unto the Lord.

7 Hear, O Lord, when I cry with my voice: have mercy also upon me, and answer me.

8 When thou saidst, Seek ye my face; my heart said unto Thee, Thy face, Lord, will I seek.

9 Hide not Thy face far from me; put not Thy servant away in anger: Thou hast been my help; leave me not, neither forsake me, O God of my salvation.

10 When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.

11 Teach me Thy way, O Lord, and lead me in a plain path, because of mine enemies.

No. 270. PSALM XLII.

AS the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God.

2 My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God: when shall I come and appear before God?

3 My tears have been my meat day and night, while they continually say unto me, Where is thy God?

4 When I remember these things, I pour out my soul in me; for I had gone with the multitude, I went with them to the house of God, with the voice of joy and praise, with a multitude that kept holyday.

5 Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted in me? hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise Him for the help of His countenance.

6 O my God, my soul is cast down within me: therefore will I rememember Thee from the land of Jordan, and of the Hermonites, from the hill Mizar.

7 Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of Thy waterspouts: all Thy waves and Thy billows are gone over me.

8 Yet the Lord will command His loving-kindness in the daytime, and in the night His song shall be with me, and my prayer unto the God of my life.

9 I will say unto God my Rock, Why hast Thou forgotten me? why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy?

10 As with a sword in my bones, mine enemies reproach me; while they say daily unto me, Where is thy God?

11 Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise Him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God.

No. 271. PSALM XLVI.

GOD is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.

2 Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea:

3 Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof. Selah.

4 There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High.

5 God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved; God shall help her, and that right early.

6 The heathen raged, the kingdoms were moved: He uttered His voice, the earth melted.

7 The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge. Selah.

8 Come, behold the works of the Lord, what desolations He hath made in the earth.

9 He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth; He breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder; He burneth the chariot in the fire.

10 Be still, and know that I am God: I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be exalted in the earth.

11 The Lord of hosts is with us: the God of Jacob is our refuge. Selah.

No. 272. PSALM LI.

HAVE mercy upon me, O God, according to Thy loving-kindness: according unto the multitnde of Thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.

2 Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin.

3 For I acknowledge my transgressions: and my sin is ever before me.

4 Against Thee, Thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in Thy sight: that Thou mightest be justified when Thou speakest, and be clear when Thou judgest.

5 Behold, I was shapen in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me.

6 Behold, Thou desireth truth in the inward parts: and in the hidden part Thou shalt make me to know wisdom.

7 Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean: wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

8 Make me to hear joy and gladness; that the bones which Thou hast broken may rejoice.

9 Hide Thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities.

No. 273. PSALM LXVII.

GOD be merciful unto us, and bless us; and cause His face to shine upon us; Selah.

2 That Thy way may be known upon earth, Thy saving health among all nations.

3 Let the people praise Thee, O God; let all the people praise Thee.

4 O let the nations be glad and sing for joy: for Thou shalt judge the people righteously, and govern the nations upon earth. Selah.

5 Let the people praise Thee, O God; let all the people praise Thee.

6 Then shall the earth yield her increase; and God, even our own God, shall bless us.

7 God shall bless us; and all the ends of the earth shall fear Him.

No. 274. PSALM LXXXIV.

HOW amiable are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!

2 My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord: my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God.

3 Yea, the sparrow hath found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, even Thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my King, and my God.

4 Blessed are they that dwell in Thy house: they will be still praising Thee. Selah.

5 Blessed is the man whose strength is in Thee; in whose heart are the ways of them.

6 Who passing through the valley of Baca make it a well: the rain also filleth the pools.

7 They go from strength to strength, every one of them in Zion appeareth before God.

8 O Lord God of hosts, hear my prayer: give ear, O God of Jacob. Selah.

9 Behold, O God, our shield, and look upon the face of Thine anointed.

10 For a day in Thy courts is better than a thousand. I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.

11 For the Lord God is a sun and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly.

12 O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in Thee.

No. 275. PSALM XCI.

HE that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

2 I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in Him will I trust.

3 Surely He shall deliver thee from the

snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence.

4 He shall cover thee with His feathers, and under His wings shalt thou trust: His truth shall be thy shield and buckler.

5 Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day:

6 Nor the for pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.

7 A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee.

8 Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked.

9 Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation;

10 There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.

11 For He shall give His angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.

12 They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.

13 Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder; the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet.

No. 276. PSALM XCVII.

THE Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice; let the multitude of isles be glad thereof.

2 Clouds and darkness are round about him: righteousness and judgment are the habitation of His throne.

3 A fire goeth before him, and burneth up his enemies round about.

4 His lightnings enlightened the world: the earth saw, and trembled.

5 The hills melted like wax at the presence of the Lord, at the presence of the Lord of the whole earth.

6 The heavens declare His righteousness, and all the people see His glory.

7 Confounded be all they that serve graven images, that boast themselves of idols: worship Him, all ye gods.

8 Zion heard, and was glad; and the daughters of Judah rejoiced because of Thy judgments, O Lord.

9 For Thou, Lord, art high above all the earth: Thou art exalted far above all gods.

10 Ye that love the Lord, hate evil: He preserveth the souls of His saints: He delivereth them out of the hand of the wicked.

11 Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart.

12 Rejoice in the Lord, ye righteous; and give thanks at the remembrance of His holiness.

No. 277. PSALM XCVIII.

O SING unto the Lord a new song; for He hath done marvelous things: His right hand, and His holy arm, hath gotten Him the victory.

2 The Lord hath made known His salvation: His righteousness hath He openly shewed in the sight of the heathen.

3 He hath remembered His mercy and His truth toward the house of Israel: all the ends of the earth have seen the salvation of our God.

4 Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all the earth: make a loud noise, and rejoice, and sing praise.

5 Sing unto the Lord with the harp; with the harp, and the voice of a psalm.

6 With trumpets and sound of cornet make a joyful noise before the Lord, the King.

7 Let the sea roar, and the fullness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.

8 Let the floods clap their hands: let the hills be joyful together.

9 Before the Lord; for He cometh to judge the earth: with righteousness shall He judge the world, and the people with equity.

No. 278. PSALM CVII.

O GIVE thanks unto the Lord, for He is good; for His mercy endureth forever.

2 Let the redeemed of the Lord say so, whom He hath redeemed from the hand of the enemy;

3 And gathered them out of the lands, from the east, and from the west, from the north, and from the south.

4 They wandered in the wilderness in a solitary way; they found no city to dwell in.

5 Hungry and thirsty, their soul fainted in them.

6 Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and He delivered them out of their distresses.

7 And He led them forth by the right way, that they might go to a city of habitation.

8 Oh, that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men!

9 For He satisfieth the longing soul, and filleth the hungry soul with goodness.

No. 279. PSALM CXIX.

ALEPH.

1 Blessed are the undefiled in the way, who walk in the law of the Lord.

2 Blessed are they that keep His testimonies, and that seek Him with the whole heart.

3 They also do no iniquity: they walk in His ways.

4 Thou hast commanded us to keep Thy precepts diligently.

5 O that my ways were directed to keep Thy statutes!

6 Then shall I not be ashamed, when I have respect unto all Thy commandments.

7 I will praise Thee with uprightness of heart, when I shall have learned Thy righteous judgments.

8 I will keep Thy statutes: O forsake me not utterly.

No. 280. PSALM CXXI.

I WILL lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.

2 My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth.

3 He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: He that keepeth thee will not slumber.

4 Behold, He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.

5 The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.

6 The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.

7 The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: He shall preserve thy soul.

8 The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore.

No. 281. PSALM CXXXVIII.

I WILL praise Thee with my whole heart: before the gods will I sing praise unto Thee.

2 I will worship toward Thy holy temple, and praise Thy name for Thy loving-kindness and for Thy truth: for Thou hast magnified Thy word above all Thy name.

3 In the day when I cried Thou answeredst me, and strengthenedst me with strength in my soul.

4 All the kings of the earth shall praise Thee, O Lord, when they hear the words of Thy mouth.

5 Yea, they shall sing in the ways of the Lord: for great is the glory of the Lord.

6 Though the Lord be high, yet hath He respect unto the lowly: but the proud He knoweth afar off.

7 Though I walk in the midst of trouble, Thou wilt revive me: Thou shalt stretch forth Thine hand against the wrath of mine enemies, and Thy right hand shall save me.

8 The Lord will perfect that which concerneth me: Thy mercy, O Lord, endureth forever; forsake not the works of Thine own hands.

Opening Services.

No. 282.

Arr. by WILBUR R. DAVIS.

1. *Instrumental Music.* Orchestra, Organ or Piano (five minutes).

2. *Perfect silence.*

3. *Supt. Half-moment address, encouraging, spiritual.*

4. *Sch. Brief silent prayer.*

5. (*Standing, all sing No. 182.*)

Holy, Holy, Holy!

Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty,
Early in the morning our songs shall rise
to Thee.
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty,
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity.

6. *Concert reading.*

PSALM C.

1 Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands.

2 Serve the Lord with gladness; come before His presence with singing.

3 Know ye that the Lord He is God; it is He that hath made us, and not we ourselves: we are His people, and the sheep of His pasture.

4 Enter into His gates with thanksgiving, and into His courts with praise: be thankful unto Him, and bless His name.

5 For the Lord is good; His mercy is everlasting; and His truth endureth to all generations.

7. *Service of joyful songs.* (Selected.)

8. *Scripture reading.* (Lead by selected class.)

Class.—And seeing the multitudes, He went up into a mountain; and when He was set, His disciples came unto Him:

Supt. and Sch.—And He opened His mouth, and taught them, saying,

Class.—Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Supt. and Sch—Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

Class.—Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

Supt. and Sch.—Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

Class.—Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

Supt. and Sch.—Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

Class.—Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

Supt. and Sch.—Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Class.—Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake.

Supt. and Sch.—Rejoice, and be exceeding glad; for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

9. *Prayer.* (Pastor, Supt., or sentence prayers by officers and teachers.)

10.

Gloria Patri. (*Music, see No 290.*)

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost: As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

Opening Services.

No. 283.

Arr. by MARION LAWRENCE.

Supt.—Stand up and bless the Lord your God.

Italian Hymn. (*Music, see No. 203.*)

Come, Thou Almighty King,
Help us Thy name to sing,
Help us to praise;
Father all-glorious!
O'er all victorious,
Come, and reign over us,
Ancient of days.

Supt.—Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly.

Teachers.—Nor standeth in the way of sinners.

School.—Nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

Supt.—But his delight is in the law of the Lord;

Sch.—And in His law doth he meditate day and night.

Supt.—And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water,

Sch.—That bringeth forth his fruit in his season,

Supt.—His leaf also shall not wither;

Sch.—And whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

Supt.—The ungodly are not so:

Sch.—But are like the chaff which the wind driveth away;

Supt.—Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

Sch.—For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous; but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

Supt.—Behold how good and how pleasant it is to dwell together in unity.

Dennis. (*Whisper Song, see No. 201.*)

Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love:
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

Invocation.

No. 284.

Arr. by E. O. EXCELL.

Instrumental music. Orchestra, Organ or Piano (five minutes).

(*Standing, read responsively.*)

Supt.—Come hither, and hear the words of the Lord your God.

Sch.—The word of the Lord is tried. Every word of God is pure.

Supt.—More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold:

Sch.—Sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.

Supt.—Moreover by them is Thy servant warned;

Sch.—And in keeping of them there is great reward.

Supt.—The entrance of Thy words giveth light: It giveth understanding unto the simple.

Sch.—Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.

Supt.—Blessed is he that readeth, and they that hear the words of this prophecy, and keep those things which are written therein.

Sch.—How sweet are Thy words unto my taste, yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth.

Supt.—And I will delight myself in Thy commandments, which I have loved.

Sch.—My hands also will I lift up unto Thy commandments, which I have loved; and I will meditate in Thy statutes.

Supt.—The grass withereth, the flower fadeth; but the word of God shall stand forever.

The Bible. (*Music, see No. 55.*)

Lamp of our feet, whereby we trace
Our path when apt to stray,
Stream from the fount of heavenly grace,
Brook, by the travelers' way.

CHORUS.

Beautiful Lamp, brightly shine on our way,
Guiding the soul to the mansions of day.

Closing Services.

No. 285.

Arr. by CHAS. H. MACDONALD.

Supt.—Be thou faithful, ever active in the service of the Lord.

Sch.—May His blessed countenance ever light thy pathway.

Supt.—May the presence of Jesus be ever with you. May His life shine through yours, that others may be led to glorify His name.

Sch.—To Him who died that we might live, will we ever love and serve, that we may have eternal life.

All.—«The Lord watch between me and thee when we are absent one from another.»

Doxology. (*Music, see No. 291.*)

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below:
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

No. 286.

Arr. by E. O. EXCELL.

Supt.—The peace of God which passeth all understanding shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus.

Sch.—I pray God your whole spirit, and soul, and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Supt.—The Lord bless thee and keep thee.

Sch.—The Lord make His face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee.

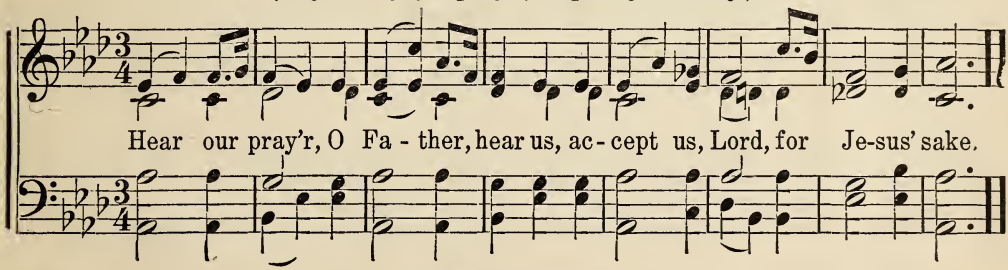
Supt.—The Lord lift up His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.

Gloria Patri. (*Music, see No. 289.*)

Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son,|| and | to the | Holy | Ghost: As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever shall be || world without | end. A- | men.

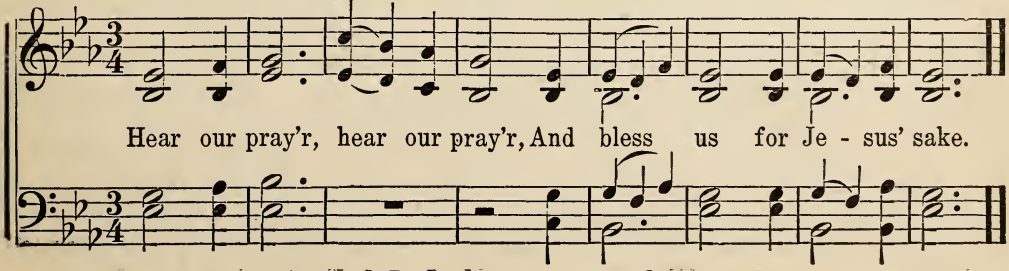
No. 287. First Response.

(*May be sung after prayer, at opening or closing.*) E. O. E.

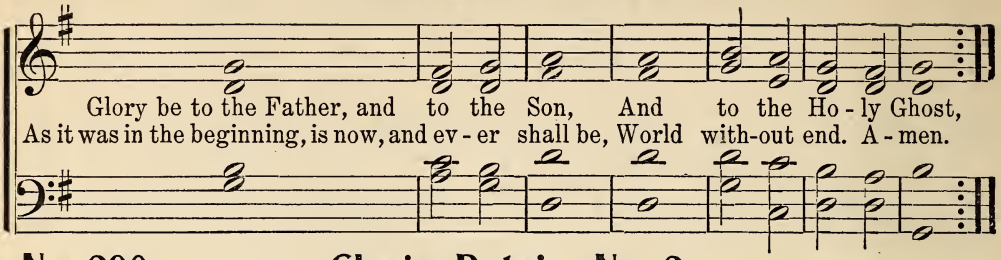


No. 288. Second Response.

E. O. E.



No. 289. Gloria Patri. No. 1.



No. 290. Gloria Patri. No. 2.

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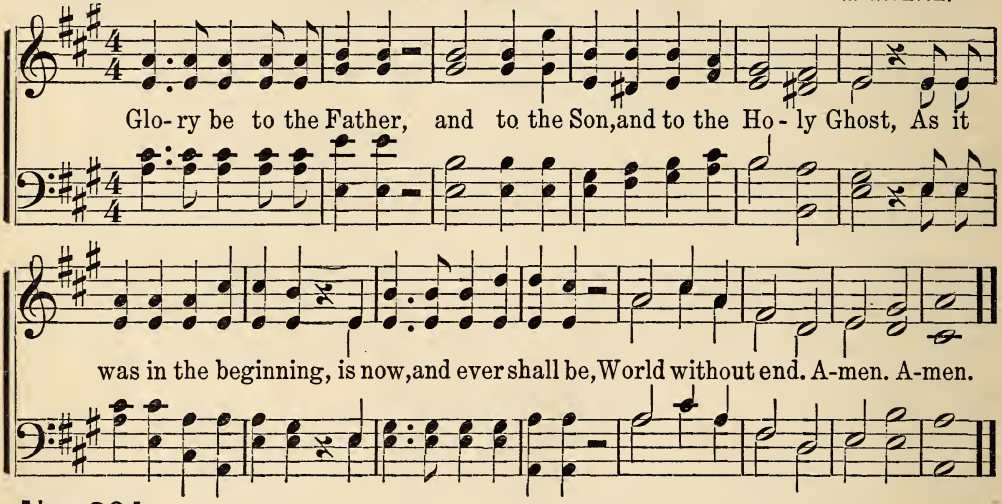
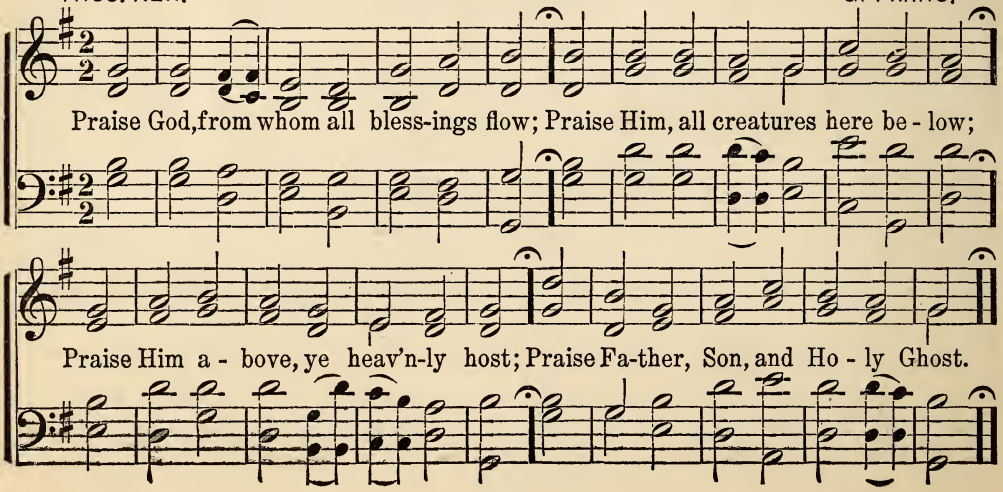


No. 291. Doxology.

THOS. KEN. G. FRANC.



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